

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

#### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

#### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





ī



THE

### **POETS**

01

# GREAT BRITAIN,

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. XXI.

DRYDEN, VOL. III. IV.



## POETICAL WORKS

01

#### JOHN DRYDEN.

WITH

#### THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise, And bid alternate passions fall and rise.— The power of music all our hearts allow, And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

POPE.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

GRAY

IN TEN VOLUMES.

#### VOL. III.

#### Handan :

Printed for Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme; Nichola and Son; J. Walker; Wilkie and Robinson; W. J. and J. Richardson; F. C. and J. Rivington, Lackington, Allen, and Co.; R. H. Evans; Cuthell and Martin; Scatcherd and Letterman; Otridge and Son; Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe; R. Faulder; T. Payne; J. Nunn; R. Lea; J. Deighton; J. Johnson; W. Clarke and Sons; W. Lowndes; J. Hatchard; Black and Parry; J. Harding; E. Jeffery; J. Carpenter; W. Miller; Leigh and Sotheby; Payne and Mackinlay; Matthews and Leigh; P. Wynne; J. Booker; and SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.



### THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

#### PART. 111.

Much malice, mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ:
Because the Muse has peopled Caledon
With panthers, bears, and wolves, and beasts
unknown;

As if wewere not stock'd with monsters of our own.

Let Æsop answer, who has set to view

Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;

And Mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,

Has sharply blam'd a British lioness;

That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep, 10

Expos'd, obscenely, naked and asleep.

Led by those great examples, may not I

The wanted organs of their words supply?

If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then

For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our Hind, of folly, will indite,
To entertain a dang'rous guest by night:
Let shose remember that she cannot die,
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
Nor need she fear the Panther, though untam'd, 20
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary savage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;

DRYDEN. VOL. III.

Digitized by Google

But watch'd the time, her vengeance to complete, When all her furry sons in frequent senate met. Meanwhile she quench'd her fury at the flood, And with a lenten sallad cool'd her blood. Their commons, tho' but coarse, were nothing scant, Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove 30 T' express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honors of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal:
She turn'd the talk, (avoiding that extreme,)
To common dangers past, a sadly pleasing theme;
Rememb'ring every storm which toss'd the state,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear, betwixt, for their own children's fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make,
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake:
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
Her strength t' endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honorable infamy.
On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd;
Then with acknowledgment herself she charg'd:
For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now, should they part, malicious tongues would say
They met, like chance companions, on the way, 50
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;

But that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends: The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The Panther nodded when her speech was done, And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:
But said, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Christian care.
If to the lawful heir she had been true,
She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
I might, she added, with like praise describe
Your suff'ring sons, and so return your bribe:
But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are scorn'd, where givers are despis'd.
I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
And sip the sweets, and bask in your great patron's day.

This heard, the Matron was not slow to find What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind: Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight, 70 And canker'd Malice, stood in open sight: Ambition, Int'rest, Pride without control, And Jealousy, the jaundice of the soul; Revenge, the bloody minister of ill, With all the lean tormentors of the will. 'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose Her new-made union with her ancient foes, Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace, Affected kindness, with an alter'd face: Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound, 80 As hoping still the nobler parts were sound:

But strove with anodynes t' assuage the smart, And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain; It shows \* a rest of kindness to complain,-A friendship loath to quit its former hold; And conscious merit may be justly bold. But much more just your jealousy would shew, If others' good were injury to you: Witness, ye Heav'ns, how I rejoice to see Rewarded worth and rising loyalty. Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown, The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown, Are the most pleasing objects I can find, Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind: When virtue spooms before a prosp'rous gale, My heaving wishes help to fill the sail; And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard, Cæsar should still have such, and such should still reward. 99

The labour'd earth, your pains have sow'd and till'd;
'Tis just you reap the product of the field:
Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your eare,
Your charity for alms may safely spare,
For alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
My daily bread is lit'rally implor'd;
I have no barns, nor granaries to hoard.

\* Remains of kindness.

If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
Say, which of yours his charity offends? 110
You know he largely gives to more than are
his friends.

Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
I am but few, and by your fare you see
My crying sins are not of luxury.
Some juster motive sure your mind with fraws,
And makes you break our friendship's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.

Shew more occasion for your discontent:
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent
Some German quarrel; or, as times go now, 121
Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the fountain's head, (as merit ought
To claim the place,) you take a swilling draught,
How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;
Or call her (when no farther cause you find)
An enemy profess'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think
The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink, 130

This last illusion gall'd the Panther more, Because, indeed, it rubb'd upon the sore: Yet seem'd she not to wince, tho' shrewdry pain'd; But, thus, her passive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd (whate'er my foes report,) Your flaunting fortune in the lion's court, You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the suff'ring side:
You know my doctrine; and I need not say
I will not, for I cannot disobey.

On this firm principle I ever stood,
He, of my sons, who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act, renounces to my blood.

Able said the Hind, how many some have your

Ah! said the Hind, how many sons have you, Who call you mother whom you never knew ! But most of them, who that relation plead, Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead. They gape at rich revenues which you hold, And, fain, would nibble at your grandame Gold; Inquire into your years, and laugh to find Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd. Were you not dim, and doted, you might see A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree, No more of kin to you, than you to me. Do you not know that, for a little coin. Heralds can foist a name into the line? They ask your blessing but for what you have, But once possess'd of what with care you save. The wanton boys would piss upon your grave.

Your sons of latitude, that court your grace,
Tho' most resembling you in form and face,
Are far the worst of your pretended race; 162
And, (but I blush your honesty to blot,)
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:
For in some Popish libels I have read,
The wolf has been too busy in your bed;

At least her hinder parts, the belly-piece, The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims are his. Their malice, too, a sore suspicion brings; For the dare not bark, they snarl at kings: Nor blame them for intruding in your line; 171 Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.

Think you your new French proselytes are come To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home? Your benefices twinkled from afar; They found the new Messiah by the star: Those Swisses fight on any side for pay, And 'tis the living that conforms, not they. Mark with what management their tribes divide: Some stick to you, and some to t' other side, That many churches may for many mouths provide.

Mark with what management their tribes divide: Some stick to you, and some to t' other side, That many churches may for many mouths provide.

More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
All would have latitude enough to take;
The rest, unbenefic'd, your sects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a silent gain.
Your sons of breadth at home, are much like these;

Their soft and yielding metals run with ease; They melt, and take the figure of the mould,— But harden, and preserve it best in gold.

Your Delphic sword, the Panther then reply'd, Is doubled-edg'd, and cuts on either side. Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield Three steeples argent in a sable field,

Digitized by Google

Have sharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed, Have follow'd you for miracles of bread; Such who themselves of no religion are, Allur'd with gain, for any will declare: Bare lies with bold assertions they can face: But dint of argument is out of place: The grim logician puts them in a fright; 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight. Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame; They say the schism of beds began the game, Divorcing from the church to wed the dame: Tho' largely prov'd, (and by himself profess'd,) That conscience, conscience would not let him rest: I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd, And old uncharming Catharine was remov'd. For sundry years, before, he did complain, And told his ghostly confessor his pain. With the same impudence, without a ground, They say, that look the reformation round, No Treatise of Humility is found. But if none were, the Gospel does not want; Our Saviour preach'd it; and I hope you grant His sermon on the mount was Protestant. No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as sure as all

The writings of St. Peter and St. Paul;
On that decision let it stand or fall.
Now, for my converts, who, you say, unfed,
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hear-say; but observe, as least,
If, since their change, their loaves have been increas'd.

initized by Google

The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
Tax those of int'rest, who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign;
Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price; 230
But, rais'd three steeples high'r, would change
their note.

And quit the cassock for the canting coat. Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold, Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.

Meantime, my sons accus'd by Fame's report, Pay small attendance at the Lion's court, Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late: For silently they beg who daily wait. Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought, Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought. How they should speed their fortune is untry'd; For not to ask, is not to be deny'd. For what they have, their God and king they bless, And hope they should not murmur had they less; But if reduc'd subsistence to implore, In common prudence they would pass your door. Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend, Has shewn how far your charities extend: This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read, 249 "He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."

With odious Atheist names you load your foes: Your lib ral clergy why did I expose? It never fails—in charities like those. In climes where true religion is profess'd,
That imputation were no laughing jest.
But Imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
Is here sufficient licence to defame.
What wonder is 't that black detraction thrives?
The homicide of names is less than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murderer survives! 260

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd The boiling indignation of her breast. She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would Pollute her satire with ignoble blood: Her panting foe she saw before her eye, And back she drew the shining wespon dry. So when the gen'rous lion has in sight His equal match, he rouzes for the fight: But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain, He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane, 270 And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day, Walks over, and disdain's th' inglorious prey. So James, if great with less we may compare, Arrests his rolling thunderbolts in air, And grants ungrateful friends a lenghten'd space, T' implore the remnants of long-suff'ring grace.

This breathing-time the Matron took; and then Resum'd the thread of her discourse again. Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine:
And let Heav'n judge betwixt your sons and mine;
If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here,
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,

Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty souls, to human honor tied!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and dost so nearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.

'Tis nothing thou has giv'n; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give:
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty
sum,

Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a son,
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;
He champs the bit, impatient of his loss, 300
And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.
Instruct him better, gracious God to know—
As thine is vengeance—so, forgiveness, too;
That suff'ring from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his sov'reign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to school your child, And ask why God's anointed he revil'd; A king and princess dead! Did Shimei worse? The curser's punishment should fright the curse. Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er, 310 But he who counsell'd him has paid the score; The heavy malice could no higher tend, But woe to him on whom the weights descend! So to permitted ills the demon flies; His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies; Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found, The foe discharges ev'ry tire around; In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight; But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's change, his charge as ill succeeds;
To that long story little answer needs: 321
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd
What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
Which, from the cause he calls a distant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the sun to
light.

Now let your sons a double paran sound,
A Treatise of Humility is found;
'Tis found—but better it had ne'er been sought, 330
Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,
Which yours, by ill translating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
My altars kindled first that living coal;
Restore or practise better what you stole:

That virtue could this humble verse inspire, Tis all the restitution I require.

Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd, And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd. For laws of arms permit each injur'd man To make himself a saver where he can. Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell The names of pirates in whose hands he fell: But at the den of thieves he justly flies, And ev'ry Algerine is lawful prize. No private person, in the foe's estate Can plead exemption from the public fate: 350 Yet Christian laws allow not such redress: Then let the greater supersede the less. But let th' abetters of the Panther's crime Learn to make fairer wars another time. Some characters may, sure, be found to write Among her sons: for 'tis no common sight, A spotted dame, and all her offspring white.

The Savage, though she saw her plea control'd Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold, But offer'd fairly to compound the strife, 360 And judg'd conversion by the convert's life. 'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange So few should follow profitable change; For present joys are more to flesh and blood Than a dull prospect of a distant good. 'Twas well alluded by a son of mine, (I hope to quote him is not to purloin)

Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bless;
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this;
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod awile, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow,
Methinks in those, who firm with me remain,
It skews a nobler principle than gain.

Your inf'rence would be strong, the Hind reply'd If yours were in effect the suff'ring side; Your clergy's sons their own, in peace, possess, Nor are their prospects in reversion less: My proselytes are struck with awful dread; 380 Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their The respite they enjoy, but only lent, [head; The best they have to hope, protracted punishment. Be judge yourself, if int'rest may prevail, Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale. While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease, That is, 'till man's predom'nant passions cease, Admire no longer at my slow increase.

By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred. 39
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.
The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat;
But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat;
The sly seducer both of age and youth;
They study that, and think they study truth.

When int'rest fortifies an argument,
Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent:
For souls, already warpt, receive an easy bent.
Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
And pique of honor to maintain a cause;
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And, chief, among the still-mistaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
And, more than all, the private judge allow'd;
Disdain of Fathers, which the dance began;
And, last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.
To this the Panther, (with a scornful smile;)

Yet still you travel with unwearied toil, 41
And range around the realm, without control,
Among my sons, for proselytes, to prowl,
And, here and there, you snap some silly soul.
You hinted fears of future change in state!
Pray Heav'n you did not prophecy your fate.
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may mistake the season of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear.
For charity, reply'd the Matron, tell 42

What sad mischance those pretty birds befel.

Nay, no mischance, the savage Dame reply'd, But want of wit in their unerring guide, And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride. Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail, Mark you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The Swallow, (privileg'd, above the rest Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,) Pursues the sun, in summer, brisk and bold, But wisely shuns the persecuting cold: 430 Is well to chancels and to chimnies known. Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone, From hence she has been held of heav'nly line, Endu'd with particles of soul divine: This merry chorister had long possess'd Her summer-seat, and feather'd well her nest: Till frowning skies began to change their cheer, And Time turn'd up the wrong side of the year: The shedding trees began the ground to strow With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow: 440 Sad auguries of winter thence she drew, Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew; When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes, And seek a better heav'n, and warmer climes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair;
All to the general rendezvous repair.
They try their flutt'ring wings, and thrust themselves in air.

But whether upward to the moon they go, 450 Or dream the winter out in caves below, Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night; [flight, Next morn they rose, and set up ev'ry sail; The wind was fair, but blew a mackrel gale: The sickly young sat, shiv'ring, on the shore, Abhorr'd salt water, never seen before, And pray'd their tender mothers to delay The passage, and expect a fairer day.

460

With these the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Rouno-belly'd, for a digmty design'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind:
Yet often quoted canon-laws and code,
And Fathers which he never understood:
But little learning needs—in noble blood.
For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in
Her household-chaplain, and her next of kin; 470
In superstition silly to excess,
And casting schemes by planetary guess;
In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not: so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price;
A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream 480
Of rising waters, and a troubled stream,

Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
With something more, not lawful to express;
By which he slily seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme;
Whose antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumzan grot.
The mad divineress had plainly writ,
A time should come (but many ages yet)
In which sinister destinies ordain,
A dame should drown with all her feather'd tain,
And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian

At this some shook for fear; the more devout Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.

'Tis true some stagers of the wiser sort
Made all these idle wonderments their sport:
They said, their only danger was delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry fool could say, 500
Wou'd never fix his thought, but trim his time
away.

The passage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true, Was somewhat high; but that was nothing new; No more than usual equinoxes blew.

The sun, already from the Scales declin'd, Gave little hopes of better days behind, But change from bad to worse of weather and of wind.

Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly, Twas only water thrown on sails too dry. 510 But, least of all, philosophy presumes Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes. Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground, Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight Till grosser atoms-tumbling in the stream [round; Of fancy-madly met, and clubb'd into a dream. As little weight his vain presages bear: Of ill effect to such, alone, who fear. Most prophecies are of a piece with these; Each Nostradamus can foretel with ease: 520 Not naming persons, and confounding times, One causal truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.

Th' advice was true; but fear had seiz'd the And all good counsel is on cowards lost. [most, The question, crudely put to shun delay, Was carry'd by the major part to stay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence His pow'r, and from a priest became a prince. He order'd all things with a busy care, And cells, and refectories did prepare, 530 And large provisions laid of winter-fare: But now and then let fall a word or two Of hope, that Heav'n some miracle might show, And for their sakes the sun should backward go; Against the law of Nature upward climb, And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime;

For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.
In expectation of such times as these,
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of Ease: 540
For Martin much devotion did not ask;
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as, beyond the reach of wit, Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit) That this, accomplish'd, or at least in part, Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art. Some Swifts, the giants of the swallow kind. Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind, (For Swisses or for Gibeonites design'd) These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane, 550 To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighb'ring plain; And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes) New blossoms flourish, and new flow'rs arise: As God had been abroad, and, walking there, Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year: The sunny hills from far were seen to glow With glitt'ring beams; and, in the meads below. The burnish'd brooks appeared with liquid gold to flow.

At last they heard the foolish Cuckoo sing, Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of spring. 560

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their patrimonial sky.
The priest, before them did his wings display,
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 't was St. Martin's day.

Who but the Swallow triumphs now alone? The canopy of heav'n is all her own: Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair, And glide along in glades, and skim in air, And dip for insects in the purling springs, And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings. Their mothers think a fair provision made, That ev'ry son can live upon his trade: And, now the careful charge is off their hands, Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands: The youthful widow longs to be supply'd; But first the lover is by lawyers ty'd To settle jointure-chimnies on the bride. So thick they couple, in so short a space, That Martin's marriage-off rings rise apace: 580 Their ancient houses, running to decay, Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay; They teem already; store of eggs are laid; And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid. Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear, In flocks, to greet the new-returning year, To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)
To plant abroad, and people colonies.
The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd, 590
(For, so their cruel destiny requir'd)
Were sent far-off on an ill-fated day;
The rest would needs conduct them on their way;
And Martin went, because he fear'd—alone to

So long they flew with inconsid'rate haste, That now their afternoon began to waste; And, what was ominous, that very morn The sun was enter'd into Capricorn; Which by their bad astronomer's account, That week the virgin Balance should remount. 600 An infant moon eclips'd him in his way, And hid the small remainders of his day. The crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark ; But birds met birds, and justled in the dark: Few mind the public in a panic fright; And fear increas'd the horror of the night. Night came, but unattended with repose; Alone she came; no sleep, their eyes to close; Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars arose. What should they do, beset with dangers round; No neighb'ring dorp; no lodging to be found. But bleaky plains, and bare unhospitable ground: The latter brood, who just began to fly, 613 Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky. For succour to their helpless mother call; She spread her wings; some few beneath them crawl; She spread them wider yet, but could not cover all. T' augment their woes, the winds began to move Debate in air, for empty fields above-Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain His rattling hailstones, mix'd with snow and rain-

The joyless morning late arose, and found A dreadful desolation reign around;
Some bury'd in the snow, some frozen to the ground.

The rest were struggling still with death, and lay The crows' and ravens' right, an undefended prey; Excepting Martin's race; for they and he Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree; But, soon discover'd by a sturdy clown, He headed all the rabble of the town, 630 And finish'd them with bats, or poll'd them down. Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd For treas'nous crimes; because the laws provide No Martin, there, in winter shall abide. High on an oak which never leaf shall bear, He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air; And there his corpse unbless'd, is hanging still, To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill. The patience of the Hind did almost fail,

For well she mark'd the malice of the tale: 640 Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes; In malice it began, by malice grows; He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron harvest rose. But most, in Martin's character and fate. She saw her slander'd sons; the Panther's hate; The people's rage; the persecuting state: Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part; You clear your conscience or at least your heart: Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill, For swallows are unlucky birds to kill. 650 As for my sons, the family is bless'd, Whose ev'ry child is equal to the rest: No church reform'd can boast a blameless line; Such Martins build in your's; and more than, mine:

Digitized by Google

Or else an old fanatic author lies,
Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries.
But, through your parable, I plainly see
The bloody laws; the crowd's barbarity;
The sunshine that offend the purblind sight:
Had some their wishes, it would soon be night. 660
Mistake me not, the charge concerns not you;
Your sons are malcontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-resistance makes them so;
But that's a word of neutral sense you know,
A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.

Rest well assur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
My sons would all support the regal side,
Tho' Heav'n forbid the cause by battle should
be try'd.

The Matron answer'd with a loud Amen, 670
And thus pursu'd her argument again.

If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practice what yourselves profess,
What angry pow'r prevents our present peace?
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires, (and kings' desires are ill withstood,)
To join our nations in a lasting love:
The bars betwixt are easy to remove;
For sanguinary laws were never made above:
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,
Make not a worse example of your own;
Or, cease to rail at causeless rigor shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.

His blunted sword your suff'ring brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor-edge on life.
Curst be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion's joins; 690
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's loins.

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note, And stick it on the first reformers' coat. Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep: 'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep. Unjust or just, is all the question now; 'Tis plain that, not repealing, you allow.

To name the Test would put you in a rage; You charge not that on any former age; But smile to think how innocent you stand, 700 Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand; Yet still remember that you wield a sword Forg'd by your foes against your sov'reign lord; Design'd to hew th' imperial cedar down, Defraud succession, and dis-heir the crown. T' abbor the makers, and their laws approve, Is to hate traitors, and the treason love. What means it else, which now your children say, We made it not, nor will we take away?

Suppose some great oppressor had, by slight Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right, Your common sire surrend'ring in a fright;

VOL. III.

Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold;
Norhang in peace, beforehe render'd back the gold.
What more could you have done than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their plot been true?
Some specious reasonsfor those wrongs were found;
There dire magicians threw their mists around, 721
And wise men walk'd as on inchanted ground.
But now when time has made th' imposture plain,
(Late though he follow'd Truth, and limping held
her train)

What new delusion charms your cheated eyes)
The painted harlot might awhile bewitch; [again?
But why, the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?

The first reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state, 730
They suffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the sov'reign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
Your answer is, they were not dispossest:
They need but rub their metal on the Test,
To prove their ore; 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone;
But that unfaithful Test, unsound, will pass,
The dross of Atheists, and Sectarian brass;
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For base production, and reject the gold.

Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
No danger to the church, or state, from these;
The Papist, only has his writ of Ease.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
To thrive; but ours, alone, is privileg'd to starve. 749
Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble race

We banish not, but they forsake the place; Our doors are open; true, but ere they come, You toss your 'censing Test, and fume the room; As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel, And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the Panther sharply had reply'd;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfy'd to have the butt and peace;
And, for the plaintiff's cause, she car'd the less,
Because she su'd in formá pauperis: 761
Yet thought it decent something should be said,
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you bring, As once Æneas to the Italian king;
By long possession all the land is mine;
You strangers come with your intruding line,
To share my sceptre, which you call to join. 770

You plead, like him, an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful seat by Fate's decree.
In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands;
And, that the league more firmly may be tied,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plausibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in succeeding space 779
Those houshold puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps some barb'rous laws have been preferr'd;
I spake against the Test, but was not heard;
These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious sov'reign would my vote implore;
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more.

Conscience is then your plea, reply'd the Dame;
Which, well inform'd, will ever be the same:
But yours is much of the Camelion hue,
To change the dye with ev'ry distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey:
He might have had your statutes and your Test;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the sects essay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure, to espouse their part;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his
heart.

But when, by long experience, you had prov'd How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd-800 A goodness that excell'd his godlike race, And only short of Heav'n's unbounded grace-A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle, Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile; Forgetting whence your Egypt was supply'd, You thought your sov'reign bound to send the tide; Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring, But vainly deem'd he durst not be a king: Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began To stretch her limits, and extend the span; 810 Did His indulgence, as her gift, dispose, And make a wise alliance with her foes. Can Conscience own th' associating name, And raise no blushes to conceal her shame? For sure she has been thought a bashful dame. But if the cause, by battle, should be tried. You grant she must espouse the regal side: O Proteus Conscience, never to be tied! What Phoebus from the tripod shall disclose Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes? Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky, 821 The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie; Immortal pow'rs the term of Conscience know, But Int'rest is her name with men below.

Conscience or Int'rest be't, or both in one, (The Panther answer'd in a surly tone,) The first commands me to maintain the crown, The last forbids to throw my barriers down,

Our penal laws no sons of yours admit; Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit. These are my banks your ocean to withstand, Which proudly rising overlooks the land; And, once let in, with unresisted sway, Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away. Think not my judgment leads me to comply With laws unjust, but hard necessity; Imperious need, which cannot be withstood, Makes ill authentic, for a greater good. Possess your soul with patience, and attend; A more auspicious planet may ascend; 840 Good fortune may present some happier time, With means to cancel my unwilling crime-(Unwilling, witness all ye Pow'rs above) To mend my errors, and redeem your love: That little space you safely may allow; Your all-dispensing pow'r protects you now. Hold, said the Hind, 'tis needless to explain; You will postpone me to another reign; Till when, you are content to be unjust: Your part is to possess, and mine to trust: A fair exchange propos'd-of future chance, For present profit and inheritance, Few words will serve to finish our dispute; Who will not now repeal, would persecute. To ripen green revenge, your hopes attend, Wishing that happier planet would ascend. . For shame, let Conscience be your plea no more: To will hereafter, proves she might before:

But she's a bawd to Gain, and holds the door.

Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threat'ning floods and inundations near;
If so, a just reprise would only be
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;
And all your jealousies but serve to show
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
T' intrench in, what you grant, unrighteous laws,
Is to distrust the justice of your cause;
And argues that the true religion lies
In those weak adversaries you despise.
Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear:
Avert it, Heav'n! nor let that plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled continent.

But piety commands me to refrain;
Those pray'rs are needless in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your fizends oppress'd,
Receives the banish'd, succours the distressed:
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast;
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
An act to which by honour he is tied,
A gen'rous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,

And yet----

And yet, 'tis but because you must!——
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
The Hind thus, briefly: and disdain'd t' enlarge
On pow'r of kings, and their superior charge, 889

Digitized by Google

As Heav'n's trustees before the people's choice;
Tho', sure, the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echoes giv'n of her once loyal voice.

The Matron woo'd her kindness to the last, But could not win; her hour of grace was past;—Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king, She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy Of her late treaty with her new ally; Which well she hop'd would more successful prove Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love, 900 The Panther ask'd, what concord there could be Betwixt two kinds whose nature's disagree? The Dame reply'd; 'Tis sung in ev'ry street, The common chat of gossips when they meet; But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while To take a wholesome tale, tho' told in homely style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood, (So few deserve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possest,
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best. 910
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth;
At land, and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
Who oft'ner drew his sword, and always for the
right.

As Fortune would, (his fortune came, tho' late)
He took possession of his just estate:

Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent; Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent; But overlook'd his Hinds—their pay was just, 920 And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust: Slow to resolve, but in performance quick; So true, that he was aukward at a trick. For little souls on little shifts rely, And cowards arts of mean expedients try; The noble mind will dare do any thing but lie. False friends, his deadliest foes, could find no way, But shows of honest bluntness to betray: That unsuspected plainness he believ'd; He look'd into himself and was deceiv'd. 930 Some lucky planet sure attends his birth, Or Heav'n would make a miracle on earth; For prosp'rous honesty is seldom seen To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win. It looks as Fate with Nature's law would strive, To shew plain-dealing once an age may thrive; And, when so tough a frame she could not bend, Exceeded her commission to befriend.

This grateful man as Heav'n increas'd his store, Gave God again, and daily fed his poor. 940 His house with all convenience was purvey'd; The rest he found,—but rais'd the fabric where

he pray'd;

And, in that sacred place. his beateous wife Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

Nor did their alms extend to those alone, Whom common faith more strictly made their own: A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall, Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall. Tho' some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd, The greater part degen'rate from their kind; 950 Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed, And largely drink, because on salt they feed. Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;

Yet bound by promise, he supports their cause, As corporations privileg'd by laws.

That house, which harbour to their kind affords, Was built, long since, God knows for better birds; But, flutt'ring, there they nestle near the throne, And lodge in habitations not their own. By their high crops and corny gizzards known. Like harpies, they could scent a plenteous board; Then, to be sure, they never fail'd their lord; The rest was form, and bare attendance paid; They drank, and ate, and grudgingly obey'd. The more they fed they raven'd still for more; They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor. All this they had by law, and none repin'd; The pref'rence was but due to Levi's kind; But when some lay preferment fell by chance, The Gourmands made it their inheritance. When once possess'd, they never quit their claim, For then 'tis sanctify'd to heav'n's high name: And, hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent The gifts should be profan'd by worldly management.

Their flesh was never to the table serv'd;
Tho' 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were starv'd;
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood:
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit, 980
E'en though they were not Doves, to persecute;
Yet he refus'd; (nor could they take offence
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence;)
Nor consecrated grain their wheat be thought,
Which, new from treading, in their bills they brought;

But left his hinds, each in his private pow'r, That those who like the bran, might leave the flour. He for himself, and not for others, chose, Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose: But, in their faces, his devotion paid, And sacrifice, with solemn rites, was made, And sacred incense on his alters laid. Besides these jolly birds, whose corps impure Repaid their commons with their salt manure, Another farm he had behind his house, Not overstock'd, but barely for his use; Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed, And, from his pious hands, receiv'd their bread; Our pamper'd pigeons, with malignant eyes, Beheld these inmates and their nurseries : Tho' hard their fare, at ev'ning and at morn, A cruise of water, and an ear of corn; Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought A sheaf, in ev'ry single grain, was brought.

Fain would they filch that little food away, While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey. And much they griev'd to see, so nigh their hall. The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall: That he should raise his mitred crest on high. And clap his wings, and call his family I'o sacred rites; and vex th' etherial pow'rs With midnight matins at uncivil hours; Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest, Just in the sweetness of their morning rest. Beast of a bird, supinely when he might Lie snug and sleep, to rise hefore the light! What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry, Could he not let a bad example die? The world was fall'n into an easier way; This age knew better than to fast and pray. 1020 Good sense, in sacred worship, would appear So to begin, as they might end the year. Such feats in former times had wrought the falls Of growing Chanticleers in cloister'd walls. Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled; And sister Partlet with her hooded head Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.

The way to win the restive world to God,
Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
Unnat'ral fasts, and foreign forms of pray'r: 1030
Religion frights us with a mien severe:
'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
And put her in undress to make her please:

A lively faith will best aloft the mind. And leave the luggage of good works behind. Such doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught! You need not ask how wondrously they wrought a But, sure, the common cry was all for these, Whose life and precepts, both, encourag'd ease 2. Yet fearing those allusing haits might fail, 1049 And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail, (For vice, though frontless, and of harden'd face, is daunted at the sight of awful grace) An hideous figure of their foes they drew, Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours And this grotesque design expos'd to public view. One would have thought it some Egyptian piece, With garden gods, and barking deities, More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies. All, so perverse a draught, so far unlike, It was no libel where it meant to strike. Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small' To view the monster crowded Pigeon-hall: . . . There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees, Adoring shrines, and stocks of sainted trees? And, by him, a mis-shapen, ugly, race; The curse of God was seen on every face: No Holland emblem could that malice mend. But still the worse the look, the fitter for a fiend. . The master of the farm, displeas'd to find So much of rancour in so mild'a kind. DRYDEN. VOL. III. D

Inquir'd into the came; and came to know
The passive church had struck the foremost blow—
With gloundless fears; and jealeusies possess—
As if this troublesome, intruding gutst,
Would drive the birds of Venns from their nest;
A deed his in-born equity abborr'd;
But Int'rest will not trust, the' God should plight
his word.

A law, the source of many future harms, Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms, 1070 With loss of life; if any should be found To crow or peck on this forbidden ground. That bloody statute chiefly was design'd For Chanticleer the White, of clergy kind; But after-malice did not long forget The lay that wore the robe and coronet. For them, for their infessions and allies, Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise; By which unrighteously it was decreed, 1079 That none to trust or profit should succeed, Who would got washew firsted possnous wiched weed the succession with the state of t

Or that to which old Socrates was curst,
Or henbane-juice, so swell them sill they burst.

The patron, (as in reason,) thought it hard
To see this inquisition in his yard,
By which the sov'reign was of subjects' use de-

All gentle assens he my'd, which might withdraw.
Th' effects of, so unnatural a law:

But still the Dove-hunte obstitutely steed 1989
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours' good;
And which was worse, if any worse could be,
Repented of their boasted loyalty--Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
And drunk with funtes of popular applicate;
For those whom God to rain has design'd,
He fits for fate; and first destroys their mind.

New doubts, indeed, they daily strove to raise;
Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays;
And emissary Pigeons had in store,
(Such as the Meccan Prophet us'd of yore,) 1109
To whisper counsels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their false advice with sealous fear.
The master smil'd to see them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign;
He saw—but suffer'd their protractive arts,
And strove, by mildness, to reduce their hearts;
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
For fools are doubly fools, endeavering to be wise.

After a grave consult what course were best, One, more mature in folly than the rest, 1111 Stood up, and told them, with his head aside, That desp'rate cures must be to desp'rate ills apply'd; And, therefore, since their main impending feat, Was from th' increasing race of Chanticleer, Some potent bird of prey they ought to find; A fee profess'd to him and all his kind: Some haggard Hawk, who had her evry nigh, Well pounced to fasten, and well wing d to fly; One they might trust their constion wrongs to wreak: The Musquet and the Coverel were too weak; Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest, 1129 The noble Buzzard ever plent'd me best; Of small renown, 'tis true; for, not to lie, We call him but a Hawk by courtesy. I know he hates the Pigeon-house and farm; And, more, in time of war, has done us harm; But all his hate on trivial points depends; Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends: For Piggons' flesh he seems not much to care: Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare. On this high potentate, without delay, I wish you would confer the sov'reign sway: Petition him t'accept the government, And let a splendid embassy be sent.

This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed, Old enemies forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.

Their welcome snit was granted soon as heard, His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd, WithB's upon their breast, appointed for his guard. He came, and, crown'd with great solemnity, God save King Buzzard! was the gen'ral cry.

A portly prince, and goodly to the sight, 1148 He seem'd a son of Anach for his height; Like those whom statuse did to crowns prefer: Black-browld, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter!

Broad-back'd, and brawny built, for love's delight; A prophet form'd, to make a female proselyte. A theologue-more by need than genial bent; By breeding sharp, by nature confident. 1150 Int'rest in all his actions was discern'd; More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd. Or fore'd by fear, or by his profit led, Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled; But brought the virtues of his heav'n along, A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue. And yet, with all his arts, he could not thrive; The most unlucky parasite alive. Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent, And then himself pursu'd his compliment; 1160 But, by reverse of fortune, chas'd away, His gifts no longer than their author stay : He shakes the dust against th' ungrateful race, And leaves the stench of ordures in the place. Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the same; For, in his rage, he spares no sov'reign's name: The hero and the tyrant change their style, By the same measure that they frown or smile. When well receiv'd by hospitable foes, The kindness he returns, is, to expose: For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great, No gratitude, in felon minds, beget; As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat. His praise of foes is venomously nice; So touch'd, it turns a virue to a vice: " A Greek, and bountiful, forewarms us twice.

Seven sacraments he wisely does disown, Because he knows confession stands for one: Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd. And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd: But he, uncall'd, his patron to control, Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul : Stood forth, th' accusing Satan of his crimes, And offer'd to the Molock of the times. Prompt to assail, and careless of defence. Invulnerable in his impudence, He dares the world; and, eager of a name. He thrusts about, and justles into fame. Frontless, and satire-proof, he scow'rs the streets a And runt an Indian muck at all he meets : 1190 So fond of loud report, that not to miss Of being known (his last and utmost bliss) He rather would be known for what he is. Such was, and is, the Captain of the Test, Though halt his virtues are not here express'd, The modesty of Fame conceals the rest. The spleenful Pigeons never could create A prince more proper to revenge their hate: Indeed more proper to revenge than save: A king whom in his wrath th' Almghty gave : Nor all the grace the landlord had allow'd, 1201 But made the Buzzard, and the Pigeons proud; Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce those .crowe. They long: their fellow-subjects to enthral, Their patrents promise into question call,

And vainly think he meant to make themlerds of all.

Digitized by Google

False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the Doves were to be dispossess'd;
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learnt to cant. 1210
The house of pray'r is stock'd with large increase,
Nor doors, nor windows can contain the psess:
For birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;
E'en Atheists, out of envy, own a God;
And, reeking from the stews, adult'rers come,
Like Goths and Vandals, to demolish Rome.
That conscience, which to all their crimes was mute.
Now cries aloud, and cries to persecute;
No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,
And much the less, because it was their lord's
request;

They thought it grest, their sow'reign to control, And nam'd their pride, Nobility of soul. 1223.

'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect, Were short of pow'r their purpose to effect:
But with their quills did all the hurt they could, And cuff'd the tender chickens from their food: And much the Buzzard, in their cause, did stir, Though naming not the patron—to infer, With all respect, he was a gross idolater.

But when th's imperial owner did espy, 1230.
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany, Not suff'ring wrath to discompose his mind,

He strove, a temper for th' extremes to find; So to be just, as he might still be kind;

The POLIS of GREAT BRITARY

DATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

Latting the statement of the statement o

acity Google

Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounced a doom, Of sacred strength for ev'ry age to come. By this the Doves their wealth and state possess. No rights infring'd, but licence to oppress: Such pow'r have they, as factious lawyers long To crowns ascrib'd, that kings can do no wrong. But since his own domestic birds have try'd 1241 The dire effects of their destructive pride. He deems that proof a measure to the rest: Concluding well, within his kingly breast, His fowls of Nature too unjustly were opprest. He therefore makes all birds of ev'ry sect Free of his farm, with promise to respect Their sev'ral kinds alike, and equally protect. His gracious edict the same franchise yields 1249 To all the wild increase of woods and fields, And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds.

To Crows the like impartial grace affords, And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds: Secur'd with ample privilege to feed, Each has his dictrict, and his bounds decreed; Combin'd in common int'rest with his own, But not to pass the Pigeon's Rubicon.

Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove:
All prophesies accomplish'd from above;
For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove. 1260
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
(Like Dionysius to a private rod,)

The passive church, that, with pretended grace, Did her distinctive mark, in duty, place, Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
The small beginnings had a large increase,
And arts and wealth succeed, the sacred spoils
of peace.

Tis said, the Doves repented, though too late, 1269 Become the smiths of their own foolish fate:
Nor-did their owner hasten their ill hour;
But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in pow'r:
Like snows in warmth, that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the silence of decay.

The Buzzard, not content with equal place. Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race; To hide the thinness of their flock from sight, And, all together, make a seeming goodly flight: But each have sep'rate int'rests of their own; Two czars are one too many for a throne. 1280 Nor can th' usurper long abstain from food; Already he has tasted Pigeon's blood; And may be tempted to his former fare, When this indulgent lord shall late to heav'n repair. Bare, benting times, and moulting months may come, When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home; Or rent in schism-(for so their fate decrees) Like the tumultuous college of the bees-They fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress'd; The tyrant smiles below; and waits the falling feast.

## FO THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end, 1291
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings, at the close
Seem'd to require her natural repose;
For now the streaky light began to peep,
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The Dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest,
The peace of Heav'n, betook herself to rest.
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
With glorious visions of her future state. 1300

## - MACFLECNOE.

ALL human things are subject to decay, And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey. This, Flecnoe found; who, like Augustus, young Was call'd to empire; and had govern'd long; In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute, Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute. This aged prince, now flourishing in peace, And blest with issue of a large increase, Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate To settle the succession of the state: 10 And, pond'ring which of all his sons was fit To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit, Cry'd, "Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads, that he Should only rule, who most resembles me. Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, Mature in dulness from his tender years; Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity. The rest to some faint meaning make pretence, But Shadwell never deviates into sense. Some beams of wit on other souls may fall, Strike through, and make a lucid interval: But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray, His rising fogs prevail upon the day.



Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye, And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty: Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain. And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign. Heywood and Shirley, were but types of thee, Thou last great prophet of Tautology! Even I, a dunce of more renown than they. Was sent before but to prepare thy way; And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came To teach the nations in thy greater name. My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung, When to King John of Portugal I sung, Was but the prelude to that glorious day, When thou on Silver Thames didst cut thy way, With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge, Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge; And big with hymn, commander of an host; The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost. Methinks I see the new Arion sail, The lute still trembling underneath thy nail. At thy well sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore The Trebles squeak for fear, the Basses roar: Echoes, from Pissing-Alley, Shadwell call; And 'Shadwell' they resound from Aston-Hall, About thy boat the little fishes throng, As at the morning toast that floats along. Sometimes, as Prince of thy harmonious band, Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand. St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time, . Not e'en the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme;

Though they, in number, as in sense execl; So just, so like tantology, they fell, That, pale with envy, Singleton foreswore The lute and sword which he in triumph bore, And yow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.

Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for joy, In silent raptures of the hopeful boy. 61 All arguments, but most his plays, persuade That for anointed Dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind, (The fair Augusta much to fears inclined) An ancient fabric, rais'd t' inform the sight, There stood of yore; and Barbican it hight; A watch-tower once: but now, so Fate ordains. Of all the pile, an empty name remains: From its old ruins brothel-houses rise. Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys, Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep. And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep, Mear these a nursery erects its head, Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred : Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry; Where infant punks their tender voices try; † And little Maximins the gods defy. Great Fleicher never treads in buskins here, Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear: 80-

Parodies on these lines of Cowley, Davideis, Book I, line 9.
Where their vast courts the mother-waters keep,
And updisturn'd by moons, in sileuce steep.
Where unfledg'd tempess lie,

And infant Winds their tender voices uy.

VOL. III.

But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton, waging harmless war with words.
Here Fleenoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne:
For ancient Decker prophesy'd long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense:
To whom true Dulness should some Psyches owe;
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow; 91
Humourists and hypocrites it should produce;
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Now Empress Fame had publish'd the renown. Of Shadwell's coronation through the Town. Rouz'd by report of fame, the nations meet. From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street. No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way, But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay From dusty shops neglected authors come. Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the burn. Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay, But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way. Bilk'd stationers, for yeomen, stood prepar'd And Herringman was captain of the guard. The hoary prince in majesty appear'd, High on a throne of his own labours rear'dz At his right hand our young Ascanius sate, Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state:

Digitized by Google

His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace, 110 And lambent Dulness play'd around his face. As Hannibal did to the alters come. Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome; So Shadwell swore, nor should his yow be vain. That he till death true Dulness would maintain; And, in his father's right, and realm's defence, Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense. The king himself the sacred unction made, At king by office, and as priest by trade. In his sinister hand, instead of ball, 120 He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale; Love's kingdom to his right he did convey, At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway; Whose righteous lore the Prince had practis'd, voung.

And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung. His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread, That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head. Just at the point of time, if Fame not lie, On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly. So Romufus, 't is sung, by Tiber's brook, 136 Presage of sway from twice six vultures took. Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make, And emens of his future empire take. The sire then shook the honours of his head, And, from his brows, damps of oblivion shed, Full on the filial Dulness: long he stood, Repelling from his breast the raging god; At length burst out in the prophetic mood.

Heav'ns bless my son, from Ireland let him reign To fair Barbadoes on the western main; Of his dominion may no end be known, And greater than his father's be his throne; Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen ! - He paus'd, and all the people cry'd, Amen. Then thus continu'd he: My son, advance Still in new impudence, new ignorance. Success let others teach s' learn thou from me Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry. Let virtuosos in five years be writ;-Yet not one thought accuse thy toil-of wit. 130 Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage, Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage; Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit, And, in their folly, shew the writer's wit: Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence, And justify their author's want of sense. Let them be all by thy own model made Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid; That they to future ages may be known, Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own. Nay, let thy men of wit, too, be the same, All full of thee, and diff ring but in name. But let no alien' Sedley interpose, To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.

And when false flowers of thet ric'thou wouldsteull. Trust Nature; do not labour to be dull; But, write thy best, and top; and, in each line, Sir Formal's oratory will be thine i

Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill, And does thy northern dedications fill. Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame, By arrogating Jonson's hostile name. Let father Fleenoe fire thy mind with praise, And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise. Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part: What share have we-in nature or in art? Where did his wit on learning fix a brand, And rail at arts he did not understand? Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein-Or sweet the dust in Psyche's humble strain? Where sold he bargains, Whip-stitch, Kiss my arse, Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce? When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin, As thou whole Eth'rege dost transfuse to thine.? But so transfus'd as oil and waters flow: His always floats above, thine sinks below. This is thy province, this thy wondrous way, New humours to invent for each new play: This is that boasted bias of thy mind, By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd: 190 Which makes thy writings lean, on one side, still; And, in all changes, that way bends thy will. Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense. A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ, But sure thou art but a kilderkin of wit. Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep; Thy Tragic Muse gives smiles, thy Comic sleep.

With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write; Thy inoffensive satires never bite. In thy felonious heart though venom lies, It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies. Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame In keen lambics, but mild Anagram. Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy command Some peaceful province in Acrostic land: There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise, And torture one poor word ten thousand ways: . Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit, Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute. 210 He said: but his last words were scarcely heard: For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd, And down they sent the yet-declaiming bard. Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind, Borne upwards by a subterranean wind: The mantle fell to the young prophet's part, With double portion of his father's art,

## THE MEDAL.

## A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION

Per Graium populosæ mediæque per Elidris urbem.

Ibat ovans, Divumque sibi poscebat honorem.

VIRG

Og all our antic sights and pageantry, Which English ideots run in crowds to see. The Polish Medal bears the prize alone; A monster, more the favirite of the Town Than either fairs or threatres yet have shown. Never did Art so well with Nature strive, Nor ever idol seem so much alive: So like the man; so golden to the sight, So base within; so counterfeit and light; One side is fill'd with title and with face; And, lest the King should want a regal place, On the reverse, a tow'r the town surveys, O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays. The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice, Lasamur, which, in Polish, is Rejoice. The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd; And a new canting holiday design'd. Five days he sat, for every cast and look; Four more than God to finish Adam took:

( 3

But who can tell what essence angels are, 20 Or how long Heav'n was making Lucifer? O could the style that copy'd ev'ry grace, And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch face. Could it have form'd his ever-changing will. The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill ! A martial hero, first, with early care, Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war; A beardless chief, a rebel ere a man: So young his hatred to his prince began, Next this, (how wildly will ambition steer!) 30 A vermin, wriggling in the usurper's ear, Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold, He cast himself into the saint-like mould : Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train. [gain, But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes, His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise. There split the saint; for hypocritic zeal Allows no sins but those it can conceal. Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope: Saints must not trade; but they may interlope. Th' ungodly principle was all the same. But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game. Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slack; His nimble wit outran the heavy pack: Yet still he found his fortune at a stay, Whole droves of blockheads choaking up his way? They took, but not rewarded, his advice ; Willain and wit exact a double price.

Pow'rwas his aim; but thrown from that pretence, The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence, And malice reconcil'd him to his prince. Him, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd, Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd. Behold him now exalted into trust. His counsels oft convenient, seldom just. E'en in the most sincere advice he gave. He had a grudging still to be a knave. The frauds he learnt in his fanatic years, Made him uneasy in his lawful gears: At best, as little honest as he could, And, like white witches, mischieviously good. To his first bias, longingly, he leans. And rather would be great by wicked means. Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold, Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold: From hence those tears, that Ilium of our woe: Who helps a pow'rful friend, fore-arms a foe. What wonder if the waves prevail so far, When he cut down the banks that made the bar? 70 Seas follow but their nature: to invade: But he by art our native strength betray'd. So Samson to his foe his force confest. And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast. But, when this fatal counsel, (a) found too late, Expos'd its author to the public hate;

<sup>(</sup>a) The Editor would read, Counsel, fotal found too

When his just sov'reign, by no impious way, Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway; Fossaken of that hope, he shifts his sail. Drives down the current, with a pop'lar gale, 80 And shows the fiend confess'd, without a veil. He preaches to the crowd, ' that' pow'r is leak But not convey'd, to kingly government: 'That claims successive bear no binding force: 'That coronation-oaths are things of course: Maintains ' the multitude can never err,' And sets the people in the Papal chair. The reason's obvious: Int'rest never lies: The most have, still, their int'rest in their eyes; The pow'r is always theirs; and pow'r is ever wise. Almighty crowd! thou shorten'st all dispute, 91 Pow'r is thy essence, wit thy attribute; Nor faith, nor reason make thee at a stay, Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindarie Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide, [way ] When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd: As righteously they did those dooms repent; Still they were wise whatever way they went; Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run, To kill the father and recall the son. 100 Some think the fools were most, as times went them. But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent men. The common cry is e'en Religion's test; The Turk's is, at Constantinople, best; Idols, in India; Popery, at Rome; And our own worship only true at home:

And true, but for the time: 'tis hard to know How long we please it shall continue so. This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns; So all are God-a'mighties in their turns. 110 A tempting doctrine, plausible and new; What fools our fathers were, if this be true! Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil war, Inherent right in monarchs did declare; And, that a lawful power might never cease, Secur'd succession to secure our peace. Thus property and sov'reign sway, at last, In equal balances were justly cast: But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse, Instructs the beast to know his native force. To take the bit between his teeth, and fly To the next headlong step of anarchy. Too happy England, if our good we knew, Would we possess the freedom we pursue! The lavish government can give no more: Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor. God tried us once; our rebel fathers fought; He glutted them with all the pow'r they sought; Till master'd by their own usurping brave, The free-born subject sunk into a slave. We lothe our manna, and we long for quails; Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails! How rush, how swift to plunge himself in ill! Proud of his pow'r, and boundless in his will? That kings can do no wrong we must believe ! Mone can they do; and must they all receive ? Help, Heav'n I or sadly we thall see an hour.

When neither wrong nor right are in their Already they have lost their best defeace, [pow'r! The benefit of laws which they dispenses, 140 No justice to their righteous cause allow'd, But baffled by an arbitrary crowd;

And Medals grav'd, their conquest to record, The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.

The man who laugh'd but once, to see an ass Mumbling, to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass, Might laugh again to see a jury chaw The prickles of unpalatable law-The witnesses that, leech like, liv'd on blood, Sucking for them was med'cinally good; But when they fasten'd on the fester'd sore, Then justice and religion they forswore; Their maiden'd oaths debauch'd into a whore. Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd: And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side. They rack e'en Scripture to confess their cause, And plead a call to preach in spite of laws. But that's no news to the poor injur'd page; It has been us'd as ill in every age: And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take: 160 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make? Happy who can this talking trumper seize; They make it speak whatever sense they please. 'Twas fram'd, at first, our oracle t' inquire : But since our sects in prophecy grow higher, -The text inspires not them, but they the ser inspire.

Digitized by Google

London: thou great emporium of our isle, O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile! How shall I praise or curse to thy desert? Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted part? I call'd thee Nile: the parallel will stand: Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land; Yet monsters from thy large increase we find, Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind. Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee; Thy nobler parts are from infection free: Of Israel's cribes thou hast a num'rous band, But still the Canaanite is in the land. Thy military chiefs are brave and true: Nor are thy disinchanted burghers few. 180 The head is loyal which thy heart commands, . But what's a head with two such gouty hands? The wise and wealthy love the surest way. . And are content to thrive and to obey: But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave; None are so busy as the fool and knave. . Those let me curse; what vengeance will they unge, Whose orderes neither plague nor fire can purge! Nor sharp experience can to duty bring; Nor, angry Eleav'n; nor, a forgiving King! 190 In gospel-phrase their chapmen they betray; Their shops are dens, the buyer is the prey : . . The knack of trades is living on the spoil; They beest eten when each other they beguile. Customs to steal is such a trivial sking, .. .... That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.

DRYDEN. VOL. 111.

56

You have your day, or you have I am always on the said You know my doctrong at I will not, for I cannot co. On this firm principle I amble, of my sons, who have he you rebellious art.

Ah! said the His
Who call you rebut most of them
to such uses
The case are

to deal, and

e King, ring:

peace and war, care. 231

ic name, ns play'd the

food and drink, think? heir crime, of time; de but stand, water m band, 240 \$ command.

scour the plain; subdue, salara o l is in the few. they show, not grow; mes sustain, 17 en; a property

into the best ; 250 ch blest : Con Tier with various winds,

idies, on our minds,

All hands unite of every javing sect;
They cheat their country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare detherne,
And they'll be sure to make his cause their own. 290
Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan
Of-murd'ring kings, or the French Paritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly pow'r would murder too.

What means their trait'rous combination loss. Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess ! But treason is not own'd, when 'tis descry'd: Successful crimes alone are justify'd. The men who no conspiracy would find, Who doubts but, had it taken, they had join'd; 210 Join'd in a mutual cov'ment of defence: At first without, at last against their prince. If sov'reign right by sov'reign pow'r they scan, The same bold maxim holds in God and man: God were not safe, his thunder could they shuh; He should be forc'd to crown another aon. Thus when the heir was from the vineyard thrown The rich possession was the murd'rers' own. In vain to sophistry they have recourse; By proving theirs no plot, they prove it won Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force: 221 Which though not actual, yet all eyes may set 'Tis working, in th' immediate pow'r to be ; For, from pretended grievances they rise, First to dislike, and after to demise;

Then, Cyclop-like, in human flesh so deal,
Chop up a minister at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King,
But clip his regal rights within the ring:
From thence t' assume the pow'r of peace and war,
And ease him, by degrees, of public care.

281
Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
He should have leave to exercise the name,
And hold the cards while Commons play'd the
game.

For what can pow'r give more than food and drink, To live at ease, and not be bound to think? These are the cooler methods of their crime, But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time; On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand, And grin and whet, like a Croatian band, 240 That waits impatient for the last command. Thus outlaws open villainy maintain; They steal not-but in squadrons scour the plain; And if their pow'r the passengers subdue, The most have right, the wrong is in the few. Such impious axioms, foolishly, they show, For in some soils republics will not grow; Our temp?rate isle will no extremes sustain, Of pop'lar sway, or arbitrary reign; But slides, between them both, into the best; 250 Secure in freedom; in a monarch blest; And though the climate vex'd with various winds, Works, through our yielding bodies; on our minds. The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds, To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts!
Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,
And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
What curses on thy blasted name will fall! 260
Which age to age their legacy shall call;
For all must curse the woes that must descend
on all.

Religion thou hast none; thy Mercury Has past through ev'ry sect, or theirs through thee. But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains: And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains. What else inspires the tongues, and swells the Of all thy bellowing renegado priests? That preach up thee for God; dispense thy laws: And with thy stum ferment their fainting cause; 276 Fresh fumes of madness raise, and toil and sweat -To make the formidable cripple great. Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless pow's Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour, Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be: Thy god and theirs will never long agree. For thine (if thou hast any) must be one That lets the world and human kind alone; A jolly god, that passes hours too well To promise heav'n, or threaten us with hell: 280 That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit, And wink at crimes he did himself commit,

A syrant theirs; the heav'n their priesthood paints A convent'cle of gloomy sullen saints; A heav'n, like bedlam, slovenly and sad; Foredoom'd for souls with false religion made.

Without a vision, poets can foreshow What all but fools, by common sense, may know a If true succession from our isle should fail, And crowds profane with impious arms prevail; Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage. Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage. With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit age. The swelling poison of the sev'ral sects, Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects, Shall burst its bags; and, fighting out their way, The various venoms on each other prey. The Presbyter, puff'd up with spiritual pride, Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride; His brethren damn; the Civil pow'r defy; And parcel out republic prelacy: But short shall be his reign; his rigid yoke And tyrant pow'r will puny sects provoke; And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train, Will croak to Heav'n for help from this devouring crane.

The cut-throat Sword and clam'rous Gown shall In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war: [jar, Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they

pretend; Lords, envy lords; and friends, with ev'ry friend, About their impious merit, shall contend. 310 The surly Commons shall respect deny,
And justle peerage out with property.
Their Gen'ral either shall his trust betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;
Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings, shall cast anew the frame,
And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.

Thus inborn broils the factions would engage, Tor wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook our age: 320
And our wild labours, wearied into rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

Pudet hæc opprobia vobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

# ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

## AN ODE

IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

The sat the royal feast, for Persia won By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate,
Qn his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS:

Google

" Happy, happy, happy fair!

" None but the brave,

" None but the brave,

" None but the brave deserves the fair:"

Timotheus, plac'd on high Amid the tuneful quire, With flying fingers touch'd the lyre: The trembling notes ascend the sky, And heavenly joys inspire. The song began from Jove, Who left his blissful seats above. (Such is the pow'r of mighty love) A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god : Sublime on radiant spires he rode, When he to fair Olympia press'd: And while he sought her snowy breast : Then round her slender waist he curl'd. And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the The list ning crowd admire the lofty sound; [world. A present Deity, they shout around: A present Deity, the vaulted roofs rebound. With ravish'd cars The monarch hears a Assumes the god, Affects to nod. And seems to shake the spheres,

CHORUS,

- " With ravish'd ears
- " The monarch hears;
- " Assumes the god,
- " Affects to nod,
- " And seems to shake the spheres."

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician Of Bacchus, ever fair; and ever young: [sung; The jolly god in triumph comes;

Sound the trumpets, best the drums:

Digitized by Google

Flush'd with a purple grace, He shews his honest face. Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he Bacchus, ever fair and young, \_ · [comes ! · Drinking joys did first obtain; Bacchus' blessings are a treasure; Drinking is the soldier's pleasure; Rich the treasure, Sweet the pleasure; Sweet is pleasure after pain. CHORUS.

"Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;

" Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

" Rich the treasure,

" Sweet the pleasure;

" Sweet is pleasure after pain."

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew usin; Fought all his battles o'er again; And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he The master saw the madness rise; [slew the slain. . His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; And while he heav'n and earth defy'd, Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride. He chose a mournful muse. Soft pity to infuse: He sung Darius, great and good; By too severe a fate, Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, Fallen from his high estate,

And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks, the joyless victor sate,
Revolving, in his after'd soul,
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

#### CHORUS.

- "Revolving, in his alter'd soul,
- " The various turns of chance below;
- " And, now and then, a eigh he stole,
- "And tears began to flow:"

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydran measures,
Soon he tooth'd hit soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Thing, O think it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with lond applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

- 44 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
- " Gaz'd on the fair
- " Who caus'd his care,
- 46 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
- 46 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
- 46 At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,
- "The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast."

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Breaks his bands of sleep agunder,
And rouse him, like a rantling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares accound.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they him in their hair!

And the sparkles that flash from their eves! Behold a ghastly band. Each a torch in his hand ! Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain, And unbury'd remain Inglorious on the plain: Give the vengeance due To the valiant crew. Behold how they toss their torches on high, How they point to the Persian abodes, And glift'ring temples of their hostile gods ! The princes applaud with a furious joy; And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy: Thais led the way, To light him to his prey; And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

"And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to
"Thais led the way, fdestroy:

"To light him to his prey;

" And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy."

Thus, long ago,

Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute;

Timotheus, to his breathing flute;

And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

- GRAND CHORÚS.
- " At last divine Cecilia came,
- " Inventress of the vocal frame;
- "The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
- " Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
- " And added length to solemn sounds,
- "With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
- " Let old Timotheus yield the prize, [before.
- " Or both divide the crown;
- " He rais'd a mortal to the skies:
- " She drew an angel down."

# THE SECULAR MASK:

### Enter JANUS.

JAN. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace; An hundred times the rolling sun Around the radiant belt has run In his revolving race. Behold, behold the goal in sight, Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight. Enter CHRONOS, with a scythe in his hand, and a globe on his back; which he sets down at his entrance.

CHRO. Weary, weary of my weight, Let me, let me drop my freight, And leave the world hehind. I could not bear.

Another year,

The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS laughing. MOM. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou

done

To lay down thy pack, And lighten thy back, The world was a fool ere since it begun. And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I. Can hinder the crimes. Or mend the bad times, ·Tis better to laugh than to cry.

CHO. of all three.] "'Tis better to laugh than "to cry."

JAN. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been.
CHRO. Then, goddess of the silver bow, begin.

[Horns, or hunting music within.]

DIA. With horns and with hounds I waken the day, And hye to the woodland-walks away; I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,

And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.

I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,

And chace the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;

With shouting, and hooting, we pierce thro' the sky;

And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.
cho. of all.] "With shouting and hooting we

"pierce thro' the sky;

"And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry."

JAN. Then our age was in its prime;

CHRO. Free from rage,

DIA. ----And free from crime.

MOM. A very merry, dancing, drinking, Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

CHO. of all.] " Then our age was in its prime,

" Free from rage, and free from crime;

"A verry merry, dancing, drinking,

"Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time."
[Dance of DIANA'S attendants.]

#### Enter MARS.

MARS. Inspire the vocal brass, inspire;
The world is past its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the sky to red;
And Peace, the lazy god, is fled.
Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly;
The sprightly green,
In woodland-walks, no more is seen;
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

CHO. Of all.] "Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly;
"The sprightly green,

"In woodland-walks, no more is seen;

"The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye."
MARS. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around
Sound a reveille, sound, sound;
The warrior god is come.

CHO. of all. "Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;

"Through all the world around 
Sound a reveille, sound, sound;

"The warrior god is come."

MOM. Thy sword within the scabbard keep, And let mankind agree; Better the world were fast asleep, Than kept awake by thee. The fools are only thinner With all our cost and care; But neither side a winner, For things are as they were.

CHO. of all.] " The fools are only thinner,

" With all our cost and care;

" But neither side a winner,

" For things are as they were."

Enter VENUS.

VEN. Calms appear when storms are past;
Love will have his hour at last:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars destroys, and I repair.
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry day."
CHO. of all.] "Take her, take her, while you

" may,
"Venus comes not ev'ry day,"

CHRO. The world was then so light,

I scarcely felt the weight;

Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night:

But since the Queen of Pleasure left the ground,

I faint, I lag,

And feebly drag

The pond'rous orb around.

MOM. All, all of a piece throughout;

Pointing to Diana.] Thy chace had a beast in view;

To Mars.] Thy wars brought nothing about; To Venus.] Thy lovers were all untrue.

JAN. 'Tis well an old age is out. CHRO. And time to begin a new. CHO. of all.] "All, all of a piece throughout;

"Thy chase had a beast in view;

" Thy wars brought nothing about;

"Thy lovers were all untrue;

"Tis well an old age is out;

" And time to begin a new."

Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

### TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

#### A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

 $I_{
m N}$  that wild deluge where the world was drown'd, When life and sin one common tomb had found. The first small prospect of a rising hill With various notes of joy the ark did fill: Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd, It left behind a false and slipp'ry ground; And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd, Till new-born nature in fresh looks appear'd. Thus, Royal Sir, to see you landed here, Was cause enough of triumph for a year: Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat, Till they at once might be secure and great; Till your kind beams by their continu'd stay, Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away. Such vapours, while your pow'rful influence dries, Then soonest vanish when they highest rise. Had greater haste these sacred rites prepar'd, Some guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd: But this untainted year is all your own; Your glories may without our crimes be shown. 20 We had not yet exhausted all our store, When you refresh'd our joys by adding more; As Heav'n, of old, dispens'd celestial dew, You gave us manna, and still give us new. Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight, The season, too, comes fraught with new delight.

Digitized by Google

Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop, Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop: Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy Spring, And open'd scenes of flow'rs and blossoms bring, 30 To grace this happy day while you appear-Not king of us alone-but of the year. All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart; Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part. Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim, And heav'n this day is feasted with your name. Your cavalcade the fair spectators view, From their high standings, yet look up to you. From your brave train each singles out a prey. And longs to date a conquest from your day. Now, charg'd with blessings, while you seek repose, Officious Slumbers haste your eyes to close; And glorious Dreams stand ready to restore The pleasing shapes of all you saw before. Next, to the sacred temple you are led, Where waits a crown for your more sacred head: How justly from the church that crown is due. Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you! The grateful choir their harmony employ, Not to make greater, but more solemn joy. Wrapt soft and warm, your name is sent on high, As flames do on the wings of incense fly: Music herself is lost; in vain she brings Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings; Her melting strains, in you, a tomb have found, And lie, like bees, in their own sweetness drown'd.

He that brought peace, all discord could atone, His name is music of itself alone. Now, while the sacred oil anoints your head. And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread 60 Thro' the large dome; the people's joyful sound, Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground; Which in one blessing mix'd descends on you; As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew. Not that our wishes do increase your store, . Full of yourself, you can admit no more: We add not to your glory, but employ Our time, like angels, in expressing joy. Nor is it duty, or our hopes, alone Create that joy, but full fruition: 70 We know those blessings which we must possess, And judge of future by past happiness. No promise can oblige a prince so much Still to be good, as long to have been such. A noble emulation heats your breast, And your own fame now robs you of your rest. Good actions still must be maintain'd with good, As bodies nourish'd with resembling food. You have already quench'd Sedition's brand; And Zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land. 80 The jealous sects (that dare not trust their cause So far from their own will as to the laws) You for their umpire and their synod take, And their appeal alone to Cæsar make. Kind Heav'n so rare a temper did provide, That Guilt repenting might in it confide.

Among our crimes oblivion may be set : But 'tis our Kings perfection to forget. Virtues, unknown to these rough northern climes, From milder heav'ns you being, without their crimes. Your calmness does no after-storms provide. Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide. When empire first from families did spring, Then ev'ry father govern'd as a king: But you, that are a sov'reign prince, allay Imperial pow'r with your paternal sway. From those great cares when ease your soul unbends, Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends: Born to command the mistress of the seas, Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire please. Hither in summer evinings you repair To take the fraicheur of the purer air: Undaunted here you ride, when Winter raves, With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves. More I could sing, but fear my number stays; No loyal subject dares that courage praise. In stately frigates most delight you find, Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind. What to your cares we owe, is learn'd from hence, When ev'n your pleasures serve for our defence. 110 Beyond your court flows in the admitted tide, Where in new depths the wond'ring fishes glide: Here in a royal bed the waters sleep: When tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep. Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects, So safe are all things which our king protects.

From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due, Second alone to that it brought in you; A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by Fate, The souls of kings unborn, for bodies, wait. 120 It was your love before made discord cease; Your love is destin'd to your country's peace. Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide, With gold, or jewels, to adorn your bride. This to a mighty king presents rich ore, While that with incense does a god implore. Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you chuse, This must receive a crown, or that must lose. Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old, Are answers sought and destinies foretold; Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows, And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs. Your subjects, while you weigh the nations' fate, Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate; Chuse only, Sir, that so they may possess, With their own peace, their children's happiness.

# AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY MR. DRYDEN

AND THE

EARL OF MULGRAVE.

How dull, and how insensible a beast Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest! Philosophers and poets vainly strove, In ev'ry age, the lumpish mass to move; But those were pedants, when compar'd with these. Who know not only to instruct, but please. Poets alone found the delightful way Mysterious morals, gently, to convey In charming numbers; so that as men grew Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too, 10 Satire has always shone among the rest, And is the boldest way, if not the best, To tell men freely of their foulest faults. To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts. In satire, too, the wise took diff'rent ways, · To each deserving its peculiar praise. Some did all folly with just sharpness blame, Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame. But of these two, the last succeeded best, As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest. 20 Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides, And censure those who censure all besides,

In other things, they, justly, are preferr'd; In this, alone, methinks, the Ancients err'd: Against the grossest follies they declaim: Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game. Nothing is easier than such blots to hit, And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit: Besides, 'tis labour lost; for who would preach Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach? 'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball, Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall. But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find, Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind; That little speck, which all the rest does spoil. To wash off that would be a noble toil: Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age, Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage; Above all censure, too, each little wit Will be so glad to see the greater hit,-40 Who judging better, tho' concern'd the most, Of such correction will have cause to boast. In such a satire all would seek a share. And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there. Old story-tellers, too, must pine and die, To see their antiquated wit laid by; Like her who miss'd her name in a lampoon, And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon. No common coxcomb must be mention'd here; Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear; Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight; Of such a wretched rabble who would write?

Much less half wits: that's more against our rules; For they are fops, the other are but fools. Who would not be as silly as Dunbar, As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr? The cunning courtier should be slighted too. Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado; Till the shrewd fool by thriving too, too fast, Like Æsop's fox, becomes a prey at last. 60 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd, Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd; With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother, They are as common that way as the other: Yet saunt'ring Charles, between his beastly brace, Meets with dissembling, still, in either place, Affected humour, or a painted face. In loyal libels we have often told him How one has jilted him, the other sold him: How that affects to laugh, how this to weep; But who can rail so long as he can sleep? Was ever prince by two at once misled, False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd and ill-bred? Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place: At council set, as foils on Dorset's score, To make that great false jewel shine the more; Who all that while was thought exceeding wise. Only for taking pains and telling lies. But there's no meddling with such nauseous men; 80 Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:

'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive. Against his careless genius vainly strive: Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay 'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day : Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be Just as good company as Nokes and Lee: But when he aims at reason or at rule. 90 He turns himself the best to ridicule. Let him at bus'ness ne'er so earnest sit. Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit, That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd, Tho' he left all mankind to be destroy'd. So cat, transform'd, sat gravely and demure, Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure; But soon the lady had him in her eye, And from her friend did just as oddly fly. Reaching above our nature does no good; We must fall back to our old flesh and blood: As by our little Machiavel we find, The nimblest creature of the busy kind; His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes, Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes, No pity of its poor companion takes. What gravity can hold from laughing out, To see him drag his feeble legs about, Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill. 110 'Twere crime in any man, but him alone, To use a body so, tho' 'tis one's own: Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er, That, whilst he creeps, his vig'rous thoughts can Alas! that soaring, (to those few that know), [soar. Is but a busy grov'ling here below. So men in rapture think they mount the sky, Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lie; So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly. As the new earl, -with parts deserving praise, 120 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways. Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights, Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune slights. Striving against his quiet all he can, For the fine notion of a busy man: And what is that at best, but one whose mind Is made to tire himself, and all mankind? For Ireland he would go; faith! let him reign; For if some odd fantastic lord would fain Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do, 130 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too. But is there any other beast that lives Who his own harm so wittingly contrives? Will any dog that has his teeth and stones, Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd, While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd? Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name, Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Tho' satire, nicely writ with humour, stings 140 But those who merit praise in other things .-Yet we must needs this one exception make, And break our rules for Folly Tropos' sake; Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd, And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd: Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue, For railing smoothly, and for reas'ning wrong. As boys, on holy-days let loose to play, Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way, Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress Some silly Cit in her flower'd foolish dress; So have I mighty satisfaction found To see his tinsel reason on the ground; To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it, By some who scarce have words enough to show it; For Sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker The finer, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker. But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence Should be acquired by such little sense,-For words and wit did anciently agree, 160 And Tully was no fool, tho' this man be: At bar abusive, on the bench unable, Knave on the woolsack, fop at council-table. These are the grievances of such fools as would Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of wits must be made known, Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone; Excess of luxury they think can please And laxiness call loving of their ease; To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign, 170 Tho' their whole life's but intermitting pain: So much of surfeits, headachs, claps, are seen, We scarce perceive the little time between: Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake, And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake. Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat, Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that; And first he worried her with railing rhyme, 180 Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time; Then for one night sold all his slavish life, A teeming widow, but a barren wife. Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad, He lugg'd about a matrimonial load; Till fortune, blindly kind, as well as he, Has ill-restor'd him to his liberty; Which he would use in his old sneaking way, Drinking all night, and dozing all the day; Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times 196 Had fam'd for dullness in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,
Tho' learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
Too see him catch his Tartar for his prize;
Th' impatient Town waited the wish'd for change,
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;

Till Petworth-plot made us with sorrow see, 200 As his estate, his person 100, was free: Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move; To gold he fled, from beauty and from love; Yet sailing there, he keeps his freedom still, Forc'd to live happily against his will. 'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and pow'r Break not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.

And little Sid, for simile renown'd, Pleasure has always sought but never found: Tho' all his thoughts on wine and women fall, His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all. The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong; His meat and mistresses are kept too long. But sure we all mistake this pious man, Who mortifies his person all he can; What we uncharitably take for sin, Are only rules of this odd Capuchin; For never hermit under grave pretence, Has liv'd more contrary to common sense: And 'tis a miracle, we may suppose, 220 No nastiness offends his skilful nose,-Which from all stink can, with peculiar art, Extract perfume and essence from a f--t. Expecting supper is his great delight; He toils all day but to be drunk at night; Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits, 'Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for want of wit, Tho' thought to have a tail and cloven feet: For while he mischief means to all mankind. 230 Himself alone the ill-effects does find : And so, like witches, justly suffers shame, Whose harmless malice is so much the same. False are his words, affected is his wit: So often he does aim, so seldom hit : To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks, But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks: Mean in action, lewd in ev'ry limb, Manners themselves are mischievous in him: A proof that Chance alone makes ev'ry creature; A very Killigrew, without good nature; 241 For what a Bessus has he always liv'd. And his own kickings notably contriv'd! For, there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear, Cowards more blows than any hero bear. Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say, But 'tis a bolder thing to run away: The world may well forgive him all his ill. For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still: Falsely he falls into some dang'rous noose, 250 And then as meanly labours to get loose. A life so infamous is better quitting, Spent in base injury and low submitting. I'd lik'd to have left out his poetry, Forgot by all almost as well as me. Sometimes he has some humour, never wit, And if it rarely, very rarely, hit; 'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid, To find it out's the cinder-woman's trade,-

Who for the wretched remnants of a fire, 260 Must toil all day in ashes and in mire. So lewdly dull his idle works appear, The wretched texts deserve no comments here,—Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone, For a whole page of dullness must atone.

How vain a thing is Man, and how unwise; E'en he who would himself the most despise! I, who so wise and humble seem to be, Now my own vanity and pride can't sec. While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown, We pull down others but to raise our own; 271 That we may angels seem, we paint them elves, And are but satifes to set up ourselves. I,-who have all this while been finding fault E'en with my master, who first satire taught, And did by that describe the task so hard, It seems stupendous and above reward,---Now labour, with unequal force, to climb That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time; 'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall, 280 Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

#### TO THE

# LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE, PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

MY LORD,

 ${
m W}_{{\scriptscriptstyle {
m H\,I\,L\,E}}}$  flatt'ring crowds officiously appear, To give themselves, not you, an happy year; And by the greatness of their presents prove How much they hope, but not how well they love; The Muses, who your early courtship boast, Tho' now your flames are with their beauty lost, Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot They were your mistresses, the world may not; Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove Their former beauty by your former love; 10 And now present, as ancient ladies do, That, courted long, at length are forc'd to woo: For still they look on you with such kind eyes, As those that see the church's sov'reign rise; You from their order chose, in whose high state, They think themselves the second choice of Fate. When our great monarch into exile went, Wit and religion suffered banishment. Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and smoke.

The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook; They with the vanquish'd prince and party go, And leave their temples empty to the foe, At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
To that great charge which Nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by Fate,
While you dispense the laws and guide the state.
The nation's soul, our Monarch, does dispense
Thro' you to us his vital influence;
You are the channel, where those spirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye, Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky; So in this hemisphere our utmost view Is only bounded by our King and you. Our sight is limited where you are join'd, And beyond that no farther heav'n can find. So well your virtues do with his agree, That, tho' your orbs of diff'rent greatness be, Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd, His to inclose, and your's to be inclos'd; 40 Nor could another in your room have been, Except an emptiness had come between. Well may he then to you his cares impart, And share his burden where he shares his heart. In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find Their share of bus'ness in your lab'ring mind. So when the weary Sun his place resigns, He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.

Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,
In your tribunal most berself does please;
There only smiles, because she lives at ease;

And, like young David, finds her strength the more, When disencumber'd from those arms she wore. Heav'n would our royal master should exceed Most in that virtue which we most did need: And his mild father (who too late did find All mercy vain but what with pow'r was join'd) His fatal goodness left to fitter times, Not to increase, but to absolve our crimes: 60 But when the heir of this vast treasure knew How large a legacy was left to you, (Too great for any subject to retain) He wisely tied it to the crown again: Yet, passing thro' your hands, it gathers more, As streams thro' mines bear tineture of their ore. While emp'ric politicians use deceit. Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat, You boldly shew that skill which they pretend, And work by means as noble at your end; Which, should you veil, we might unwind the clue, (As men do Nature,) till we came to you. And as the Indies were not found, before. Those rich perfumes, which from the happy shore The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd, Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd: So by your counsels we are brought to view A rich and undiscover'd world in you. By you our Monarch does that fame assure Which kings must have, or cannot live secure: 80 For prosp'rous princes gain their subjects' heart, Who love that praise in which themselves have partBy you he fits those subjects to obey; As heav'n's eternal Monarch does convey His pow'r unseen, and man to his designs By his bright ministers, the stars, inclines.

Our setting sun, from his declining seat, Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat; And when his love was bounded in a few. That were unhappy that they might be true, 90 Made you the fav'rite of his last sad times. That is, a suff'rer in his subjects' crimes. Thus those first favours you receiv'd, were sent, Like heav'n's rewards, in earthly punishment: Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny, E'en then took care to lay you softly by: And wrapp'd your Fate among her precious things, Kept fresh, to be unfolded with your King's. Shewn, all at once you dazzled so our eyes, As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise; 100 When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing She struck the warlike spear into the ground, [wound, Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose, And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the arts of peace, Whose restless motions less than wars do cease! Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise, And war more force, but not more pains, employs. Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind, That, like the earth, it leaves, our sense behind, 110 While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere, I hat rapid motion does but rest appear.

VOL. 111.

For as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng Of flying orbs while our's is borne along, All seems at rest to the deluded eye, Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony: So, carried on by your unwearied care, We rest in peace, and yet in motion share. Let Envy, then, those crimes within you see, From which the happy never must be free; Envy, that does with Misery reside. The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride. Think it not hard if, at so cheap a rate, You can secure the constancy of Fate: Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem. By lesser ills the greater to redeem. Nor can we this weak show'r a tempest call, But drops of heat that in a sunshine fall. You have already weary'd Fortune so, She cannot farther be your friend or foe; 130 But sits all breathless, and admires to feel A fate so weighty, that it stops her wheel. In all things else above our humble fate, Your equal mind yet swells not into state, But, like some mountain, in those happy isles, Where in perpetual spring young Nature smiles, Your greatness shows no horror to affright; But trees for shade, and flow'rs to court the sight. Sometimes the hill submits itself a while In-small descents, which do its height beguile; 110 And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play, Whose rise not hinders, but makes short our way.

## TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE. 103

Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know, Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below; And, like Olympus' top, th' impression wears Of love and friendship, writ in former years: Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time, Your age but seems to a new youth to climb. Thus heav'nly bodies do our time beget, And measure change, but share no part of it; 150 And still it shall without a weight increase, Like this New-year, whose motions never cease: For since the glorious course you have begun Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun, It must both weightless and immortal prove, Because the centre of it—is above.



## **EPISTLES.\***

1

To my honoured friend Sir Robert Howard, on his excellent poems.

 ${f A}$ s there is music, uninform'd by art, In those wild notes, which, with a merry heart, The birds in unfrequented shades express, Who, better taught at home, yet please us less; So in your verse a native sweetness dwells. Which shames composure, and its art excels. Singing no more can your soft numbers grace, Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face. Yet as when mighty rivers gently creep, Their even calmness does suppose them deep: 10 Such is you Muse: no metaphor swell'd high, With dangerous boldness, lifts her to the sky: Those mounting fancies, when they fall again, Shew sand and dirt at bottom do remain. So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet, Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.

<sup>\*</sup> The Epistles, are, in this edition, arranged according to chronological order, which was never before done, except in the edition of tine Miscellanies in 1760, in four volumes octavo. The epistle to Mr. Julian is retained, not from any high opinion of its value; but because, finding it in the Miscellanies, we cannot suppose it to be an imposition.

'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear, And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear. Either your art hides art, (as Stoics feign Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain: 20 And we, dall souls! admire, but cannot see What hidden springs within the engine be;) Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues Each act and motion ( ! your graceful Muse. Or is it fortune's work, that, in your head-The curious net that is for fancies spread-Lets thro' its meshes ev'ry meaner thought, While rich ideas, there, are, only, caught? Sure that's not all; this is a peace too fair, To be the child of Chance, and not of Care. 30 No atoms casually together hurl'd, Could e'er produce so beautiful a world: Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit As would destroy the providence of Wit. 'Tis your strong genius, then, which does not feel Those weights, would make a weaker spirit reel. To carry weight, and run so lightly too, Is what alone your Pegasus can do. Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more Than not to feel those heav'ns and gods he bore. 40 Your easier Odes, which for delight were penn'd, Yet our instruction make the second end; We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo At once a beauty, and a fortune too. Of moral knowledge Poesy was queen, And still she might, had wanton wits not been

Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large, And not content with that, debauch'd their charge. Like some brave captain, your successful pen Restores the exile to her crown again; And gives us hope, that, having seen the days, When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays, 'All will at length in this opinion rest, "A sober prince's government is best." This is not all: your art the way has found To make th' improvement of the richest ground-That soil which those immortal laurels bore, That once the sacred Maro's temples wore. Eliza's griefs are so express'd by you, 60 They are too eloquent to have been true. Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd What Dido, rather than what Jove, had said, If fun'ral rites can give a ghost repose, Your Muse so justly has discharged those, Eliza's shade may now its wand'ring cease, And claim a title to the fields of peace. But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less Your kindness great Achilles doth confess,-Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look, Did ill become those virgin-robes he took. To understand how much we owe to you, We must your numbers with your author's view: Then we shall see his work was lamely rough, Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff; His colours laid so thick on ev'ry place, As only shew'd the paint, but hid the face.

Digitized by Google

But as in perspective we beauties see, Which in the glass, not in the picture, be ; So here our sight obligingly mistakes That wealth, which his your bounty only makes. 80 Thus vulgar dishes are by cooks disguis'd, More for their dressing than their substance priz'd. Your curious Notes so search into that age, When all was fable but the sacred page; That, since in that dark night we needs must stray, We are at least misled in pleasant way. But what we most admire, your verse no less The prophet than the poet doth confess. Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak Of light, you saw great Charles 's morning break. 90 So skilful seamen ken the land from far. Which shews like mists to the dull passenger. To Charles your Muse first pays her duteous love, As still the ancients did begin from Jove. With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be As Rome recorded Rufus' memory; Who thought it greater honor to obey His country's interest, than the world to sway. But to write worthy things of worthy men, 100 Is the peculiar talent of your pen: Yet let me take your mantle up, and I Will venture, in your right, to prophesy. "This work, by merit first of fame secure, " Is likewise happy in its geniture;

"For since tis born when Charles ascends the throne,
"It shares, at once, his fortune and its own."

<sup>.</sup> Digitized by Google

#### II.

To my honoured friend, Dr. CHARLETON, on his learned and useful works; but more particularly his Treatise of Stone-Henge, by him restored to the true founder.

THE longest tyranny that ever sway'd, Was that, wherein our ancestors betrav'd Their free-born reason to the Stagyrite. And made his torch their universal light. So truth, while only one supply'd the state. Grew scarce and dear, and yet sophisticate. Still it was bought, (like emp'ric wares or charms,) Hard words, seal'd up with Aristotle's arms. Columbus was the first that shook his throne. And found a Temp'rate in a Torrid zone: The fev'rish air fann'd by a cooling breeze, The fruitful vale set round with shady trees, And guiltless men who danc'd away their time. Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime. Had we still paid that homage to a name, Which only God and nature justly claim; The western seas had been our utmost bound. Where poets still might dream the sun was drown'd; And all the stars that shine in southern skies. Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.

Among th' asserters of free Reason's claim, Our nation's not the least in worth or fame. The world to Bacon does not only owe Its present knowledge, but its future too. Gilber, shall live, till loadstones cease to draw,
Or British fleets, the boundless ocean awe:
And noble Boyle, not less in Nature seen
Than his great brother read in states and men.
The circling streams, once thought but pools of blood,

(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food) 30 From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save, While Ent keeps all the honor that he gave. Nor are you, learned Friend! the least renown'd, Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English ground, Flies, like the nimble journies of the light, And is, like that, unspent too, in its flight. Whatever truths have been by Art or Chance, Redeem'd from error or from ignorance, Thin in their authors, (like rich veins of ore,) Your works unite, and still discover more. Such is the healing virtue of your pen, To perfect cures on books, as well as men. Nor is this work the least. You well may give To men new vigour, who make stones to live. Thro' you, the Danes, their short dominion lost, A longer conquest than the Saxons boast. Stone-henge, once thought a temple, you have found A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd:

Where by their wond'ring subjects they were seen, Joy'd with their stature and their princely mien. 50 Our Sov'reign here above the rest might stand, And here be chose again to rule the land.

These Ruins shelter'd once his sacred head, When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled, Watch'd by the Genius of his royal place; And mighty visions of the Danish race. His refuge, then, was for a temple shown; But, he restor'd, 'tis now, become a throne.

#### III.

To the Lady Castlemain, upon her encouraging his first play.

As seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore, Discover wealth in lands unknown before: And, what their art had labour'd long in vain. By their misfortunes happily obtain: So my much-envy'd Muse, by storms long tost, Is thrown upon your hospitable coast, And finds more favour by her ill success, Than she could hope for by her happiness. Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose; While they, the victor; he the vanquish'd chose; But you have done what Cato could not do. To chuse the vanquish'd and restore him too. Let others still triumph, and gain the cause By their deserts, or by the world's applause; Let Merit, crowns; and Justice laurels give; But let me, happy, by your pity live.

True poets empty fame and praise despise; Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize. You sit above, and see vain men below Contend for what you, only, can bestow: 20 But those great actions others do by chance, Are, like your beauty, your inheritance: So great a soul, such sweetness, join'd in one, Could only spring from noble Grandison. You, like the stars, not by reflection bright, Are born to your own heav'n and your own light; Like them are good, but from a nobler cause, From your own knowledge, not from Nature's laws. Your pow'r you never use but for defence, To guard your own or others' innocence; Your foes are such as they, not you, have made; And Virtue may repel, tho' not invade. Such courage did the ancient heroes show, Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow; With such assurance as they meant to say, We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way. What further fear of danger can there be? Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free. Posterity will judge by my success, I had the Grecian poet's happiness, 40 Who, waving plots, found out a better way; Some god descended, and preserv'd the play. When first the triumphs of your sex were sung By those old poets, Beauty was but young, And few admir'd the native red and white, Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight;

So Beauty took on trust, and did engage For sums of praises till she came of age. But this long-growing debt to poetry You justly, Madam, have discharg'd to me, When your applause and favour did infuse New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

50

#### 711.

### To Mr. LEE on his ALEXANDER.

THE blast of common censure could I fear, Before your play my name should not appear; For 'twill be thought, and with some colour too, I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you; That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand. And play the game into each other's hand: And as cheap penn'orths to ourselves afford, As Bessus and the brothers of the sword. Such libels private men may well endure, When states and kings themselves are not secure; 10 For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt. Think the best actions on by-ends are built. And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite, Then envy had not suffer'd me to write; For, since I could not ignorance pretend, Such merit I must envy, or commend. So many candidates there stand for wit, A place at court is scarce so hard to get:

Digitized by Google

In vain they crowd each other at the door; For e'en reversions are all begg'd before: Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd: And then, too, fools and knaves are better paid. Yet as some actions bear so great a name, That courts themselves are just, for fear of shames So has the mighty merit of your play Extorted praise, and forc'd itself a way. 'Tis here as 'tis at sea; who farthest goes. Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes. Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest. It shoots too fast, and high, to be express'd; 30 As his heroic worth struck Envy dumb. Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom. Such praise is yours, while you the passions move; That 'tis no longer feign'd-'tis real love-Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art: We only warm the head, but you the heart, Always you warm; and if the rising year, (As in hot regions,) brings the sun too near, Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow, Which in our cooler climates will not grow. 48 They only think you animate your theme With too much fire, who are themselves all phlemm. Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace. Were cripples made the judges of the race. Despite those drones who praise, while they accuse The too much vigour of your youthful Muse: That humble style which they your virtue make Is in your pow'r; you need but stoop and take. DRYDEK. VOL. III.

Your beauteous images must be allow'd By all, but some vile poets of the crowd. But how should any signpost-dauber know The worth of Titian or of Angelo? Hard features ev'ry bungler can command; To draw true beauty—shews a master's hand.

50

v.

To the Earl of Roscommon, on his excellent Essay on Translated Verse.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore
The seeds of art and infant science bore,
'Tis sure, the noble plant, (translated first,)
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurst.
The Grecians added verse: their tuneful tongue
Made. Nature, first, and Nature's God, their song.
Nor stopt translation here: for conquering Rome,
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers
home;

Enrich'd, by those Athenian Muses, more,
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before; 10
Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes:
Those rude at first—a kind of hobbling prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.
But Italy, (reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish, ignorance,)

Digitized by Google

With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art; and Dante's polish'd page
Restor'd a Silver, not a Golden age.

Then Petrarch follow'd; and, it him, we see
What rhyme, improv'd in all its height, can be;
At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity.

The French pursu'd their steps: and Britain, last,
In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.

The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome, Appear exalted in the British loom: The Muses' empire is restor'd again In Charles' reign, and by Roscommon's pen-Yet modestly he does his work survey, 30 And calls a finish'd poem an Essay: For all the needful rules are scatter'd here. Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe; So well is art disguis'd, for nature to appear. Nor need those rules to give translation light; His own example is a flame so bright; That he who but arrives to copy well, Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel. Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain. Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain. 40 How much in him may rising Ireland boast! How much in gaining him has Britain lost! Their island, in revenge, has our's reclaim'd; The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd. 'Tis well for us his gen'rous blood did flow Deriv'd from British channels long ago;

That, here, his conqu'ring ancestors were nurst, And Ireland but translated England first. By this reprisal we regain our right, Else must the two contending nations fight; A nobler quarrel for his native earth, Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth. To what perfection will our tongue arrive; How will invention and translation thrive: When, authors, nobly born, will bear their part, And not disdain th' inglorious praise of art ! Great gen'rals thus, descending from command, With their own toil, provoke the soldiers' hand. How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear His fame augmented by an English peer! 60 How he embellishes his Helen's loves. . Outdoes his softness and his sense improves ! When these translate, and teach translators too. Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow, Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand. Roscommon writes! To that auspicious hand, Muse! feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand. Roscommon; whom both court and campscommend, True to his prince, and faithful to his friend: Roscommon; first in fields of honor known, 70 First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown; Who both Minervas justly makes his own. Now let the few belov'd by Jove-and they Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay-On equal terms, with ancient wit engage; Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page : Our English palace opens wide, in state, And, without stooping, they may pass the gate.

#### VI.

To her Royal Highness the DUCHESS of YORK, on the memorable Victory gained by the DUKE over the Hollanders, June 3, 1665, and on her Journey afterwards into the North.

## MADAM,

WHEN, for our sakes, your hero you tesign'd To swelling seas, and ev'ry faithless wind; When you releas'd his courage, and set free A valor fatal to the enemy : You lodg'd your country's cares within your breast. (The mansion where soft love should only rest;) And, ere our foes abroad were overcome. The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home. Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide! Your honor gave us what your love denied; And 'twas for him much easier to subdue Those foes he fought with, than to part from you. That glorious day, which two such navies saw, As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give law. Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obev. Held to them both the trident of the sea: The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were cast, As awfully as when God's people past; Those yet uncertain to whose sails to blow, These, where the wealth of nations ought to flow. ĸ 3

Then, with the Duke, your Highness rul'd the day; While all the brave did his command obey, The fair and pious under you did pray. How pow'rful are chaste vows! the wind and tide You brib'd to combat on the English side. Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey An unknown succour, sent the nearest way: New vigour to his wearied arms you brought, (So Moses was upheld while Israel fought) While, from afar, we heard the cannon play, Like distant thunder on a shiny day. For absent friends we were asham'd to fear. When we consider'd what you ventur'd there. Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore, But such a leader could supply no more. With gen'rous thoughts of conquest he did burn, Yet fought not more to vanquish than return. Fortune and victors he did pursue, To bring them, as his slaves, to wait on you. Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame, And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame. Then, as you meant to spread another way-By land-your conquests, far as his by sea, Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along The stubborn North ten thousand Cupids strong. Like commons the nobility resort, In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court: To welcome your approach the vulgar run, Like some new envoy from the distant sun;

And country beauties by their lovers go, 50
Blessing themselves, and wond'ring at the show.
So when the new-born phoenix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,
And while she makes her progress through the East,
From ev'ry grove her num'rous train's increas'd;
Each poet of the air her glory sings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their
wings.

#### VII.

## A letter to Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you who live in chill degree,
As map informs of fifty-three,
And do not, much, for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one;
Methinks all climes should be alike,
From Tropic e'en to pole Arctique,—
Since you have such a constitution
As no where suffers diminution.
You can be old—in grave debate,
And young—in love-affairs of state;
And, both to wives and husbands, show
The vigour of a Plenipo.
Like mighty missioner, you come
Ad Partes Infidelium,

A work of wondrous merits sure, So far to go, so much t'endure; And all to preach to German dame, Where sound of Cupid never came. Less had you done, had you been sent As far as Drake or Pinto went, For cloves or nutmegs to the Line-a. Or c'en for oranges to China: That had indeed been charity; Where love-sick ladies helpless lie, Chapt, and for want of liquor dry. But you have made your zeal appear Within the circle of the Bear. What region of the earth, so dull, That is not of your labours full? Triptolemus (so sung the Nine) Strew'd plenty from his cart divine, But, spite of all these fable-makers, He never sow'd on Almain acres: No, that was left, by Fate's decree. To be perform'd and sung by thee. Thou break'st thro' forms with as much ease As the French king thro' articles. In grand affairs thy days are spent In waging weighty compliment With such as monarchs represent. They whom such vast fatigues attend, Want some soft minutes to unbend, To shew the world that, now and then, Great ministers are mortal men.

Digitized by Google

Then Rhenish rummers walk the round: In bampers ev'ry king is crown'd; Besides three holy mitred Hectors, And the whole college of Electors. No health of potentate is sunk, That pays to make his Envoy drunk. These Dutch delights I mention'd last Suit not, I know, your English taste; For wine, to leave a whore or play. Was ne'er your Excellency's way. Nor need this title give offence, For, here, you were your Excellence; For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping; His Excellence—for all but sleeping. Now, if you tope, in form, and treat, . Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat; The fine you pay for being great. Nay, here's a harder imposition, Which, is, indeed, the Court's petition-That, setting worldly pomp aside, Which poet has at font deny'd, You would be pleas'd in humble way, To write a trifle call'd a Play. This truly is a degradation, But would oblige the crown and nation Next to your wise negociation. If you pretend, as well you may, Your high degree, your friends will say, The Duke St. Aignon made a play.

M Gallic wit convince you scarce, His Grace of Bucks has made a Farce; And you, whose comic wit is terse all, Can hardly fall below Rehearsal. Then finish what you have began, But scribble faster, if you can: For yet no George, to our discerning, Has writ without a ten year's warning.

#### VIII.

To Mr. Southern, on his Comedy called the Wives' Excuse.

Sure there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain To write, while these malignant planets reign. Some very foolish influence rules the pit, Not always kind to sense, or just to wit; And whilst it lasts, let buffoon'ry succeed To make us laugh: for never was more need. Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent: But the gain-smells not of the excrement. The Spanish Nymph, a wit and beauty too, With all her charms, bore but a single show; But let a monster Muscovite appear, He draws a crowded audience round the year. May be, thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit; Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit: So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ. Sike his, thy thoughts are true; thy language, clean; Elen lewdness is made moral in thy scene.

The hearers may, for want of Nokes, repine; But rest secure, the readers will be thine. Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd, But with a kind civility dismiss'd; With such good manners as the wife did use, Who, not accepting, did but just refuse. There was a glance at parting; such a look As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke. But if thou would'st be seen, as well as read; Copy one living author; and, one, dead: The standard, of thy style, let Etherege be; For wit, th' immortal spring of Wycherley: Learn, after both, to draw some just design, And the next age will learn to copy thine.

#### ıx.

To HENRY HIGDEN, Esq. on his Translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

THE Grecian wits, who satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the state opprest,
They durst not rail, perhaps:—they lash'd at least,
And turn'd them out of office with a jest.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
The drolls—to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never, yet, could draw
A fop within the reach of common law;
For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
Tho' foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.

Digitized by Google

Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And Satire is our Court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But yours \*, who liv'd in more degen'rate times,
Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my Friend! have temper'd him so well,
You make him smile in spite of all his zeal:
An art peculiar to yourself alone,
To join the virtues of two styles in one.

O, were your author's principle receiv'd!
Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd:
For, not to wish, is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd:
It costs our quiet and content of mind,
And, when 'tis compass'd, leaves a sting behind.
Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff,
Why should I help th'ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them who get the day:
They love the spite, and mischief, of the fray.
No—I have cur'd myself of that disease;
Nor will I be provok'd but when I please;
But let me half that cure to you restore;
You gave the salve; I laid it to the sore.

Our kind relief against a rainy day, (Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,) We take your book, and laugh our splean away.

Digitized by Google

<sup>.</sup> Kons without hiteling

If all your tribe, too studious of debate, Would cease false hopes and titles to crease, Led by the rare example you begun, Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

To my dear friend Mr. Congreve, on his Comedy called The Double Dealer.

WELL, then, the promis'd hour is come at last; The present age of wit obscures the past: Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ, Conqu'ring with force of arms, and dint of wit: Theirs was the giant race before the flood; And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood. Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manur'd, With rules of husbandry, the rankness cur'd: Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude, And boist'rous English wit-with art endu'd. 10 Our age was cultivated thus at length; But what we gain'd in skill, we lost in strength. Our builders were with want of genius curs'd; The second temple was not like the first; Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length, Our beauties equal, but excel our strength. Firm Doric pillars found your solid base; The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space; Thus all, below, is strength; and all, above, is grace,

**YOL. 111.** 

In easy dialogue, is Fletcher's praise; 20 He mov'd the mind, but had not pow'r to raise. Great Jonson did, by strength of judgment, please; Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease. In diff'ring talents, both adorn'd their age: One, for the study; th' other, for the stage; But both to Congreve, justly, shall submit; One match'd in judgment; both o'ermatch'd in wit. In him all beauties of this age we see; Etherege's courtship; Southern's purity; The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley. All this, in blooming youth, you have atchiev'd, Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd. So much the sweetness of your manners move, We cannot envy you, because we love. Fabius might joy, in Scipio, when he saw A beardless consul made against the law-And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome-Tho' he, with Hannibal, was overcome. Thus, old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame; And scholar, to the youth he taught, became. 40

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd! Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd: The father had descended for the son; For only you, are lineal to the throne. Thus, when the state one Edward did depose, A greater Edward in his room arose. But now, not I—but Poetry is curs'd, For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.

But let them not mistake my patron's part, Nor call his charity their own desert. 50 Yet this I prophecy: Thou shalt be seen (Tho' with some short parenthesis between) High on the throne of Wit; and, seated there, . Not mine-(that's little)-but thy laurel wear. Thy first attempt an early promise made; That early promise this has more than paid. So bold, yet so judiciously you dare, That your least praise is to be regular. 58 Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought; But genius must be born; and never can be taught. This is your portion; this, your native store; Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before, To Shakspeare gave as much; she could not give him more.

Maintain your post; that's all the fame you need; For 'tis impossible you should proceed. Already I am worn with cares and age, And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage. Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expence, I live a rent-charge on his providence:

1 live a rent-charge on his providence:

69

1 live a dom'r Muse and Grace adorn,

Whom I forsee to better fortune born,

1 lee kind to my remains; and, O defend,

1 Against your judgment, your departed friend!

1 Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,

1 lut shade those laurels which descend to you;

1 And take, for tribute, what these lines express;

1 You merit more; nor could my love do less.

#### XI.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, on his excellent Tragedy
called Heraic Love.

Auspicious Poet! wert thou not my friend, How could I envy what I must commend ! But since 'tis Nature's law, in love and wit, That youth should reign, and with ring age submit. With less regret those laurels I resign, Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine. With better grace an ancient chief may yield The long-contended honours of the field, Than venture all his fortunes at a cast. And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last. 10 Young princes, obstinate to win the prize, Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise; Old monarchs, tho' successful-still in doubt, Catch at a peace—and, wisely, turn, devout. Thine be the laurel, then: thy blooming age Can best, (if any can,) support the stage; Which so declines; that, shortly, we may see Players, and plays-reduc'd to second infancy. Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renowa, They plot not on the stage, but on the Town; And in despair, their empty pit to fill, Set up some foreign monster in a bill. Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving : And murd'ring plays; which they miscal reviving. Our sense is nonsense thro' their pipes convey'd; Scarce can a poet know the play he made:

Digitized by Google

Tis so disguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That suffers—in the mangled tragedy.
Thus, Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own sire, the chief invited guest.

I say not this of thy successful scenes;
Where thine was all the glory; theirs, the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted—what they could not spoil.
Their setting sun still shoots a glimm'ring ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay;
And better gleanings their worn soil can boast,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighb'ring coast.
This diff'rence, yet, the judging world will see,
Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee.

#### XII.

To my Friend Mr. MOTTEUX, on his Tragedy called Beauty in Distress.

Tis hard, my friend! to write in such an age As damns, not only poets, but the stage. That sacred art, by Heav'n itself infus'd, Which Moses, David, Solomon, have us'd, Is now to be no more: the Muses foes Would sink their Maker's praises into prose. Were they content to prune the lavish vine Of straggling branches, and improve the wine, Who but a madman would his thoughts defend? All would submit: for, all, but fools, will mend: 10

But when to common sense they give the lie, And turn distorted words to blasphemy, They, give the scandal; and the wise discern, Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn. What I have loosely, or profanely writ, Let them to fires, their due desert, commit: Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain; Their faults, and not their function, I arraign. Rebellion (worse than witchcraft) they pursu'd; The pulpit preach'd the crime the people ru'd; 20 The stage was silenc'd; for the saints would see-In fields perform'd-the plotted tragedy. But let us, first, reform; and then so live, That we may teach our teachers—to forgive; Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs; Ours be the practise; as the precept, theirs. The moral part, at least, we may divide, Humility reward, and punish pride; Ambition, int'rest, avarice, accuse: These are the province of a Tragic Muse. These, hast thou chosen; and the public voice Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice. Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee, That e'en Cornëille might with envy see Th' alliance of this tripled Unity. Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown; But too much plenty is thy fault, alone. At least but two can that good crime commit; Thou, in design; and Wycherley, in wit.

Let thy own Ganls condemn thee, if they dare, 40 Contented to be thinly regular:

Born there, but not for them, our faithful soil With more increase, rewards the happy toil.

Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much, And, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry touch:

Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,

More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with allay.

But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,
To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder that a foreign guest 50
Should overmatch—the most; and match—the best.
In under-praising, thy deserts I wrong;
Here find the first deficience of our tongue;
Words, once my stock, are wanting to commend
So great a poet, and so good a friend,

#### XIII.

Fo the DUCHESS of YORK, on her Return from Scotland, in the year 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The Queen of Beauty, and the Court of Love,
The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts;
Our fruitful plains to wilds and desarts turn'd,
Like Eden's face when banish'd Man it mousn'd.

Love was no more when Loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
But now th' illustrious Nymph, return'd again,
Brings ev'ry grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'ring Nereids, tho' they rais'd no storm,
Foreflow'd her passage to behold her form.

Some cry'd, a Venus; some, a Thetis past; But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste. Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride, And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd. Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate. Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate. Three gloomy years against this day were set, But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt: Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom. The famine past, the plenty still to come. For her the weeping heav'ns become serene, For her the cheerful ground is clad in green; For her the nightingales are taught to sing; And Nature has for her delay'd the spring. The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays, 30 And Love, restor'd, his ancient realms surveys Recalls our beauties, and revives our plays; His waste dominions peoples once again; And, from her presence, dates his second reign. But awful charms on her fair forehead sit. Dispensing what she never will admit;

Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
The people's wonder and the poet's theme,
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more shall vex the church, and tear the state; 40
No more shall Faction civil discords move,
Or, only, discords of too tender love;
Distord like that of music's various parts;
Discord that makes the harmony of hearts;
Discord that only this dispute shall bring—
Who best shall love the Duke, and serve the King.

#### xıv.

To my konoured Kinsman, JOHN DRYDEN, of Chesterton, in the County of Huntingdon, Esq.

How bless'd is he who leads a country life, Unvex'd wish anxious cares, and void of strife! Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage, Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age! All who deserve his love—he makes his own; And to be lov'd, himself, needs only to be known.

Just, good, and wise; contending neighbours come,

From your award to wait their final doom: And, foes before, return in friendship home. Without their cost you terminate the cause; And save th' expence of long litigious laws: Where suits are travers'd, and so little won, That he who conquers—is but last undone. Such are not your decrees; but so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind;
Like your own soul serene; a pattern of your
mind.

Promoting concord, and composing strife;
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight; 20
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were curst;
For man and woman, tho' in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two.
He, to God's image; she to his, was made;
So, farther from the fount, the stream at random
stray'd.

How could he stand, when put to double pain, He must a weaker than himself sustain? Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone: Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.\* 30

Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;
But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware.'
And better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.
Thus, have you shunn'd; and, shun the marry'd state:

Trusting as little as you can to Fate.

No porter guards the passage of your door, T' admit the wealthy and exclude the poor;

<sup>\*</sup> It is difficult to pass this illustration without noticing its fallacy! Wrestlers strive at mutual subversion; but the weakest objects disposed for mutual assistance, by reposing on each other, may be supported.

For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart To sanctify the whole, by giving part; Heav'n, who foresaw the will, the means has · wrought,

And to the second son a blessing brought; The first begotten had his father's share.

But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.

So may your stores and fruitful fields increase, And ever be you bless'd who live to bless. As Ceres sow'd where'er her chariot flew: As Heav'n in deserts rain'd the bread of dew:

So, free to many, to relations most.

You feed, with manna, your own Israel host, With crowds attended of your ancient race, 50 You seek the champion sports or sylvan chase: With well breath'd beagles, you surround the wood, E'en then industrious of the common good; And, often have you brought the wily fox To suffer, for the firstlings of the flocks; Chas'd e'en amid the folds: and made to bleed. Like felons, where they did the murd'rous deed. This fiery game your active youth maintain'd, Not yet by years extinguish'd, tho' restrain'd: You season still with sports your serious hours; 60 For age but tastes, of pleasures; youth devours. The hare in pasture; or in plains is found; Emblem of human life; who runs the round, And, after all his wand'ring ways are done, His circle fills, and ends where he begun,-Just as the setting meets the rising sun.

Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he, Who seeks not pleasure thro' necessity, Than such, as once on slipp'ry thrones were plac'd, And, chasing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd-70

So liv'd our sires ere doctor's learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
Pity! the gen'rous kind their cares bestow,
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know:)
To which, if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.
What help from Art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save;
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples
ev'ry grave,

And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muse.
Wouldst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy
soul.

By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food, Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood; But we, their sons, a pamper'd sace of men, 90 Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten. Better to hunt in fields, for healths unbought, Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.



The wise, for cure, on exercise depend:
God never made his work, for man to mend.

The tree of Knowledge, once in Eden plac'd, Was easy found, but was forbid the taste; O, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife, He, first, had sought-the better plant of Life! Now both are lost; yet, wand'ring in the dark, 100 Physicians for the tree have found the bark; They, lab'ring for relief of human kind, With sharpen'd sight, some remedies may find: Th' apothecary-train is wholly blind. From files, a random recipe they take, And many deaths of one prescription make. Garth, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and gives; The shopman sells; and by destruction, lives. Ungrateful tribe I who, like the viper's brood, From med'cine issuing, suck their mother's blood; Let these obey; and let the learn'd prescribe; 111 That men may die, without a double bribe; Let them, but under their superiors, kill When doctors, first, have sign'd the bloody bill. He 'scapes the best, who, nature to repair, Draws physic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.

You hoard not health, for your own private use; But on the public spend the rich produce; When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great, Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat, 120. And sends to senates; charg'd with common care, Which none more shuns, and some can better bear.

**VQL. III.** 

Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit?
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could so firm integrity be found?
Well-born, and wealthy; wanting no support;
You steer betwixt the country and the court;
Nor gratify whate'r the Great desire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require. 130
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade;
A part employ'd to roll the wat'ry trade.
E'en Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a sabbath year to mend the meagre soil.

Good senators (and such as you) so give
That kings may be supply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-buys,
But on our native strength, in time of need, relies.
Munster was bought: we boast not the success; 140
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.

Our foes, compell'd by need have peace embrac'd s
The peace both parties want, is like to last;
Which, if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while, on ourselves, we stand;
The sea is ours; and that defends the land.
Be then the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.
Observe the war in ev'ry annual course; 150

Observe the war in ev'ry annual course; 150 What has been done was done with British force.

Namur subda'd is England's palm alone;
The rest besieg'd; but we constrain'd the town.
We saw th' event that follow'd our success;
France, tho' pretending arms, pursu'd the peace;
Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought;
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Persian king was put to flight, 160
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight;
Themselves their own mortality confest;
And left the son of Jove, to quarrel for the rest.
E'en victors are by victories undone:

E'en victors are by victories undone:
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd too late to keep his own.
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful die agen?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of success;
Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace.

A patriot both the king and country serves,
Prerogative, and privilege preserves:
Of each, our laws the certain limit show;
One must not ebb; nor t' other, overflow:
Betwixt the prince, and parliament, we stand;
The barriers of the state, on either hand:
May neither overflow; for then, they drown the land.

When both are full, they feed our blest abode; Like those that water'd once the paradise of God. Some overpoise of swav, by turns, they share; In peace the people, and the prince in war: 181 Consuls of mod'rate pow'r in calms were made; When the Gauls came, one sole Dictator sway'd.

Patriots, in peace, assert the people's right, With noble stubbornness resisting might; No lawless mandates from the Court receive, Nor lend by force, but in a body give. Such was your gen'rous grandsire; free to grant In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want; But so tenacious of the common cause,

As not to lend\* the king against his laws; And, (in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,) In bonds retain'd his birth-right liberty, And sham'd Oppression—till it set him free.

O true descendant of a patriot line; Who, while thou shar'st their lustre lend'st them thine.

Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see;
'Tis so far good as it resembles thee:
The beauties to th' original I owe;
Which, when I miss, my own defects I show: 200
Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace;
A poet is not born in ev'ry race.
Two of a house few ages can afford,
One to perform, another to record.

<sup>\*</sup> As not to grant a loan against the laws; might remove the obscurity.

Praise-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd; And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises last: For e'en, when death dissolves our human frame, The soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it came; Earth keeps the body; Verse preserves the fame.

#### xv.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller, Principal Painter to His Majesty.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue:
But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller! such thy skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there; and wants but words to speak her thought.
At least thy pictures look a voice; and we 11
Imagine sounds; deceiv'd to that degree
We think 'tis somewhat more than, just, to see.

Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;
With us, approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces; imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife,

And, from the animated canvas, came 20 Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast away His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay: And either would thy noble work inspire,

Or think it warm enough without his fire.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise; This is the least attendant on thy praise: From hence the rudiments of Art began: A coal, or chalk, first imitated man: Perhaps the shadow, taken on the wall, Gave outlines to the rude original, Ere canvas yet was stain'd; before the grace Of blended colours found their use and place; Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd; As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd. Greece added posture, shade, and perspective; And, then, the mimic-piece began to live. Yet perspective was lame; no distance, true; But all came forward, in one common view; 40 No point of light \* was known; no bounds of art When light was there, it knew not to depart, But, glaring, on remoter objects play'd-Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive; And with old Greece, unequally, did strive: Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race. Did all the matchless monuments deface.

30

<sup>\*</sup> The Editor would read, point of sight,

Then all the Muses in one rain lie, And rhyme began t' enervate poetry. Thus, in a stupid military state, The pen, and pencil, find an equal fate. Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen, Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen; Unrais'd, unrounded; were the rude delight Of brutal nations only born to fight.

Long time the Sister Arts, in iron sleep, A heavy sabbath did supinely keep: At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise, Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes. 60

Thence rose the Roman and the Lombard line; One colour'd best, and one did best design. Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part; But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both;—where true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join;—
Likeness is ever there—but, still, the best;
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest:
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not
strives.—

Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives,—
Of various parts, a perfect whole is wrought.
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight: With awe I ask his blessing ere I write; With revenue look on his majestic face; Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.

His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write, (And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:) Bids thee, thro' me, be bold; with dauntless breast, Contemn the bad, and emulate the best. Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost: When most they rail-know, then they envy most. In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd, Like women's anger, impotent and loud. While they their barren industry deplore, Pass on secure, and mind the goal before. Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind, Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind. Our arts are sisters, tho' not twins in birth; For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth: 90 But, oh! the painter-muse, tho' last in place, Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race. Apelles' art an Alexander found, And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound, But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd. Thou hadst thy Charles awhile, and so had I; But pass we that unpleasing image by. Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine, All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine. A graceful truth thy pencil can command; The fair themselves go, mended, from thy hand, Likeness appears in every lineament: But likeness, in thy work, is eloquent. Tho' Nature there her true resemblance bears, A nobler beauty in thy piece appears,

So warm thy work, so glows the gen'rous frame, Flesh looks less living—in the lovely dame.

Thou paint'st as we describe, (improving still,)

When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill,

But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd, in marrower space,
To speak the language of their native place:
The painter widely stretches his command;
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of ev'ry land.
From hence, my friend! all climates are yout own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations, all immunities, will give
To make you theirs, where'er you please to live;
And not sev'n cities, but the world, would strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did smile, 120 When first you were conducted to this isle: Our Genius brought you here, t' enlarge our fame, For your good stars are ev'ry where the same. The matchless hand, of ev'ry region free, Adopts our climate, not our climate thee,

Great Rome and Venice early did impart To thee th' examples of their wondrous art. Those masters then, but seen, not understood; With gen'rous emulation fir'd thy blood; For what, in Nature's dawn, the child admir'd, 130 The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet you have not reach'd their high degree, 'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee. Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine, Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design A more exalted work, and more divine.

Digitized by Google

For what a song, or senseless opera,
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to History.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live; Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give; And they who pay the taxes bear the rule: Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool: But so his follies in thy posture sink, The senseless idiot seems at last to think.

Good Heav'n! that sots and knaves should be

To wish their vile resemblance may remain!

And stand recorded, at their own request,

To future days a libel or a jest!

150

Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
With ev'ry various character exprest;
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Less, and at distance, an ignoble crew;
While all the figures, in one action, join,
As tending to complete the main design.
More cannot be by mortal Art exprest,
But venerable Age shall add the rest.
For Time shall, with his ready pencil, stand,
Retouch your figures with his rip'ning hand,
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint,
Add ev'ry grace which Time alone can grant;

To future ages, shall your fame convey, And give more beauties than he takes away.

xvı.

A familiar Epistle to Mr. JULIAN, Secretary of the Muses.

 ${
m T}_{ t H\,O\,U}$  common-sewer of this poetic Town, Where all the excrements of wit are thrown: For sonnet, satire, bawdry, blasphemy, Are emptied and disburden'd all in thee: The chol'ric wight, untrussing all in rage. Finds thee, and lays his load upon thy page. Thou, Julian! or thou wise Vespasian rather, Dost, from this dung, thy well-pick'd guineas gather; All mischief's thine: transcribing thou wilt stoop From lofty Middlesex to lowly Scroop. What times are these when, in the hero's room, Bow-bending Cupid doth with ballads come, And little Aston offers to the bum? Can two such pigmies such a weight support. Two such Tom Thumbs of satire in a court! Poor George grows old, his Muse worn out of fashion: Hoarsely he sung Ephelia's lamentation: Less art thou help'd by Dryden's bed-rid age. ' That drone has lost his sting upon the stage. Resolve me, poor Apostate! this my doubt: What hope hast thou to rub this winter out? Know, and be thankful then, for Providence By me hath sent you this intelligence.

Digitized by Google

A knight there is, if thou caust gain his grace, Known by the name of the Hard-favour'd Face, For prowess of the pen renown'd is he, From Don Quixotte descended lineally: And tho', like him, unfortunate he prove, Undannted in attempts of wit and love : Of this unfinish'd face what shall I say. 30 But that 'twas made of Adam's own red clay? That much, much ochre was on it bestow'd: God's image 'tis not, but some Indian god: Our Christian earth can no resemblance bring. But ware of Portugal, for such a thing. Such carbuncles his fiery face confess, As no Hungarian water can redress: A face which, should be see, (but Heav'n was kind, And to indulge his selflove made him blind) He durst not stir abroad for fear to meet 40 Curses of seeming women in the street: The best could happen from this hideous sight, ) Is that they should miscarry with the fright-Heav'n guard'em from the likeness of the knight. Such is our charming Strephon's outward man, His' inward, parts let those disclose who can. One while he honoureth Birtha with his flame, And now he chants no less Louisa's name : For when his passion hath been bubbling long, The scum at last boils up into a song; And sure no mortal creature, at one time. Was e'er so far o'ergone with love and thyme. To his dear self, of poetry, he talks, His hands and feet are scanning as he walks;

Digitized by Google

His writhing looks his pangs of wit accuse, The airy symptoms of a breeding Muse; And all to gain the great Louisa's grace; But never pen did pimp for such a face. There 's not a nymph in city, town, or court, But Strephon's billet-doux has been their sport. Still he loves on, yet still he 's sure to miss, As they who wash an Ethiop's face, or his. What fate unhappy Strephon does attend, Never to get a mistress, or a friend? Strephon alike both wits and fools detest, 'Cause he's like Æsop's bat, half bird, half beast; For fools to poetry have no pretence, And common wit supposes common sense: Not quite so low as fool, nor quite a-top: He hangs between them both, and is a fop: His morals, like his wit, are motly too; He keeps from arrant knave with much ado; But vanity and lying so prevail, That one grain more of each would turn the scale. He would be more a villain had he time: But he's so wholly taken up with rhyme, That he mistakes his talent; all his care Is to be thought a Poet fine and fair. Small beer and gruel are his meat and drink, The diet he prescribes himself, to think: Rhyme, next his heart, he takes at the morn peep; Some love epistles, at the hour of sleep: So betwixt elegy and ode, we see Strephon is in a course of poetry.

DRYDEN. VOL. 111. N

This is the man ordain'd to do the good,
The pelican to feed thee with his blood;
Thy wit, thy poet, nay, thy friend: for he
Is fit to be a friend to none but thee.

Make sure of him, and of his Muse betimes,
For all his study is hung round with rhymes.
Laugh at him, jostle him, yet still he writes;
In rhyme he challenges, in rhyme he fights:
Charg'd with the last, and basest infamy,
His bus'ness is to think—what rhymes to lie.
Which found, in fury he retorts again;
Strephon 's a very dragon at his pen:
His brother, murder'd; and his mother, whor'd;
His mistress, lost; and, yet, his pen 's his sword.

### PROLOGUES. \*

ı.

PROLOGUE. Spoken the first Day of the King's House Acting after the Fire.

So shipwreck'd passengers escape to land, So look they when on the bare beach they stand Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er, Expecting famine on a desert shore. From that hard climate we must wait for bread. Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled. Our stage does human chance present to view, But ne'er before was seen so sadly true: You are changed too, and your pretence to see Is but a nobler name for charity. Your own provisions furnish out our feasts, While you the founders make yourselves the guests, Of all mankind beside, Fate had some care, But, for poor wit, no portion did prepare: 'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair. You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn, Which blind, unmanner'd zealots make their scorn; Who think that fire a judgment on the stage, Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.

<sup>\*</sup> These Prologues and Epilogues are, as nearly as we could prove, here printed in their order of time; and for the dates of many of them we are particularly obliged to Mr. Garrick, who, with great civility, gave us the use of his fine Collection of old Quarto Plays. Advertisement to Dryden's Miscellantic, edit. 1760.

But as our new-built City rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was.
Our wit, as far, does foreign wit excel,
And like a king, should in a palace dwell,
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed.
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

#### II.

PROLOGUE. Spoken at the Opening of the New House, March 26, 1674.

A BLAIN-BUILT house, after so long a stay, Will send you half unsatisfy'd away; When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find A bare convenience, only, is design'd. You, who each day can theatres behold, Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold, Our mean, ungilded stage will scorn, we fear, And, for the homely room, disdain the cheer. Yet, now, cheap druggets to a mode are grown, And a plain suit (since we can make but one) Is better than to be by tarnish'd gaudry known. They who are by your favours wealthy made, With mighty sums may carry on the trade;

We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire, With our small stock to humble roofs retire; Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire. For fame and honor we no longer strive, We yield in both, and only beg to live; Unable to support their vast expence, Who build and treat with such magnificence,-That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age, They give the law to our provincial stage. Great neighbours enviously promote excess, While they impose their splendor on the less: But only fools, and they of vast estate, Th' extremity of modes will imitate. The dangling knee-fringe and the bib-cravat. Yet if some pride, with want, may be allow'd, We, in our plainness, may be justly proud: Our Royal Master will'd it should be so; Whate'er he 's pleas'd to own can need no show a That sacred name gives ornament and grace, And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass. Twere folly, now, a stately pile to raise; To build a playhouse, while ye throw down plays; While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign, And, for the pencil, you the pen disdain; While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither drive, And laugh at those upon whose alms you \* live: Old English authors vanish, and give place To these new conqu'rors of the Norman race:

EDITOR.

<sup>\*</sup> They must have been intended.

More tamely than your fathers you submit; You're now grown vassals to them, in your wit. Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance. The mighty merits of their men of France, Keep time, cry Bon, and humour the cadence. Well, please yourselves; but sure 'tis understood That French machines have ne'er done England I would not prophesy our House's fate; [good-But while vain shows, and scenes, you over-rate, 'Tis to be fear'd——

That as a fire the former House o'erthrew, Machines and tempests will destroy the New.

11.

PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford, 1674.

Spoken by Mr. HART.

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assign'd T' unbend, and to divert the sov'reign's mind: When, tir'd with following Nature, you think fit To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit, And, from the sweet retreat, with joy, survey What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way; Here, (free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,) You view the various turns of human life: Safe in our scene, thro' dang'rous courts you go, And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know. Your theories are here to practice brought, As in mechanic operations wrought: And man, the little world, before you set, As once the sphere of crystal shew'd the great,

Digitized by Google

Bless'd, sure, are you above all mortal kind, If to your fortunes you can suit your mind; Content to see, and, shun those ills we show, And crimes on theatres, alone, to know.

With joy, we bring what our dead authors writ, And beg from you the value of their wit;

That Shakspear's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's claim

May be renew'd from those who gave them fame. None of our living poets dare appear, For Muses so severe are worshipp'd here, That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye, And, as profane, from sacred places fly, Rather than see th' offended God and die. We bring no imperfections but our own; Such faults as made, are by the makers shown : And you have been so kind, that we may boast The greatest judges still can pardon most. Poets must stoop when they would please our pit, Debas'd e'en to the level of their wit; Disdaining that, which yet they know will take, Hating, themselves, what their applause must make; But when to praise from you they would aspire, The they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher. So far your knowledge all their pow'r transcends, As what should be beyond what is extends,

ıv.

#### PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

[By Dr. DAVENANT, 1675.]

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe, Our youthful poet should not need to fear: To his green years your censures you would suit; Nor blast the blossom, but expect the fruit. The sex that best does pleasure understand, Will always chuse to err on t' other hand: They check not him that's awkward in delight, But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him right. Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey, The youth may prove a man another day. Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight, Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write; But hopp'd about, and short excursions made From bough to bough, as if they were afraid, And each was guilty of some slighted maid. Shakespeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore; The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor. 'Tis miracle to see a first good play: All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas day. A slender poet must have time to grow, And spread and burnish as his brothers do. Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is curst; But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first. Then damn not, but indulge, his rude essays, Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise,

That he may get more bulk before he dies; He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice. Perhaps, if, now, your grace you will not grudge, He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

#### v.

## PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1680.]

 $T_{
m H}$ ' unhappy man who once has trail'd a pen, Lives not to please himself, but other men; Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood, Yet only eats and drinks what you think good. What praise soe'er the poetry deserve, Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet starve. That fumbling lecher to revenge is bent, Because he thinks, himself, or whore, is meant. Name but a cuckold, all the City swarms; From Leadenhall to Ludgate, is in arms. Were there no fear of Antichrist or France. In the bless'd time poor poets live by chance. Either you come not here, or as you grace Some old acquaintance, drop into the place, Careless and qualmish, with a yawning face. You sleep o'er wit, and, by my troth, you may; Most of your talents lie another way. You love to hear of some prodigious tale, The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale. News is your food, and you enough provide, Both for yourselves and all the world beside,

Digitized by Google





One theatre there is of vast resort. Which, whilom, of Requests was call'd the Court; But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight, And full of hum and buz from noon till night: Upstairs and down you run, as for a race, And each man wears three nations in his face: So big you look, tho' claret you retrench, That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French. But all your entertainment still is fed By villains in your own dull island bred. Would you return to us, we dare engage To shew you better rogues upon the stage. You know no poison but plain ratsbane here: Death's more refin'd and better bred elsewhere. They have a civil way in Italy, By smelling a perfume, to make you die: A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by. Murder 's a trade so known and practis'd there. That 'tis infallible as is the Chair: But, mark their feast, you shall behold such pranks; The Pope says grace, but 'tis the Devil gives thanks.

# PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA. AT Oxford, 1680.

THESPIS, the first professor of our art, At country-wakes, sung ballads from a cart. To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass, Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis.

But Æschylus, says Horace, in some page, Was the first mountebank that trod the stage: Yet Athens never knew your learned sport Of tossing poets in a tennis-court. But 'tis the talent of our English nation, Still to be plotting some new reformation: And, few years hence, if anarchy goes on, Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne; Knock out a tub, with preaching, once a day; And ev'ry prayer be longer than a play. Then all your Heathen wits shall go to pot, For disbelieving of a Popish-plot. Your poets shall he us'd like Infidels, And, worst, the author of the Oxford Bells: Nor should we 'scape the sentence, to depart, E'en in our first original, a cart. No zealous brother there would want a stone, To maul us cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan. Religion, learning, wit, would be supprest, Rags of the Whore, and trappings of the Breast. Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down, As chief supporters of the triple crown; And Aristotle's for destruction ripe: Some say, he call'd the soul an Organ-pipe, Which by some little help of derivation, Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration.

#### VII.

#### A PROLOGUE.

Ir yet there be a few that take delight In that which reasonable men should write, To them alone we dedicate this night. The rest may satisfy their curious itch With city Gazettes, or some factious speech; Or whate'er libel for the public good, Stirs up the Shrove-tide crew to fire and blood. Remove your benches, you apostate pit, And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit; Go back to your dear dancing on the rope, Or see what's worse, the Devil and the Pope. The plays that take on our corrupted stage, Methinks resemble the distracted age; Noise, madness, all unreasonable things, That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings. The style of Forty-one our poets write, And you are grown to judge like Forty-eight. Such censures our mistaking audience make, That 'tis almost grown scandalous-to take. They talk of fevers that infect the brains: But nonsense is the new disease that reigns. Weak stomachs, with a long disease opprest, Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest. Therefore thin nourishment of Farce ye chuse, Decoctions of a barley-water Muse. A meal of Tragedy would make you sick, Unless it were at very tender chick.

Digitized by Google

Some scenes in sippets would be worth your time; Those would go down; some love that's poach'd If these should fail— [in rhyme: We must lie down, and, after all our cost, Keep holiday, like watermen in frost; While you turn players on the world's great stage, And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

# PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

 $T_{ t H\, t E}$  fam'd Italian Muse, whose rhymes advance, Orlando, and the Paladins of France. Records that, when our wit and sense is flown, 'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon, In earthen jars: which one, who thither soar'd, Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd. Whate'er the story be, the moral's true; The wit we lost in Town, we find in you. Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence, And fill their windy heads with sober sense. When London votes with Southwark's disagree. Here may they find their long-lost loyalty. Her busy senates, to th' old cause inclin'd, May snuff the votes their fellows left behind. Your country neighbours, when their grain grows May come, and find their last provision here: [dear, Whereas we cannot much lament our loss, Who neither carried back nor brought one cross.

We look'd what Representatives would bring, But they help'd us, just as they did the King. Yet we despair not: for we now lay forth The Sibyl's books to those who know their worth, And tho' the first was sacrific'd before, These volumes, doubly, will the price restore. Our poet bade us hope this grace to find, To whom by long prescription you are kind. He whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage, Has never spar'd the vices of the age, Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise, Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise.

#### ıx.

PROLOGUE to his ROYAL HIGHNESS, upon his first Appearance at the Duke's Theatre, after his Return from Scotland, 1682.

In those cold regions which no summers cheer, Where brooding Darkness covers half the year, To hollow caves the shiv'ring natives go, Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow; But when the tedious twilight wears away, And stars grow paler at th' approach of day, The longing crowds to frozen mountains run; Happy, who first can see the glimm'ring sun. The surly, savage offspring disappear, And curse the bright successor of the year.

Yet, tho' rough bears in coverts seek defence. White foxes stay with seeming innocence: That crafty kind with day-light can dispense. Still we are throng'd so full of Reynard's race, That loyal subjects scarce can find a place. Thus modest Truth is cast behind the crowd: Truth speaks too low; Hypocrisy too loud. Let them be first to flatter in success: Duty can stay; but Guilt has need to press. Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call, To make their solemn shew at Heav'n's Whitehall. The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest, And made as good a courtier as the best. The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before, Came cap in hand when he had three times more: Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true; Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue. A tyrant's pow'r in rigour is exprest; The father yearns in the true prince's breast. We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend; But most are babes that know not they offend. The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd, Are clouds that tack according to the wind. Driv'n by the chiefs, they storms of bailstones pour, Then mourn, and soften to a silent show'r. O welcome to this much-offending land, The Prince that brings forgiveness in his hand! Thus angels on glad messages appear; Their first salute commands us not to fear:

Thus Heav'n, that could constrain us to obey, (With rev'rence if we might presume to say) Seems to relax the rights of sov'reign sway; Permits to man the choice of good and ill, And makes us happy by our own free-will.

х.

# PROLOGUE TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

[By Mr. BANKS, 1682.]

Spoken to the King and the Queen, at their Coming to the House.

 $\mathbf{W}_{ exttt{HEN}}$  first the ark was landed on the shore, And Heav'n had vow'd to curse the ground no more; When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw, And the new scene of earth began to draw; The dove was sent to view the waves decrease. And first brought back to man the pledge of peace. 'Tis needless to apply; when those appear Who bring the olive, and who plant it here. We have before our eyes the Royal dove. Still innocent, as harbinger of Love: The ark is open'd to dismiss the train, And people with a better race the plain. Tell me, ye pow'rs! why should vain man pursue, With endless toil, each object that is new, And for the seeming substance leave the true? Why should he quit for hopes his certain good, And loath the manna of his daily food?

Must England still the scene of changes be, Toss'd, and tempestuous, like our ambient sea? Must still our weather and our wills agree? Without our blood, our liberties we have : Who that is free would fight to be a slave? Or, what can wars to after-times assure. Of which our present age is not secure? All that our monarch would for us ordain. Is but t' enjoy the blessings of his reign. Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence, While we preserve our state of innocence: That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ, And first their lord, and then themselves destroy. What Civil broils have cost we know too well: Oh! let it be enough that once we fell! And ev'ry heart conspire, and ev'ry tongue, Still to have such a King; and this King, long.

### хı.

# PROLOGUE TO THE LOYAL BROTHER: OR THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

[By Mr. SOUTHERN, 1682.]

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state:
Both pretend love; and both (plague rot'em) hate.
The critic humbly seems advice to bring,
The fawning Whig petitions to the King:

**3** 

But one's advice into a satire slides: Th' other's petition a remonstrance hides. These will no taxes give; and those, no pence; Critics would starve the poet, Whigs, the prince. The critic all our troops of friends discards; Just so the Whig would feign pull down the Guards. Guards are illegal, that drive foes away, As watchful shepherds that fright beasts of prey. Kings, who disband such needless aids as these, Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please, And that would be till next Queen Bess's night, Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite. Sir Edmondbury first, in woeful wise, Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes. There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part, And pities the poor pageant from her heart; Who to provoke revenge, rides round the fire, And with a civil congé does retire. But guiltless blood to ground must never fall; There's Antichrist behind to pay for all. The punk of Babylon in pomp appears, A lewd old gentleman of seventy years; Whose age in vain our mercy would implore; For few take pity on an old cast whore. The devil, who brought him to his shame, takes part, Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart, Like thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart.

The word is giv'n, and, with a loud huzza, The mitred puppet from his chair they draw:

Digitized by Google

On the slain corse contending nations fall; Alas! what's one poor Pope among them all! He burns! now all true hearts your triumphs ring; And next, (for fashion) cry, God save the King. A needful cry in midst of such alarms, When forty thousand men are up in arms. But after he's once sav'd, to make amends, In each succeeding health they damn his friends: So God begins, but still the Devil ends. What if some one inspir'd with zeal, should call. Come, let's go cry, God save him, at Whitehall? His best friends would not like this over-care. Or think him e'er the safer for this pray'r. Five praying saints are by an act allow'd, But not the whole church-militant in crowd. Yet, should Heav'n all the true petitions drain Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain; Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.

## XII.

# PROLOGUE TO THE DUKE OF GUISE 1683.

Our play's a parallel: the Holy League Begot our Covenant: Guisards got the whig. Whate'er our hot-brain'd sheriffs did advance Was, like our fashions, first produc'd in France, And (when worn out, well scourg'd, and banish'd there,)

Sent over, like their godly beggars, here.

Could the same trick, twice play'd, our nation gull? It look'd as if the devil were grown dull, Or serv'd us up, in scorn, his broken meat, And thought we were not worth a better cheat. The fulsome Covenant, one would think in reason, Had given us all our bellies full of treason: And yet, the name but chang'd, our nasty nation Chaws its own excrement, th' Association. 'Tis true, we have not learnt their poisoning way, For that's a mode, but newly come in play; Besides, your drug's uncertain to prevail, But your true protestant can never fail, With that compendious instrument a flail. Go on, and bite, ev'n tho' the hook lies bare; Twice in one age expel the lawful heir: Once more decide religion by the sword; And purchase for us a new tyrant lord. Pray for your king; but yet your purses spare: Make him not two-pence richer by your prayer. To show you love him much, chastise him more a And make him very great, and very poor. Push him to wars, but still no pence advance; Let him lose England, to recover France. Cry Freedom up, with pop'lar noisy, votes; And get enough-to cut each others throats. Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne, For fear of too much pow'r, pray leave him none. A noise was made of arbitrary sway: But, in revenge, you whigs have found a way, An arbitrary duty now to pay.

Let his own servants turn, to save their stake; Glean from his plenty; and his wants forsake. But let some Judas near his person stay, To swallow the last sop, and then betray. Make London independent of the crown; A realm apart; the kingdom of the town. Let ignoramus juries find no traitors; And ignoramus poets scribble satires. And, that your meaning none may fail to scan, Do what in coffee-houses you began; Pull down the master—and set up the man.

#### XIII.

# PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Spoken by Mr. HART,
At the Acting of the Silent Woman.

What Greece, when learning flourish'd, only knew,

Athenian judges! you this day renew.

Here, too, are annual rites to Pallas done,

And here poetic prizes lost or won.

Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,

And strike a sacred horror from the pit.

A day of doom is this of your decree,

Where ev'n the best are but by mercy free;

A day which none but Jonson durst have wish'd to

see.

Here they, who long have known the useful stage, Come to be taught themselves, to teach the age. As your commissioners, our poets go To cultivate the virtue which you sow: In your Lycæum first, themselves, refin'd, And delegated thence to human kind. But as ambassadors, when long from home, For new instructions to their princes come: So poets, who your precepts have forgot, Return, and beg they may be better taught. Follies and faults, elsewhere, by them are shown, But, by your manners, they correct their own. Th' illit'rate writer, emp'ric-like, applies To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance-remedies. The learn'd in schools, where knowledge firt began, Studies with care th' anatomy of man; Sees virtue, vice, and passions, in their cause; And fame from science, not from fortune draws. So poetry, which is in Oxford made An art; in London, only is a trade: There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men. Such build their poems the Lucretian way; So many huddled atoms make a play; And if they hit in order by some chance, They call that Nature, which is Ignorance. To such a fame let mere Town-wits aspire, And their gay nonsense their own Cits admire. Our Poet, could he find forgiveness, here, Would wish it rather than a plaudit, there.

He owns no crown from those Prætorian bands, But knows that right is in the senate's hands; Not impudent enough to hope your praise, Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays, And, where he took it up, resigns his bays. Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit, But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

#### xıv.

### PROLOGUE

### TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

D<sub>ISCORD</sub> and plots, which have undone our age, With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage. Our house has suffer'd in the common woe, We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too. Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,

And of our sisters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinborough gone, or coach'd, or carted.
With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown; in English, threepence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's lean,
There with her single person fills the scene.
Another, with long use and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and rose there a maid.
Our trusty door-keepers of former time,
There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper lace to drugget suit,
And there's a hero made without dispute:

And that which was a capon's tail before, Becomes a plume for Indian emperor. But all his subjects, to express the care Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare: Lac'd linen there would be a dang'rous thing; It might, perhaps, a new rebellion bring; The Scot who wore it would be chosen king. But why should I these renegades describe, When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe? Teague has been here, and to this learned pit, With Irish action, slander'd English wit: You have beheld such barb'rous Macs appear, As merited a second massacre: Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace, And had their country stamp'd upon their face. When strollers durst presume to pick your purse, We humbly thought our broken troop not worse. How ill soe'er our action may deserve, Oxford's a place where Wit can never starve.

## XV.

# **PROLOGUE**

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

Tho' actors cannot much of learning boast, Of all who want it we admire it most; We love the praises of a learned pit, As we remotely are ally'd to Wit. We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore, Like those who touch upon the Golden shore:

Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take:
Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
Whether th' applause be only sound or voice.
When our fop-gallants, or our City-folly,
Clap-over loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that scene which does their wonder
raise.

And, for their ignorance, contemn their praise. Judge then if we who act, and they who write, Should not be proud of giving you delight. London likes grossly; but this nicer pit Examines, fathoms, all the depths of wit; The ready finger lays on ev'ry blot; Knows what should justly please, and what should Nature herself lies open to your view, You judge by her, what draught of her is true; Where outlines, false; and colours seem too faint; Where bunglers daub; and where true poets paint. But by the sacred Genius of this place, By ev'ry Muse, by each domestic Grace, Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well, And, where you judge, presumes not to excel. Our poets hither for adoption come, As nations su'd to be made free of Rome; Not in the suffragating tribes to stand, But in your utmost, last provincial band. If his ambition may those hopes pursue, Who, with religion, loves your arts and you,

VOL. 111.

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be Than his own mother-university. Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage; He chuses Athens in his riper age.

#### xvi.

# PROLOGUE TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT: OR THE MOTHER IN FASHION.

[By Mr. SOUTHERN, 1684.] Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

. How comes it, Gentlemen, that now a-days, When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays, Our poets tax you still with want of sense? All prologues treat you at your own expence. Sharp citizens a wiser way can go; They make you fools, but never call you so: They, in good manners, seldom make a slip, But treat a common whore-with Ladyship: But here each saucy wit at random writes, And uses ladies, as he uses knights. Our Author, young, and grateful in his nature. Vows that from him no nymph deserves a satire; Nor will he ever draw-I mean his rhyme-Against the sweet partaker of his crime. Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker To call men fools: 'tis railing at their Maker. Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf; He's young enough to be a fop himself;

Digitized by Google

And, if his praise can bring you all a-bed, He swears, such hopeful youth no nation ever bred. Your nurses, we presume, in such a case, Your father chose, because he lik'd the face; And, often, they supply'd your mother's place. The dry nurse was your mother's ancient maid, Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd. Betwixt them both, for milk and sugar-candy, Your sucking bottles were well stor'd with brandy. Your father, to initiate your discourse, Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse, But was prevented by each careful nurse. For, leaving Dad and Mam, as names too common, They taught you certain parts of men and women. I pass your schools; for, there, when first you came, You would be sure to learn the Latin name. In colleges you scorn'd the art of thinking, But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking: Thence, come to Town, you practice play, to know The virtues of the high dice, and the low. Each thinks himself a sharper most profound; He cheats by pence; is cheated by the pound. With these perfections, and what else he gleans, The spark sets up for love, behind our scenes, Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens. There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage, Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage. He hires some homely room, Love's fruits to gather, And, garret-high, rebels against his father;

But he once dead-Brings her in triumph, with her portion down, A toilette, dressing-box, and half-a-crown. Some marry first; and, then, they fall to scouring, Which is refining marriage into whoring. Our women batten well on their good nature; All they can rap and rend for the dear creature: But while, abroad, so liberal the dolt is, Poor spouse at home, as ragged as a colt is. Last, some there are, who take their first degrees Of lewdness, in our middle galleries. The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk, Invade and grubble one another's punk: They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout, Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out; Thus while for paltry punk they roar and stickle, They make it bawdier than a Conventicle.

#### xvii.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE KING AND QUEEN, UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1686.

Since Faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion, Their penny scribes take care t' inform the nation, How well men thrive, in this, or that plantation:

How Pensylvania's air agrees with Quakers; And Carolina's, with, Associators: Both, e'en too good, for madmen, and for traitors, Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er, And ev'ry age produces such a store, That, now, there's need of two New Englands more.

What's this you'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The factious natives never could agree; But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free, Those playhouse Whigs set up for property.

Some say, they no obedience paid of late; But would new fears and jealousies create; Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling, Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling:

For seldom comes there better, of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter For lawless pow'r,—sometimes, they catch a Tartar! There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this, call'd Charter.

But, since the victory with us remains, You shall be call'd to twelve, in all our gains, If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight them; And you, fair ladies! and gallants! that slight them, We'll treat with good new plays, if our new wits can write them. We'll take no blund'ring verse, no fustian tumor; No dribbling love from this or that presumer; No dull fat fool, shamm'd on the stage, for humour.

For, faith, some of them such vile stuff have made, As none but fools, or fairies, ever play'd; But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We've giv'n you tragedies all sense defying; And singing-men, in woeful metre dying; Thus 'tis, when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather: We bring you none of our old lumber hither; Whig poets, and Whig sheriffs—may hang together,

## xviii.

# PROLOGUE

TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES.
[By Mr. N. LEE, 1689.]

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear) I long to whiper something in your ear; A secret which does much my mind perplex; There's treason in the play against our sex; A man that's false to love, that vows and cheats, 'And kisses every living thing he meets; A rogue in mode (I dare not speak too broad) One that does something to the very bawd. Out on him, traitor! for a filthy beast; Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest.

None of them stick at mark; they all deceive; Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe; Their Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.

To hide their faults, they rap out oaths, and tear:

Now, tho' we lie, we're too well bred to swear. So we compound for half the sin we owe, But men are dipt for soul and body too:

And when found out excuse themselves, pox cant 'em,

With Latin stuff, perjuria ridet amantum. I'm not book learn'd, to know that word in vogue, But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue. I'm sure I never heard that screech-owl halloo'd In my poor ears but separation follow'd. How can such perjur'd villains e'er be saved? Achithophel's not half so false to David, With vows and soft expressions to allure, They stand, like foreman of a shop, demure: No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding, And, for the next new face ride out a padding. Yet, by their favour, when they have been kissing, We can perceive the ready money missing. Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en wink; Something, we find; and something, they will sink.

But since they 're at renouncing, 'tis our parts
To trump their di'monds, as they trump our
bearts.

łx.

# PROLOGUE TO THE WIDOW RANTER

[By Mrs. BEHN, 1690.]

 $\mathbf{H}_{\mathtt{EAV'N}}$  save you, Gallants! and this hopeful age; You're welcome to the downfal of the stage: The fools have labour'd, long, in their vocation; And vice (the manufacture of the nation) O'erstocks the Town so much, and thrives so well, That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell-In vain our wares on theatres are shown. When each has a plantation of his own. His cause ne'er fails, for whatsoe'er he spends, There's still God's plenty for himself and friends. Should men be rated by poetic rules, Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools! Meantime poor Wit prohibited must lie, As if 'twere made some French commodity. Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expence, And yet, as soon as seen, they give offence. Time was when none would cry, That oaf was me; But now you strive about your pedigree. Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down, But there's a muss of more than half the Town. Each one will challenge a child's part at least; A sign the family is well increas'd. Of foreign cattle there's no longer need, When we're supply'd so fast with English breed.

Well! flourish, Countrymen! drink, swear and roar;

Let ev'ry free-born subject keep his whore, And, wand'ring, in the wilderness about, At end of forty years not wear her out. But when you see these pictures, let none dare To own beyond a limb, or single share; For where the punk is common, he's a sot Who needs will father—what the parish got.

#### xx.

# PROLOGUE TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA,

[Revived by LODOWIC CARLELL, Esq.]

Spoken by Mr. HART.

With sickly actors, and an old house too, We're match'd with glorious theatres, and new; And, with our ale-house scenes, and clothes bareworn,

Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn. If all these ills could not undo us quite,—
A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who, with broad, bloody bills, call you each day
To laugh, and break your buttons at their play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fall'n from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lackeys early to preserve your place.

Digitized by Google

We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like them. They are French.
Therefore some go, with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear, nor see; but show their breeding;
Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest;
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in; and nothing pay;
To teach us, English, where to clap they play. 20
Civil, egad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
Meantime we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives,—while you keep better company,—
And wish, for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'd less good breeding, or had more good nature.

#### XXI.

# PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

[By BEAUMONT and ELETCHER. Revived by Mr. DRYDEN]

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

What Nostradame; with all his art can guess. The fate of our approaching prophetess? A play which, like a perspective set right, Presents our vast expences close to sight: But turn the tube; and, there, we sadly view. Our distant gains; and, those, uncertain, too: A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise, And all, like you, in hopes of better days.

When will our losses warn us to be wise? Our wealth decreases; and our charges rise. Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes, Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops. We raise new objects to provoke delight; But you grow sated, ere the second sight. False men! e'en so you serve your mistresses; They rise three stories, in their tow'ring dress; And, after all, you love not long enough To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off. Never content with what you had before; But true to change; and Englishmen all o'er; 20 Now honour calls you hence; and all your care Is to provide the horrid pomp of war. In plume and scarf, jack boots, and Bilboa blade, Your silver goes, that should support our trade. Go, unkind heroes! leave our stage to mourn, Till, rich from vanquish'd rebels, you return; And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw, His firkin-butter and his usquebaugh. Go, conqu'rors of your male and female foes, Men, without hearts, and women without hose. 30 Each bring his love, a Bogland captive home; Such proper pages will long trains become; With copper collars, and with brawny backs, Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks. Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows, And furnish all their laurels for your brows; Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights; We want not poets, fit to sing your flights.

Digitized by Google

But you, bright Beauties! for whose only sake Those doughty knights such dangers undertake; When they, with happy gales, are gone away, With your propitious presence grace our play, And with a sigh their empty seats survey: Then think, on that bare bench my servant sat, I see him ogle still, and hear him chat, Selling facetious bargains, and propounding. That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding. Their loss, with patience, we will try to bear; And would do more, to see you often here; That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair eyes, Under a female regency may rise.

### xxII.

# PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES.

[By JOSEPH HARRIS, Comedian, 1690.] ENTER MR. BRIGHT.

Gentlemen, we must beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on without a frontispiece: as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet snivelling and sobbing behind the sector, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. BOWEN.

Hold your pracing to the audience: here's ho-

nest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose-tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something like one: O, here he comes to his trial at all adventures. For my part, I wish him a good deliverance.

Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.

#### ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, Sirs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way, I should speak something in rhyme, now, for the play;

But the deuce take me if I know what to say.

I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,

To the last drop of claret in my belly.

So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting:
And, if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own
are wanting.

Our young poet has brought a piece of work;
In which, tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long
as Cork.

But for this—play—(which, till I have done, we show not)

What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.

This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.

DRYDEN. VOL. III. Q

He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-reckets; His squibs are only levell'd at your pockets: And if his crackers light among your pelf, You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himself. By this time, I'm something recover'd of my fluter'd madness:

And, now, a word or two in sober sadness. Ours is a common play; and you pay down A common harlot's price-just half-a-crown. You'll say, I play the pimp on my friend's score;) But, since 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er, For many a mother has done that before. How's this you cry? an actor write?-we know it; But Shakespeare was an actor and a poet. Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd? But Shakespeare's greater genius still prevail'd. Have not some writing-actors in this age. Deserv'd and found success upon the stage? To tell the truth, when our old wite are tir'd. Not one of us but means to be inspir'd. Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer; ) Peace and the butt, is all our bus'ness here: So much for that ; --- and the devil take small beer.

### XXIII.

# A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS! a bashful poet bids me say, He's come to loose his maidenhead to day. Be not too fierce; for he's hut green of age, And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the stage.

He wants the suffiring part of resolution, And comes with blushes to his execution. Ere you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the pit Will make some settlement upon his wit. Promise him well before the play begin, For he would feign be cozen'd into sin. Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail; But, if you leave him after being frail, He'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail;-To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill, And put you in the new Deserter's bill. Lord! what a troop of perjur'd men we see, Enow to fill another Mercury! But this the ladies may with patience brook; Theirs are not the first colours you forsook. He would be loath the beauties to offend, But, if he should, he's not too old to mend. He's a young plant, in his first year of bearing; But his friend swears, he will be worth the rearing. His gloss is still upon him; tho' 'tis true He's yet unripe, yet take him for that blue. You think an apricot half green is best; There's sweet and sour, and one side good at least. Mangos and limes, whose nourishment is little. Tho' not for food, are yet preserv'd for pickle. So this green writer may pretend, at least, To whet your stomachs for a better feast. He makes this diff'rence in the sexes, too; He sells, to men; he gives himself to you.

To both he would contribute some delight, A meer poetical hermaphrodite. Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and woo; With arms offensive, and defensive, too; 'I is hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

#### XXIV.

## PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

 ${f T}_{
m O}$  say this comedy pleas'd long ago, Is not enough to make it pass you, now. Yet, Gentlemen, your ancestors had wit; When few men censur'd; and when fewer, writ: And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this. As the best model of his masterpiece. Subtle was got by our Albumazar, That Alchemist by this Astrologer: Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose-He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the clothes. But Ben, made, nobly, his what he did mould; What was another's lead, becomes his gold: Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns, Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains. But this our age such authors does afford, As make whole plays-and, yet, scarce write one word:

Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all; And what's their plunder, their possession call; Who, like old padders, scorn, by night, to prey, But rob, by sunshine, in the face of day; Nay, scarce the common ceremony use Of-Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse: But knock the poet down; and, with a grace, Mount Pegasus before the owner's face. Faith if you have such country Toms abroad, 'Tis time for all true men to leave that road. Yet it were modest, could it not be said,-'They strip the living, but these rob the dead;' Dare with the mummies of the Muses play, And make love to them, the Egyptian way; Or, as a rhyming author would have said, Join the dead living, to the living dead. Such men, in poetry, may claim some part; They have the licence, tho' they want the art; And might, where theft was praised, for laureats stand.

Poets not of the head, but of the hand.
They take the benefits of other's studying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-pudding;
Whose dish to challenge, no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own, when once h' has spit i' th' porridge.
But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault, for what they do amiss;
For, they, their thefts still undiscover'd think;
And durst not steal, unless you pleas'd to wink.
Perhaps you may award, by your decree,
They should refund: but that can never be,

For, should you letters of reprisal seal.

These men write that—which no men else would steal.

xxv.

## PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

[By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.]

Revived for our Author's Benefit, anno 1700.

Ho w wretched is the fate of those who write!
Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite!
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common fee;
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet worse, their brother poets damn the play,
And roar the loudest, though they never pay.
The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
At ev'ry lewd low character,—That's I.
He who writes letters to himself, would swear,
The world forgot him, if he was not there.
What should a poet do? 'tis hard for one
To pleasure all the fools that would be shown;
And, yet, not two in ten, will pass the Town.
Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind:
More goes to make a fop, than fops can find.

Quack Maurus, tho' he never took degrees In either of our Universities:

Yet to be shown, by some kind wit, he looks; Because he play'd the fool-and writ three books; But, if he would be worth a poet's pen. He must be more a fool, and write agen; For all the former fustian stuff he wrote. Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot. His man of Uz, stript off his Hebrew robe, Is just the proverb, and, As poor as Job. One would have thought he could no longer jog; But Arthur was a level: Job's a bog: There, tho' he crept, yet, still, he kept in sight; But, here, he founders in, and sinks downright. Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule, Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule: But our bold Briton, without fear or awe, O'erleaps at once the whole Apochrypha: Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room For any Vandal-Hopkins yet to come.

But when, if, after all, this godly gear
Is not so senseless as it would appear,
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train;
His cant, like Merry-Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the sects, to draw them in again.
At leisure hours, in epic song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coaches' wheels:
Prescribes in haste; and, seldom, kills by rule;
But rides triumphant, between stool and stool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himself a place in farce or play.

We know not by what name we should arraign him, For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one ass's back:
At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindness to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

#### XXVI.

PROLOGUE for the Women, when they acted at the Old Theatre, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Were none of you, Gallants! e'er driven so hard, (As when the poor kind souls were under guard, And could not do 't at home.) in some by-street, To take a lodging, and in private meet? Such is our case: we can't appoint our House, The lover's old, and wonted rendezvous: But hither to this trusty nook remove; The worse the lodging is, the more the love; For much good pastime, many a dear sweet hug, Is stol'n in garrets on the humble rug. Here's good accommodation in the pit; The grave, demurely, in the midst may sit; And so the hot Burgundian on the side, Ply vizard mask, and o'er the benches stride; Here are convenient upper boxes too, For those that make the most triumphant show All that keep coaches must not sit below.

There, Gallants I you betwire the acts retire, And at dull plays have something to admire; We, who look up, can your addresses mark, And see the creatures coupled in the ark: So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits; The gaudy house, with scenes, will serve for Cits.

#### XXVII.

## **PROLOGUE**

## To the Husband his own Cuckold.

 $\mathbf{L}_{ exttt{IKE}}$  some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit, So trembles a young poet at a full pit. Unus'd to crowds, the parson quakes for fear, And wonders how the devil he durst come there; Wanting three talents needful for the place,-Some beard, some learning, and some little grace. Nor is the puny poet void of care; For authors, such as our new authors are, Have not much learning, nor much wit to spare: And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce one. But has as little as the very parson. Both say, they preach and write for your instruction: But 'tis for a third day, and for induction. The difference is, that though you like the play, The poets' gain is ne'er beyond his day. But with the parson 'tis another case, He, without holiness, may rise to grace.

The poet has one disadvantage more, That, if his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er, Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor, But duliness well becomes the sable garment; I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a priest's preferment: Wit's not his business; and, as wit now goes, Sirs! 'tis not so much yours as you suppose, For you like nothing now but nauseous beaux. You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears, At what his beauship says, but what he wears So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears: The taylor and the furrier find the stuff, The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous muff. The truth o'nt is, the payment of the pit Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit. You cannot, from our absent author, hope He should equip the stage with such a fop. Fools change in England, and new fools arise, For tho' the immortal species never dies, Yet ev'ry year new maggots make new flies. But where he lives, abroad, he scarce can find One fool-for millions that he left behind.

# EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE. Spoken at the Opening of the New House, March 26, 1674.

 ${f T}_{ ext{ t HO}}$ , what our prologue said was sadly true, Yet, Gentlemen, our homely house is new, A charm that seldom fails with wicked you. A country lip may have the velvet touch; Tho' she's no lady, you may think her such : A strong imagination may do much. But you, loud Sirs, who thro' your curls look big, Critics in plume, and white Vallancy wig, Who, lolling, on our foremost benches sit, And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit,-Whose favours, like the sun, warm where you roll. Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor soul: So may your hats your foretops never press: Untouch'd, your ribbons; sacred be your dress; So may you slowly to old age advance, And have th' excuse of youth for ignorance: So may fop-corner full of noise remain, And drive far off the dull, attentive train; So may your midnight scourings happy prove, And morning batt'ries force your way to love; 20 So may not France your warlike hands recal, But leave you by each other's swords to fall;

As you come here to ruffle vizard punk; When sober, rail: and roar when you are drunk. But to the wits we can some merit plead, And urge what by themselves has oft been said: Our House relieves the ladies from the frights Of ill-pay'd streets and long dark winter nights; The Flanders horses from a cold, bleak road, Where bears, in furs, dare, scarcely, look abroad; The audience, from worn plays and fustian stuff Of rhyme: more nauseous than three boys in buff. Tho' in their house the poets' heads appear, We hope we may presume their wits are here. The best which they reserv'd they now will play: For, like kind cuekolds, tho' we've not the way To please, we'll find you abler men who may. If they should fail-for last recruits, we breed A troop of frisking Monsieurs, to succeed: You know the French sure cards in time of need.

II.

EPILOGUE. Intended to have been spoken by the Lady HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH, when CALISTO was acted at Court.

As Jupiter, I made my court in vain,
I'll now assume my native shape again.
I'm weary to be so, unkindly, us'd,
And would not be a god to be refus'd.
State grows uneasy, when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wise remove.

Digitized by Google

Now, as a nymph, I need not sue, nor try The force of any lightning but the eve. Beauty and youth, more than a god, command: No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand. 'Tis here, that sov'reign pow'r admits dispute; Beauty sometimes is, justly, absolute. Our sullen Catos, whatsoe'er they say, E'en while they frown, and dictate laws, obey. You, mighty Sir! our bonds more easy make, And, gracefully, what all must suffer take: Above those forms the grave affect to wear, For 'tis not to be wise, to be severe. True wisdom may some gallantry admit, And soften business with the charms of wit. These peaceful triumphs, with your cares, you bought,

And, from the midst of fighting nations, brought. You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna which hot brains despise,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize;
And in its happy leisure, sit and see
The promises of more felicity;
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whose morning rays, like noontide, strike and shine.
Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your friends, and to disarm your focs.

VOL. III.

R

Digitized by Google

#### III.

EPILOGUE to the MAN OF MODE: or Sire FORLING FLUTTER.

[By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.]

Most modern with such monstrous fools have shown,

They seem not of Heav'n's making, but their own-These nauseous Harlequins in farce may pass, But there goes more to a substantial ass: Something of man must be expos'd to view, That, Gallants! they may more resemble you. Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ, The ladies would mistake him for a wit: And when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry, I vow, methinks he's pretty company; So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd, As he took pains to graff upon his kind. True fops help Nature's work, and go to school, To file and finish God Almighty's fool. Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him, can call; He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all. From each he meets, he culls whate'er he can; Legion's his name, a people in a man. His bulky folly gathers as it goes, And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball, growt. His various modes from various fathers follow; One taught the toss; and one, the new French wallow.

His sword-knot, this; his cravat that design'd;
And this, the yard-long snake, he twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before;
Till he, with full decorum, brings it back,
And rises, with a water spaniel shake.
As for his songs, the ladies' dear delight,
These, sure, he took from most of you who write.
Yet ev'ry man is safe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

#### ıv.

#### **EPILOGUE**

TO MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.
[By Mr. N. LEE, 1678.]

You've seen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care: for most of you will cry,
'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.
For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage:
And e'en those martyrs are but rare in plays;
A cursed sign how much true faith decays,
Love is no more a violent desire;
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our sex, (the name examin'd well,)
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.

In woman, 'tis of subtle int'rest made:
Curse on the punk that made it first a trade!
She first did Wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool presume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold,
But glorious beauty is not to be sold;
Or if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it should buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;
They purchase but sophisticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way,
And women fight, like Swissers, for their pay-

### EPILOGUE

TO A TRAGEDY CALLED TAMERLANE.

[By Mr. SAUNDERS.]

LADIES, the beardless author of this day,
Commends to you the fortune of his play:
A woman-wit has often grac'd the stage,
But he's the first boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narcissus perping thro' the snow.
Thus Cowley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as strong.
Youth, with the fair, should always favour find,
Or we are damn'd dissemblers of our kind.

What's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should Hag and Greybeard make such tender moan,

Faith you'd e'en trust them to themselves alone;
And cry, 'Let's go, here's nothing to be done.'
Since love's our bus'ness, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who best can practise, best can write.
What tho' he be not come to his full pow'r,
He's mending and improving ev'ry hour.
You sly she-jockies of the box and pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade:
Faint and unnerv'd, he runs into a sweat;
And always fails you, at the second heat.

#### VI.

#### AN EPILOGUE FOR THE KING'S HOUSE.

We act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
But just peep up, and then pop down again.
Let those who call us wicked change their sense;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lott'ry cavaliers are half so poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three last, ungiving Parliaments:

So wretched that if Pharaoh could divine, He might have spar'd his dream of seven lean kine. And chang'd his vision for the Muses nine. The comet that, they say, portends a dearth, Was but a vapour drawn from playhouse earth; Pent there since our last fire; and, Lilly says, Foreshows our change of state, and thin-third days. Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor. For then the printers' press would suffer more. Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit; They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit. Confess the truth, which of you has not laid Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid? Or, which is duller yet, and more would spite us, Democritus's Wars with Heraclitus? Such are the authors who have run us down. And exercis'd you, critics of the Town. Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes; Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the times. Scandal, the glory of the English Nation, Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion. Such harmless thrusts as if, like fencers wise, They had agreed their play before their prize. Faith they may hang their harps upon the willows; 'Tis just like children when they box with pillows. Then put an end to civil wars for shame; Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame, Throw down his pen; and give her, as he can, The satisfaction of a gentleman.

#### VII.

EPILOGUE to the LOYAL BROTHER: or the persian prince, 1682.

A VIRGIN poet was serv'd up to-day, Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play. He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy, But, like a girl, whom sev'ral would enjoy, Begs leave to make the best of his own nat'ral toy. Were I to play my callow author's game, The King's House would instruct me by the name. There's loyalty to one; I wish no more; A commonwealth sounds like a common whore. Let husband or gallant be what they will, One part of woman is true Tory still. If any factious spirit should rebel, Our sex, with ease, can ev'ry rising quell. Then, as you hope we should your failings hide, An honest jury for our play provide. Whigs at their poets never take offence; They save dull culprits who have murder'd sense; Tho' nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass, The vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass. Faction in plays 's the Commonwealth-man's bribe, The leaden farthing of the Canting tribe; Tho' void in payment laws and statutes make it, The neighbourhood, that knows the man will take it. 'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit; Theirs is the pension-parliament of wit.

In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis safe in its own element;
Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
Let them forget themselves an hour of sense.
In one poor isle, why should two factions be?
Small diff'rence in your vices I can see;
In drink and drabs, both sides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land!
If places fell, the party could not stand.
Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whig complains:
They grunt, like hogs, till they have got their grains.
Meantime you see what trade our plots advance,
We send each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandize we need,
Send o'er true Protestants to mend our breed.

# EPILOGUE

TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, 1683.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play basecost;
And, faith! I doubted once the cause was lost,
Yet no one man was meant; nor great, nor small;
Our poets, like frank gamesters, threw at all.
They took no single aim—
But, like bold boys, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but, when the cause is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight.

For what should hinder me to sell my skin Dear as I could, if once my hand were in? Se defendendo never was a sin.

ere in?

Tis a fine world, my masters; right or wrong, The Whigs must talk; and Tories hold their tongue. They must do all they can—

But we, forsooth, must bear a christian mind,
And fight, like boys, with one hand tied behind.
Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wond'rous
To cry, 'box fair,' and give him time to rise. [nice,
When fortune favours, none hut fools will dally:
Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally,
Tipt you th' inviting wink, stand 'shall I; shall I?'
A Trimmer cried (that heard me tell the story)

'Fie, Mistress Cooke \*! faith, you're too rank a
'Tory!

Wish not Whigs hang'd; but pity their hard cases; You women love to see men make wry faces.'

'Pray, Sir,' said I, 'don't think me such a Jew;

'I say no more; but give the devil his due.'

- 'Lenitives,' says he, 'suit best with our condition.'
- 'Jack Ketch,' says I, ''s an excellent physician.'
- 'I love no blood.'-- 'Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
- But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.'
- 'We Trimmers are for holding all things even-
- 'Yes-just like him that hung 'twixt hell and hea-
- ' Have we not had mens' lives enough already?'
- 'Yes, sure; but you're for holding all things steady;
  - \* The actress who spake the Epilogue. N.

Now, since the weight hangs all on our side, brother,

You, Trimmers, should, to poise it, hang on 't'other.'

Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering, Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring: Not Whigs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that; Nor birds, nor beasts; but, just, a kind of bat; A twilight animal, true to neither cause, With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws

#### ıx.

## ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

Intended to have been spoken to the Play before it was forbidden last Summer \*.

Two houses joined, two poets to a play,
You noisy Whigs will sure be pleas'd to-day;
It looks so like two shrieves the city way.
But since our discords and divisions cease,
You, Bilboa gallants, learn to keep the peace;
Here make no tilts: let our poor stage alone;
Or, if a decent murther must be done,
Pray take a civil turn to Marybone.
If not; I swear, we'll pull up all our benches;
Not for your sakes, but for our orange wenches;
For you thrust wide sometimes; and many a spark
That misses one, can hit the other mark.

<sup>\*</sup> Langbaine says, this play found many enemies at its first appearance on the stage.

This makes our boxes full: for, men of sense
Pay their four shillings in their own defence;
That safe behind the ladies they may stay,
Peep o'er the fan, and judge the bloody fray.
But other foes give beauty worse alarms;
The posse poetarum's up in arms:
No woman's fame their libels has escap'd;
Their ink runs venom, and their pens are clapt.
When sighs and pray'rs their ladies cannot move,
They rail, write treason, and turn Whigs to love.
Nay, and I fear they worse designs advance,
There's a damn'd love-trick now brought o'er from
France:

We charm in vain, and dress, and keep a pother, Whilst those false rogues are ogling one another. All sins besides admit some expiation; But this against our sex is plain damnation. They join for libels too, these women-haters; And as they club for love, they club for satires: The best on't is, they hurt not: for they wear Stings in their tails; their only venom's there. 'Tis true, some shot, at first, the ladies hit, While able marksmen made, and men of wit: But now the fools give fire, whose bounce is louder: And yet, like mere train-bands, they shoot but powder.

Libels, like plots, sweep all, in their first fury; Then dwindle, like an ignoramus jury: Thus age begins with tousing and with tumbling; But grunts, and greens, and ends, at last, in fumbling.

# EPILOGUE.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. Spoken by Mr. HART

At the Acting of the Silent Woman.

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear Flies with more haste, when the French arms draw near.

Than we, with our poetic train, come down, For refuge hither, from th' infected Town. Heav'n for our sins this summer has thought fit To visit us with all the plagues of wit. A French troop, first, swept all things in its way, But those hot Monsieurs, were too quick to stay: Yet to our cost, in that short time we find They left their itch of novelty behind. Th' Italian Merry Andrews took their place, And quite debauch'd the stage with lew'd grimace. Instead of wit and humours, your delight Was, there, to see two hobby-horses fight: Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in, And ran a tilt at Centaur Arlequin. For love you heard how am'rous asses bray'd, And cats in gutters gave their serenade. Nature was out of count'nance, and each day Some new-born monster shewn you for a play. But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite dumb, Those wicked engines call'd Machines are come-Thunder and lightning now, for wit, are play'd, And, shortly, scenes, in Lapland, will be laid:

Art-magic is, for poetry, profest;—
And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,
To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and rises to renown
Macbeth, and Simon Magus of the Town;
Fletcher's despis'd, your Jonson's out of fashion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are shown;
By you those staple authors' worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their scenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and say, the price is rais'd.

# XI.

# SPOKEN AT OXFORD.

By Mrs. MARSHALL.

Ort has our poet wish'd this happy seat
Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:
I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
He sought for quiet and content of mind;
Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,
And, only in the shades, like laurels, grow.
Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
And age returning thence concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness,
Yearly to share, which, hourly, you possess,

VOL. 111.

Teaching é'en you, (while the vext world we show,) Your peace to value more and better know? 'Tis all we can return for favours past-(Whose holy memory shall ever last,) For patronage from him whose care presides O'er ev'ry noble art, and ev'ry science guides; Bathurst! a name the learn'd with rev'rence know, And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe; Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd, To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd. His learning and untainted manners too. We find, Athenians ! are deriv'd to you : Such ancient hospitality there rests In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts, Whose kindness was religion to their guests. Such modesty did to our sex appear, As, had there been no laws we need not fear, Since each of you was our protector here. Converse so chaste, and so strick virtue shown, As might Apollo with the muses own. Till our return we must despair to find Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

#### XII. EPILOGUE

TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1684.]

Our hero's happy in the play's conclusion; The holy rogue at last has met confusion.

Tho' Arius all along appear'd a saint, The last act shew'd him a true Protestant. Eusebius (for you know I read Greek authors) Reports, that after all these plots and slaughters, The court of Constantine was full of glory, And ev'ry Trimmer turn'd Addressing-tory. They follow'd him in herds as they were mad: When Clause was king, then all the world was glad. Whigs kept the places they possess'd before, And most were in a way of getting more; Which was as much as saying, Gentlemen, Here's pow'r and money to be rogues agen. Indeed, there were a sort of speaking tools, (Some call them modest, but I call them fools.) Men much more loyal, tho' not half so loud: But these poor dev'ls were cast behind the crowd. For bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense, But good men starve for want of impudence. Resides all these there were a sort of wights, (I think my author calls them Teckelites) Such hearty rogues against the king and laws, They favour'd e'en a foreign rebel's cause. When their own damn'd design was quash'd and aw'd, At least, they gave it their good word abroad. As many a man, who for a quiet life, Breeds out his bastard, not to noise his wife; Thus o'er their darling plot, these Trimmers cry, And though they cannot keep it in their eye, They bind it 'prentice to Count Teckeley.

They believe not the last plot; may I be curst If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.

No wonder their own plot no plot they think, The man that makes it never smells the stink. And now it comes into my head, I'll tell

Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so

The original Trimmer, tho' a friend to no man, Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman; He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever Kind black-ey'd rogues, for ev'ry true believer; And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted, One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths lasted: To turn for this may surely be forgiv'n; Who'd not be circumcis'd, for such a heav'n?

# XIII.

To the King and Queen, upon the Union of the two
Companies, 1686.

N Ew ministers, when first they get in place, Must have a care to please; and that's our case: Some laws for public welfare we design, If you, the pow'r supreme, will please to join. There are a sort of prattlers in the pit, Who either have, or who pretend to wit; These noisy Sirs so loud their parts rehearse, That oft the play is silenc'd by the farce,

Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun, Each to be thought my lady's eldest son. But stay; methinks some vizard mask I see Cast out her lure from the mid-gallery: About her all the flutt'ring sparks are rang'd; The noise continues tho' the scene is chang'd: Now growling, sputt'ring, wauling, such a clutter, 'Tis just like puss defendant in a gutter. Fine love, no doubt! But ere two days are o'er ye, The surgeon will be told a woeful story. Let Vizard Mask her naked face expose. On pain of being thought to want a nose. Then for your lackeys, and your train beside. By whate'er name or title dignified,-They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of Bears. They're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters; We've none so great—but their unpaying masters. We beg you, Sirs, to beg your men, that they Would please to give you leave to hear the play. Next, in the playhouse, spare your precious lives; Think, like good christians, on your bairns and wives:

Think on your souls: but by your lugging forth, It seems you know, how little, they are worth. If none of these will move the warlike mind, Think on the helpless whore you leave behind. We beg you, last, our scene-room to forbear, And leave our goods and chattels to our care.

Alas! our women are but washy toys,
And wholly taken up in stage employs:
Poor willing tits they are: but yet I doubt,
This double duty soon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd besides with jealous care;
What—if my lady's page should find you there?
My Lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye;
No passing your gilt shilling for a guinea.
Thus, Gentlemen, we have summ'd up in short
Our grievances, from country, town, and court:
Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure;
But first vote money, then redress at leisure.

### xIV.

## EPILOGUE

to the princess of cleves, 1689.

A QUALM of conscience brings me back again, To make amends to you bespatter'd men. We women love, like cats that hide their joys, By growling, squalling, and a hideous noise. I rail'd at wild young sparks; but, without lying, Never was man worse thought on for high-flying. The prodigal of love gives each her part, And squandring shows, at least, a noble heart, I've heard of men, who, in some lewd lampoon, Have hir'd a friend to make their valor known. That accusation, straight, this question brings; What is the man that does such naughty things?

The spaniel lover, like a sneaking fop, Lies at our feet: he's scarce worth taking up. 'Tis true such heroes in a play go far; But chamber-practice is not like the bar. When men such vile, such faint, petitions make, We fear to give, because they fear to take; Since modesty's the virtue of our kind, Pray let it be to our own sex confin'd. When men usurp it from the female nation, Tis but a work of supererogation-We shew'd a Princess, in the play, 'tis true, Who gave her Cæsar more than all his due; Told her own faults: but I should much abbor To chuse a husband for my confessor. You see what fate follow'd the saint-like fool For telling tales from out the nuptial school. Our play a merry comedy had prov'd, Had she confess'd so much-to him she lov'd. True Presbyterian wives the mean would try; But damn'd confessing-is flat Popery.

xv.

#### **EPILOGUE**

TO HENRY II. [By Mr. MOUNTFORT, 1693.]

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the sad catastrophe have seen, Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.

Queen Eleanor the Proud was French, they say, But English manufacture got the day. Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver: Fair Rosamond was but her nom de guerre. Now, tell me, Gallants! would you lead your life With such a mistress, or with such a wife? If one must be your choice, which d've approve, The curtain lecture, or the curtain love? Would ve be godly with perpetual strife. Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife; Or take your pleasure in a wicked way, Like honest, whoring Harry in the play? I guess your minds; the mistress would be taken, And nauseous Matrimony sent a-packing. The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue; You love the bride, but you detest the clog. After a year, poor spouse is left i' th' lurch, And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church. Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind, Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find. The playhouse is a kind of market-place; One chaffers for a voice: another, for a face: Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many, Would buy of me a penn'worth for your penny. E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide, Would make a shift my portion to provide, With some small perquisites I have beside. Tho' for your love, perhaps, I should not care, I could not hate a man that bids me fair.

What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to-day, for loving well;
And fear the poison that would make me swell.

#### XVI.

#### AN EPILOGUE.

You saw our wife was chaste, yet throughly try'd, And, without doubt, y' are hugely edify'd; For like our hero whom we shew'd to-day, You think no woman true, but in a play. Love once did make a pretty kind of show; Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow; But 'twas, Heav'n knows how many years ago. Now some small chat, and guinea expectation, Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation. In comedy, your little selves you meet; 'Tis Covent-Garden, drawn in Bridges-street. Smile on our author then, if he has shown A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own. Ah! happy you,-with ease and with delight, Who act those follies,-poets toil to write! The sweating Muse does almost leave the chase; She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace, Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly To some new frisk of contrariety. You roll like snow-halls, gath'ring as you run; And get sev'n devils, when dispossess'd of one.

Your Venus once was a Platonic queen; Nothing of love beside the face was seen; But ev'ry inch of her you now uncase And clap a vizard-mask upon the face. For sins like these, the zealous of the land, With little hair, and little or no band, Declare how circulating pestilences Watch ev'ry twenty years, to snap offences. Saturn, e'en now, takes doctoral degrees; He'll do your work, this summer, without fees. Let all the boxes, Phœbus! find thy grace, And, ah! preserve the eighteen-penny place! But for the pit-confounders,-let them go, And find as little mercy as they show: The actors thus, and thus thy poets # pray; For ev'ry critic sav'd, thou damn'st a play.

#### xvII.

### EPILOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

PERHAPS the Parson stretch'd a point too far, When, with our theatres; he wag'd a war. He tells you that this very moral age Receiv'd the first infection from the stage. But, sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught, The seeds of open vice, returning, brought. Thus lodg'd (as vice by great examples thrives) It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.

\* Still addressing Phæbua.

London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore So plentiful a crop of horns before. The poets, who must live by courts or starve, Were proud so good a government to serve: And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane, Tainted the stage, for some small snip of gain. For they, like harlots, under bawds profest, Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the least. Thus did the thriving malady prevail, The court its head, the poets but the tail. The sin was of our native growth, 'tis true, The scandal of the sin was wholly new. Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd; Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd. Who standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine, The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine. Ere this, if saints had any secret motion, T was chamber-practice all, and close devotion. I pass the peccadillos of their time; Nothing but open lewdness was a crime. A monarch's blood was venial to the nation. Compar'd with one foul act of fornication. Now, they would silence us, and shut the door, That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before. As for reforming us, which some pretend, That work in England is without an end: Well may we change, but we shall never mend. Yet if you can but bear the present stage, We hope much better of the coming age.

What would you say, if we should first begin To stop the trade of love behind the scene; Where actresses make bold with married men? For while, abroad, so prodigal the dolt is, Poor spouse, at home, as ragged as a colt is. In short, we'll grow as moral as we can. Save here and there a woman or a man: But neither you, nor we, with all our pains, Can make clean work; there will be some remains. While you have still your Oats and we our Hains.

\* This Couplet occurs in the Prologue to the Disappoints:

[ine 55, and may have crept in here by mistake.]

END OF VOLUME III.

# CONTENTS.

The Hind and the Panther-continued.	
	Page'
PART III.	õ
Macflecrioe	51
The Medal-a Satire against Sedition	59
Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music-	•
an Ode	71
The Secular Mask	78
To his sacred Majesty-a Panegyric on his	
Coronation	83
Coronation	88
To the Lord Chancellor Hyde	98
EPISTLES.	
To Sir Robert Howard	104
To Dr. Charleton	108
To Lady Castlemain	110
To Mr.: Lee on his Alexander	112
To Mr. Lee on his Alexander To the Earl of Roscommon	114
To the Duchess of York, on the memorable	
Victory gained by the Duke over the	
Hollanders, in 1665	117
DRYDEN, VOL. III.	

	na.
A Letter to Sir Geo. Etherege	119
To Mr. Southern	22
To Henry Higden, Esq	123
To Mr. Congreve	195
To Mr. Granville	198
To M. Motteux	
To the Duchess of York, on her return from	1 20 3
Scotland	1 2 1
To 'My honored Kinsman John Dryden, of	101
Chesterton'	192
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, principal Painter	Tuu
to his Majesty	141
A Familiar Epistle to Mr. Julian, Secretary	111
of the Muses	147
or the musts	111
PROLOGUES.	
Prologue, spoken the first day after the King's	
House acting after the Fire	151
Prologue, spoken at the opening of the new	
House, 1674	1.52
Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1674	154
to Circe	156
to Casar Borgia	157
to Sophonisba	158
'If there be yet a few'	160
to the University of Oxford	161
to his Royal Highness, upon his first	
appearance at the Duke's Theatre, after	
his return from Scotland, 1682	

Page
Prologue to the Earl of Essex 164
to the 'Royal Brothers, or the Per-
sian Prince' 165
Prologue to the Duke of Guise 167
to the University of Oxford—at
the acting of the 'Silent Woman' 169
Prologue to the University of Oxford 171
to the University of Oxford 172
Prologue to the 'Disappointment, or the Mo-
ther in Fashion' 174
Prologue to the King and Queen, upon the
Union of the two Companies, in 1686 176
Prolome to the 4 Princers of Clause 1 1600 170
Prologue to the 'Princess of Cleves,' 1689 178  to the 'Widow Ranter' 180
to 'Aviragus and Philicia' 181
to the 'Prophetess' 188
to the 'Mistakes' 184
A Prologue — Gallants! a bashful Poet
bids me say' 186
Prologue to 'Albumazar' 188
to the 'Pilgrim' 190
Prologue for the Women, when they acted
at the old Theatre, in Lincoln's-Inn-
Fields 192
Prologue to the 'Husband his own Cuckold' 193
EPILOGUES.
Epilogue, spoken at the opening of the new
House, 1674 198
DRYDEN. VOL. 111.

	Page
Epilogue, intended to have been spoken by	•
Lady H. M. Wentworth, when 'Ca-	
listo' was acted at Court	196
Epilogue to the 'Man of Mode,' or Sir Fop-	130
ling Flutter	198
Epilogue to 'Mithridates, King of Pontus' -	
Epilogue to the Tragedy 'Tamerlane'	200
for the King's House	201
to the 'Royal Brother, or the Per-	
sian Prince'	903
Epilogue to the 'Duke of Guise'	904
Another Epilogue, intended to have been	ÆV I
spoken to the Play, before it was for-	
bidden last Summer	006
bidden last Summer	200
Epilogue, at the acting of the 'Silent Wo-	<b>-</b>
man'	
Epilogue spoken at Oxford	
to 'Constantine the Great'	210
to the King and Queen, upon the	
Union of the two Companies, 1686 -	212
Epilogue to the Princess of Cleves	
to Henry II.	215
An Epilogue, 'You saw our Wife was	
Chaste'	217
Epilogue to the 'Pilgrim'	
white in the Trightti	W . V

THE

# **POETS**

01

# GREAT BRITAIN,

IN ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-POUR VOLUMES.

VOL. XL.

DRYDEN. FOL. IF.

Printed by S. Hollingsworth, Crane Court, Fleet Street.

Digitized by Google



# POETICAL WORKS

OF

## JOHN DRYDEN.

WITH

#### THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise, And bi.! a ternate passiors fall and rise— The power of music all our hearts allow, And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

POPE.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore! Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er, Scatters from her pi tur'd urn, Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

GRAY.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

## VOL. IV.

#### London:

Printed for Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme; Nichols and Son; J. Walker; Wilkie and Robinson; W. J. and J. Richardson; F. C. and J. Rivington, Lackington, Allen, and Co; R. H. Evans; Cuthell and Martin; Scatcherd and Letterman; Otridge and Son; Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe; R. Faulder; T. Payne; J. Nuan; R. Lea; J. Deighton; J. Johnson; W. Clarke and Sons; W. Lowndes; J. Hatchard; Black and Parry; J. Harding; E. Jeffery; J. Carpenter; W. Miller; Leigh and Sotheby; Payne and Mackinlay; Matthews and Leigh; P. Wynne; J. Booker; and SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.

Digitized by Google



### SONGS.

ı

#### THE FAIR STRANGER.

L

HAPPY and free, securely blest, No beauty could disturb my rest; My am'rous heart was in despair, To find a new wictorious fair.

II.

Till you, descending on our plains, With foreign force renew my chains; Where now you rule without control, The mighty sov'reign of my soul.

111

Your smiles have more of conqu'ring charms Than all your native country arms: Their troops we can expel with ease, Who vanquish only when we please.

v.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the spell, Who can see them, and not rebel? You make us captives by your stay, Yet kill us if you go away.

DRYDEN. VOL. IV.

11.

### ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

WRITTEN IN 1680.

Ĺ.

CLARENDON had law and sense; Clifford was fierce and brave; Bennet's grave looks was a pretence, And Danby's matchless impudence Help'd to support the knave.

ı.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory, These will appear such chits in story, 'Twill turn all politics to jests, To be repeated like John Dory, When fiddlers sing at feasts,

HI.

Protect us mighty Providence!
What would these madmen have?
First they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without pow'r enslave.

ıv.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe, Submit to servile shame; Who, from consent and custom, draw The same right to be rul'd by law Which kings pretend to reign? v.

The Duke shall wield his conqu'ring sword, The Chancellor make 4 speech, The King shall pass his honest word, The pawn'd revenue sums afford, And, then, come kiss my breech.

vı.

So have I seen a king on chess, (His rooks and knights withdrawn, His queen and bishops in distress) Shifting about, grow less and less, With here and there a pawn.

#### . 111.

# A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687,

ı.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony, This universal frame began: When Nature underneath a heap Of jarring atoms lay, And could not heave her head,—The tuneful voice was heard from high, Arise, ye more than dead! Then cold and hot, and moist and dry, In order to their stations leap, And Music's pow'r obey. From harmony, from heav'nly harmony, This universal frame began:

From harmony to harmony, Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran, The diapason closing full in Man.

11.

What passion cannot music raise and quelt? When Jubal struck the chorded shell, His list'ning brethren stood around, And wond'ring, on shear faces feel. To worship that calculated sound. Less than a god they shought there could not dwell, Within the hollow of that shell, That spoke so sweetly and so well. What passion cannot Music raise and quelt?

HI.

The Trumpet's load clangur
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal abatus;
The double, double, double beas:
Of the thundering Drans,
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge! charge! 'us too late to retreat.

ıv.

The soft complaining Flute, In dying notes discovers, The woes of hopeless lovers; Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute. σ.

Sharp Violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation;
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

vı.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred Organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race; And trees uprooted left their place, Sequacious of the Lyre; But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher, When to her Organ vocal breath was giv'n; An angel heard; and straight appear'd, Mistaking earth for heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise,
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,—

Digitized by Google

The trumpet shall be heard on high, The dead shall live, the living die, And music shall untune the sky.

ıv.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON.

T.

On a bank, beside a willow, Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow, Sad Amynta sigh'd alone: From the cheerless dawn of morning, Till the dews of night returning, Sighing, thus she made her moan: Hope is banish'd, Joys are vanish'd Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

1.

Time! I dare thee to discover Buch a youth and such a lover; Oh! so true, so kind was he! Damon was the pride of Nature, Charming in his every feature; Damon lived alone for me; Melting kisses, Murm'ring blisses:

Who so lived and loved as we!

111\_

Never shall we curse the merning.
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore:
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me,
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more!

#### v. A SONG.

T .

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen, Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the green; She had heard of a pleasure, and something she greest By the towning, and tumbling, and touching her breast:

She saw the men eager, but was at a loss.

What they means by their sighing, and kissing so.

By their praying and whining,

And clasping and twining,

And panting and wishing,

And sighing and kissing,

And sighing and kissing so close.

11.

Ah! she cry'd; ah! for a languishing maid, In a country of Christians to die without aid !

11

Your face for conquest was design'd;
Your ev'ry motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak;
But when, at once, they hear and view,
Are loath to mount—and long to stay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve, But all are lost unless you love; While that sweet passion you disdain, Your veil and beauty are in vain: In pity then prevent my fate, For after dying all reprieve's too late.

## A SONG.

HIGH state and honours to others impart;
But give me your heart:
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;
Give me, in possessing,
So matchless a blessing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;

Digitized by Google

If e'er you discover So faithful a lover, So real a flame, I'll die, I'll die; So give up my game.

### ıx.

### RONDELAY.

ı.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying, All in tears upon the plain, Sighing to himself, and crying, Wretched I, to love in vain! Kiss me, Dear! before my dying; Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

11.

Sighing to himself, and crying, Wretched I, to love in vain ! Ever scorning, and denying, To reward your faithful swain! Kiss me, Dear! before my dying; Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

111.

Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithful swain;
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
Kiss me, Dear I before my dying:
Kiss me once, and ease my pain I

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying, Told him that he lov'd in vain! But, repenting, and complying, When he kiss'd she kiss'd again: Kiss'd him up before his dying; Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

> x. A SONG.

> > ı.

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain!
I would not die, nor dase complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That Music should in sounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not say.

LI.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give, But love on pity cannot live.

Tell her that hearts for hearts were made, And love with love is only paid:

Tell her my pains so fast increase,

That soon they will be past redress;

But, ah! the wretch that speechloss lies,

Attends but death to close his eyes.

X1.

A SONG to a fair young Lady going out of the Town in the Spring.

Ask not the cause why sullen Spring So long delays her flow'rs to bear; Why warbling kirds forget to sing, And winter-storms invert the year: Chloris is gone, and Fate provides To make it spring, where she resides.

11.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair!
She casts not back a pitying eye;
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure?

11.

Great god of Love, why hast thou made A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

v.

B

When Chloris to the temple comes, Adoring crowds before her fall; She can restore the dead from tombs, And ev'ry life but mine recall. I only am by love design'd To be the victim for mankind.

#### XII.

### SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS.

Who being cross'd by their Friends, fell mad for one another; and now first meet in Bedlam.

### [Music within.]

The lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a keeper.

PHYLLIS. Look, look, I see—I see my love appear!

'Tis he---'tis he alone,

For like him there is none:

'Tis the dear, dear man; 'tis thee, Dear!

AMYNTAS. Hark! the winds war;

The foamy waves roar;

I see a ship a far,

Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore:

But what's that I view,

So radiant of hue,

St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails?

Ah! no, no, no;

St. Hermo never, never shone so bright;

'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis, can shoot so fair a light:

'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that saves the ship alone, For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is overblown.

PHYL. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his AMYNT. If all the Fates combine, [arms.

And all the Furies join,

I'll force my way to Phyllis, and break through their charms.

Digitized by Google

[Here they break from their heepers, run to each other, and embrace.]

PHYL. Shall I marry the man I love? And shall I conclude my pains? Now bless'd be the Pow'rs above! I feel the blood bound in my veins; With a lively leap it began to move, And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNT. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd To make sure of the cure, [to heart; Go, call the man in black to mumble o'er his part.

PHYL. But suppose he should stay

AMYNT. At worst if he delay,

'Tis a work must be done,

(We'll borrow but a day,)

And the better, the sooner begun.

Cho. of both.] At worst if he delay, &c.

[They run out together hand in hand.]

SONG.

FROM " MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE," •

ı.

Why should a foolish marriage vow, Which long ago was made, Oblige us too each other now, When passion is decayed?

Digitized by Google

<sup>\*</sup> There are several excellent songs in "King Arthur," so interwoven with the fable of the drama, that they would suffer, in effect and intelligibility, if separated. A song in "Love in a Nunnery," and another in "The Duke of Guise," are not worth granscribing.

B 2

We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we could,

Till our love was lov'd out of us both;

But our marriage is dead, when the pleasures are

'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

[fled;

u.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
And farther love in store;
What wrong has he, whose joys did end,
And who could give no more?
'Tis a madness that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I should bar him of another;
For all we can gain
Is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

xiv.

SONG.

From " TYRANNIC LOVE,"

ı.

Ah, how sweet it is to love!

Ah, how gay is young desire!

And what pleasing pains we prove

When we first approach love's fire!

Pains of love be sweeter far

Than all other pleasures are:

11.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
E'en the tears they shed, alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, the smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

111.

Love and Time with rev'rence use,
Treat them like a parting friend:
Nor the golden gifts refuse,
Which in youth sincere they send;
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

ıv.

Love, like spring-tides full and high, Swells in every youthful vein; But each tide does less supply, Till they quite shrink-in again: If a flow in age appear, 'Tis but min, and runs not clear.

### ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

### TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDFIAM.

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known, Whom I began to think, and call-my own; For, sure, our souls were near ally'd; and thine Cast in the same poetic mould with mine: One common note on either lyne did strike, And knaves and fools we both abhor'd alike: To the same goal did both our studies drive; The last set out the soonest did arrive. Thus Nisus fell upon the slipp'ry place, Whilsthis young friend perform'd, and won the race. O early ripe! to thy abundant store, What could advancing age have added more? It might (what Nature never gives the young,) Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue. But satire needs not those; and wit will shine Through the harsh cadence of a sugged line: A noble error, and but seldom made; When poets are by too much force betray'd. Thy gen'rous fruits, tho' gather'd ere their prime, Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing Time But mellows what we write, to the dull sweets of rhyme.

Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell thou young, But, ah, too short Marcellus of our tongue!

Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound; But fate, and gloomy night; encompass thee around.

### II. AN ODE

To the pieue Memory of the accomplished young Lady
MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,
Excellent in the two sister-erts of Poesy and Painting.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the Skies, Made in the last promotion of the bless'd; Whose palms, new pluck'd from Paradise, In spreading branches more sublimely rise, Rich with immortal green above the rest: Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star, Thou roll'st above us-in thy wand'ring race, Or, in procession fix'd and regular, Mov'd with the heav'ns' majestic pace; Or, call'd to more superior bliss, Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss: Whatever happy region is thy place, Cease thy celestial song a little space; Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine, Since heav'n's eternal year is thine. Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse, In no ignoble verse; But such as thy own voice did practise here, When thy first fruits of poesy were giv'n; To make thyself a welcome inmate there: While yet a young probationer, And candidate of heav'n.

ıı.

If by traduction came thy mind.

Our wonder is the less—to find

A soul so charming from a stock so good;

Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain;

An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul

Was form'd, at first, with myriads more;
It did thro' all the mighty poets roll,

Who Greek or Latin laurels wore;

And was, that Sappho, last, which, once it was,

before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O heav'n-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill, or mend the choir, of thy celestial
kind.

#### 111.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth, New joy was sprung in heav'n, as well as here on earth.

For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine;
And e'en the most malicious—were in trine.
Thy brother-angels, at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poctess was born on earth;

And then, if ever, mortal ears.

Had keard the music of the spheres.

And if no classifting swarm of bors,

On thy sweet mouth, distill'd their golden dew:

'Twas, that such vulgar miracles,

Heav'n had not leisure to renew;

For all thy bliest'd fraternity of love

Solemnia'd, thore, shy birth; and kept thy holy-day,

above.

IV.

Or gravious God! how fas have we Profan'd thy heav'nly gift of poesy! Made promittee and predigate the Muse::
(Debuch to each obscene and impious use;) Whose harmony was first ordain'd above. For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love! O wretch'd we! why were we harmy'd down This hibrique and adult'rate ago,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increase the streaming ordures of the stage? What can we say t' excuse our second fall? Let this thy vesul, Heav'n! atome for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unseil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefiled;
Her wit was more than man; her innocence, a child.

Art she had none; yet wanted none; For nature did that want supply; So rich in treasures of her own, She might our boasted stores defy.

Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals, too, were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she

And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and ev'ry light, her Muse will bear,
Tho' Epictetus, with his lamp, were there.
E'en love, for love sometimes her muse express'd,
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her
breast.

Light as the vapours of a morning dream: So cold herself, while she such warmth exprest; \*Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

vı.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, she should have been
content

To manage well that mighty government:
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay;
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd;
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' offence;)
And the whole fief—in right of Poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay, without defence;
For poets frequent inroads there had made;—

And, perfectly, could represent The shape, the face, with ev'ry lineament: And all the large domains which the dumb sister All bow'd beneath her government, [swav'd. Receiv'd in triumph whereso'er she went. Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd: And, oft, the happy draught-surpass'd the image The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks, [in her mind. And fruitful plains and barren rocks. Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear. The bottom did the top appear; Of deeper too, and ampler floods, Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods; Of lofty trees, with sacred shades, And perspectives of pleasant glades, Where nymphs of brightest form appear; And shaggy Satyrs, standing near; Which them, at once, admire and fear. The ruins, too, of some majestic piece, Boasting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece. Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie, And, the' defac'd, the wonder of the eye; What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durst frame, Her forming hand gave Feature to the Name. So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before, But when the peopled Ark the whole creation bore.

The scene then chang'd; with bold erected look, Our martial King the sight with rev'rence strook; For, not content t' express his outward part, Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:

igitized by Google

His warlike mind, his soul devoid of four. His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there, As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear,

Our phoenix Queen was pour may'd, too, so bright, Beauty alone could beauty take so right: Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace, Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly face. With such a peerless majosty she stands. As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands; Before a train of heroines, was seen (In beauty foremost, as in rank) the Queen. Thus nothing to her genuis was deny'd; But, like a ball of fire, the further thrown. Still with a greater blaze she thone: And her bright soul broke out on every side. What next she had design'd How'n only knows To such immodirate growth her conquest:rose, That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace, The well-proportion'd shape, and beautous face, Shall never more be seen by moral eyes; In earth the much-lamented-virgin lies. Not wit, nor piety, could Fate prevent: Nor was the cruel Destiny, content To finish all the murder at a blows To sweep, at once, her life and beauty too; But, like a'harden'd felon, took a pride: To work more mischievously slow: And plunder'd, first; and, then, destroy!d.

A double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus, 'Orinda dy'd:
Heav'n, by the same disease, did both translate >
Asequal were their souls—so equal was then fate.

ıx.

Meantime her warlike brother, on the seas His waving streamers to the winds diplays, And vows for his return, with vain devotion,

Ah, generous youth! that wish forbear,
The winds, too soon, will waft thee here:
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come;
Alas! thou know'st not, thou art wresk'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face;
Thou hast, already, had—her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
Among the Pleiads, a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

۲.

When, in mid-air, the golden trump shall sound, To raise the nations under ground:
When, in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of Fate;
And, there, the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who sleep;
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky;
VOL. IV.

When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread;
Those, cloth'd with flesh; and life inspires the dead:
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And, foremost, from the tomb shall bound;
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigor—on the wing,
Like mounting larks—to the new morning sing:
There thou, sweet Saint! before the quire shall
As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to show, [go,
The way which thou, so well, hast learnt below.

### 111.

### **ELEONORA:**

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the Memory of the late Countess of ABINGDON.

As when some great, and gracious monarch dies. Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs, rise Among the sad attendants: then the sound Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around, Thro' town and country, till the dreadful blast Is blown to distant colonies at last; Who then, perhaps, were off'ring vows in vain, For his long life, and for his happy reign: So, slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,

Till public, as the loss, the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,

With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;

But most the poor, whom, daily, she supply'd, Beginning to be such but when she dy'd: For while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night, Secure of bread as of returning light; And with such firm dependence on the day, That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray: So sure the dole, so ready at their call,

They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurst, That she, herself, might fear her wanting, first. Of her five talents, other five she made; Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely paid: And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find A fortune better fitted to the mind. Nor did her alms from ostentation fall, Or proud desire of praise: the soul gave all: Unbrib'd it gave: or, if a bribe appear. 30 No less than heav'n—to heap huge treasures there.

Want pass'd for merit at her open door:
Heav'n saw he safely might increase his poor,
And trust their sustenance, with her, so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy whom she saw or knew;
All, in the compass of her sphere, she drew:
He who could touch her garment was as sure,
As the first Christians of th' Apostles' cure.
The distant heard, by Fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,

Each in his turn. The rich might freely come. As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home. As to some holy house, th' afflicted came, The hunger-starv'd, the naked, and the lame: Want and diseases fled before her name. For zeal like hers, her servants were too slow; She was the first, where need requir'd, to go; 50 Herself the foundress and attendant too.

Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain, Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train: Her Lord himself might come, for aught we know, Since, in a servant's form, he liv'd below: Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay; Or some benighted angel, in his way, Might ease his wings; and, seeing beav'n appear In its best work of mercy, think it there; Where all the deeds of charity and love.

Were in as constant method as above;
All carried on;—all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste; And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last,—That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve, When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve: Which to prevent, she still increas'd here store; Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more. So Pharoah, or some greater king than he, 71 Provided for the seventh necessity:

80

Taught from above his magazines to frame, That famine was prevented ere it came. Thus Heav'n, tho' all-sufficient, shews a thrift In his economy, and bounds his gift; Creating, for our day, one single light, And his reflection, too, supplies the night. Perhaps a thousand other worlds that lie Remote from us, and latent in the sky, Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurst; Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.

Now as all virtues keep the middle line, Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline: . Such was her soul; abhorring avarice: Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice: Had she giv'n more, it had profusion been, And turn'd th' excess of goodness into sin-

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky. For that which is next Heav'n-is charity. 90 But, as high turrets, for their airy steep, Require foundations in proportion deep; And lofty cedars as far upwards shoot, As to the nether heav'ns they drive the root; So, low did her secure foundation lie, She was not humble, but humility. Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair, Or wise beyond what other women are,-Or, which is better, knew; but never durst compare:

For to be conscious of what all admire And not be vain, advances virtue higher.

But still she found, or rather thought she found, Her own worth warning, others to abound; Ascrib'd, above their due, to ev'ry one; Unjust and scanty to herself, alone.

Such her devotion was, as might give rules Of speculation to disputing schools, And teach us equally the scales to hold Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold; That pious heat may mod'rately prevail, 110 And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd, with zeal. Bus'ness might shorten, not disturb, her pray'r; Heav'n had the best, if not the greater share. An active life long oraisons forbids; Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.

Her ev'ry day was Sabbath; only free From hours of prayer, for hours of charity. Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd. Where works of mercy were a part of rest; 190 Such as blest angels exercise above Vary'd with sacred hymns and acts of love; Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys, E'en that perpetual one which she employs (For such vicissitudes in heav'n there are) In praise alternate, and alternate pray'r. All this she practis'd here; that when she sprung Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung-Sung-and was sung herself in angels' lave; For, praising her, they did her Maker praise. All offices of heav'n so well she knew Before she came, that nothing there was new;

And she was so familiarly receiv'd, As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse! down again precipitate thy flight,
For how can mortal eyes, sustain immortal light?
But as the sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the sun, but his reflection there,
So let us view her here, in what she was,
And take her image in this wat'ry glass.
Yet look not ev'ry lineament to see;
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know 'tis she:
For where such various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the Milky way, all over bright;
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd light.

Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call, For one heroic comprehends them all—
One, as a constellation is but one—
Tho' 'tis a train of stars that, rolling on, Rise in their turn, and, in the zodiac, run, 150 Ever in motion; now 'tis faith ascends; Now hope, now charity, that upward tends, And downwards, with diffusive good, descends.

As in perfumes, compos'd with art and cost,
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost;
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose ev'ry part,
In due propostion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.

No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occasion but exerted that, or this.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall;
Made for the man of whom she was a part,
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accurst;
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And Death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.

Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
But taught, by his indulgence, to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good; 180
So subjects love just kings, or so they should.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires, the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd them both; and, in one grief,
they mourn'd.

His passion still improv'd! he lov'd so fast, As if he fear'd each day would be her last. Too true a prophet, to foresee the fate That should so soon divide their happy state:

When he, to heav'n entirely, must restore That love, that heart, where he went halves before. Yet as the soul is all, in ev'ry part, 191 So God and he might, each, have all her heart. So had her children, too, for Charity Was not more fruitful or more kind than she: Each upder other by degrees they grew, A goodly perspective of distant view. Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face, In numb'ring o'er his surve Roman race, And marshalling the beroes of his name. As, in their order, next, to light they came; 200 Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye, Survey'd her some and daughters of the sky; Proud shall I say, of her immortal fruit? As far as pride with heav nly minds may suit. Her pious love excell'd, to all she bore; New objects only multiply'd it more. And as the Chosen found the pearly grain As much as ev'ry vassel could contain; As in the blissful vision each shall share As much of glory as his soul can bear; So did she love, and so dispense her care. Hez eldess thus, by consequence, was best, As longer cultivated than the rost. The babe had all that infant care beguiles, And early knew-his mother in her smiles; But when dilated organs let-in day To the young soul; and gave it room to play;

At his first aptness, the maternal love,
Those rudiments of reason did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command,
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand;
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
With ease was pious, gen'rous, just, and kind;
Soft for impression, from the first, prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exercise grew hard:
With ev'ry act confirm'd, and made at last
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodness resolv'd into necessity.

Thus fix'd she Virtue's image, that's her own, Till the whole mother in the children shone: For that was their perfection: she was such, They never could express her mind too much. So unexhausted her perfections were, That, for more children, she had more to spare; For souls unborn, whom her untimely death Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath; (And could they take th' impressions of her mind,) Enough still left to sanctify her kind. Then wonder not to see this soul extend 240 The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend. As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide, To seek repose, and empty out the tide; So this full soul, in narrow limits pent, Unable to contain her, sought a vent, To issue out, and in some friendly breast Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:

T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state, 250
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Tho' bodies cannot, souls can penetrate:
Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,
And wisely chusing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have: but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind.

The souls of friends, like kings, in progress, are; Still in their own, tho' from the palace far; Thus her friend's heart, her country-dwelling, was, A sweet retirement to a coarser place; 260 Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not, Where greatness was shut out, and bus'ness well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught; but short, as As the true height and bigness of a star [far Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer. She shines above we know; but in what place, How near the throne, and Heav'n's imperial face, By our weak optics is but vainly guest:

Distance and altitude conceal the rest.

Tho' all these rare endowments of the mind Were in a narrow space of life confin'd, 271 The figure was, with full perfection, crown'd; Tho' not so large an orb—as truly round.

As when in glory, thro' the public place, The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass, And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The Consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurry'd on,
That all, tho' not distinctly, might be shown:
So, in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd, 260
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen; and, then, make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.

Yet, unemploy'd, no minute slipp'd away; Moments were precious in so short a stay. The haste of Heav'n to have her was so great, That some were single acts, tho' each complete; But ev'ry act stood ready to repeat.

Her fellow-saints, with busy care, will look For her bless'd name, in Fate's eternal book; And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see Numberless virtues, endless charity: But more will wonder at so short an age, To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page; And, with a pious fear, begin to doubt The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out: But 'twas her Saviour's time; and could there be Acopy near th' original, 'twas she.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire, They but perfume the temple and expire; So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence, A short sweet odour, of a vast expence. She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd;
For but a Now did heav'n and earth divide:
She pass'd screnely with a single breath:
This moment, perfect health; the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new; 31%
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake and are asleep:
So, softly death succeeded life in her;
She did but dream of heaven—and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise, Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice. As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast, And treated like a long familiar guest; 320 He took her as he found; but found her so. As one in hourly readiness to go-E'en on that day in all her trim prepar'd-As early notice she from heav'n had heard: And some courier, descending from above, Had giv'n her timely warning to remove, Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room, For on that night the bridegroom was to come. He kept his hour, and found her where she lay, Cloth'd all in white, the liv'ry of the day. Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act, (Unless omission were to pass for fact,) That hardly Death a consequence could draw. To make her liable to Nature's law.

DRYDEN. VOL. IV. D

And, that she dy'd, we only have to show The mortal part of her she left below: The rest, (so smooth, so suddenly she went,) Look'd like translation thro' the firmament, Or like the fiery car on the third errand set.

O happy Soul! if thou canst view from high, 340 Where thou art all intelligence, all eye, If looking up to God, or down to us, Thou find'st that any way be pervious, Survey the ruins of thy house, and see Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family; Look on thy tender pledges left behind; And, if thou eanst a vacant minute find From heav'nly joys; that interval afford To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord. See how they grieve, mistaking in their love; 350 And shed a beam of comfort from above. Give them, as much as mortal eye can bear. A transient view of thy full glories there; That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain And mollify their losses, in thy gain. Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert, That should not all relations bear a part, It were enough to break a single heart.

Let this suffice; nor thou, great Saint! refuse
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muse: 360
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age deprest,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast;
And dares to sing thy praises, in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;

Where, e'en to draw the picture of thy mind, Is satire on the most of human-kind:
Take it while yet 'tis praise: before my rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyself had'st no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence. 3:

Be what, and where thou art,—to wish thy place; Were, in the best, presumption, more than grace. Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are,) Have, in this poem, been my holy care. As earth thy body keeps; thy soul, the sky; So shall this verse preserve thy memory; For thou, shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

### ıv.

#### UPON THE DEATH OF THE BARL OF DUNDER.

Translated from the Lutin of Dr. Pitcairn.

O<sub>H</sub> last and best of Scots! who didst maintain Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign: New people fill the land, now thou art gone; New gods, the temples; and new kings, the throne-Scotland and thou did each in other, live: Nor woulds thou, her; nor could she thee survive. Farewell! who dying didst support the state, And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

# V. ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS. A Pastoral Electric.

Twas on a joyless and a gloomy morn, Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the thorn, When Damon, who design d to pass the day With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey, Rose early from his bed; but soon he found The welkin pitch'd with sullen clouds around-An eastern wind-and dew upon the ground. Thus while he stood, and, sighing, did survey The fields; and curs'd th' ill omens of the day; He saw Menulcas come with heavy pace: Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face; He wrung his hands, distracted with his care. And sent his voice before him from afar. Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy Swain! The spungy clouds are fill'd with gath'ring rain: The promise of the day not only crost, But e'en the spring, the spring itself is lost. Amyntas-Oh!-He could not speak the rest, Nor needed, for presaging Damon guest. Equal with Heav'n young Damon lov'd the boy, The boast of Nature, both his parents' joy. His graceful form revolving in his mind, So great a genius, and a soul so kind, Gave sad assurance that his fears were true: Too well the envy of the gods he knew; For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd, Soon they repent, and will not make them last:

For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features and the father's soul.
Then thus he cry'd: The Morn bespoke the news:
The Morning did her chearful light diffuse;
But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's disgrace;

Just such, Amyntas! was thy promis'd race. What charms adorn'd thy youth, where Nature smil'd:

And more than man, was giv'n us—in a child! His infancy was ripe; a soul sublime, In years so tender, that prevented time: Heav'n gave him all at once; then snatch'd away, Ere mortals all his beauties could survey: Just like the flow'r that buds and withers in a day.

MEN. The mother, lovely, tho' with grief Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast: [opprest, The mournful family stood all around; One groan was heard, one universal sound: All were, in floods of tears, and endless sourcew, drown'd.

So dire a sadness sat on ev'ry look,
E'en Death repented he had giv'n the stroke;
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to those who yet
remain'd.

The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace, It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.

The father bore it with undaunted soul, Like one who durst his destiny control; Yet with becoming grief he bore his part, Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart: Patient as Job; and may he live to see, Like him, a new increasing family!

DAM. Such is my wish, and such my prophecy.)
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More lasting, and endu'd with equal grace!
Equal she may; but farther none can go;
For he was all that was exact below.

MEN. Damon, behold you breaking purple cloud:

Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud? There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play About their godlike mate, and sing him on his way: He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies, And ev'ry moment, gains upon the skies. The new-come guest admires th' ethereal state, The sapphire portal, and the golden gate; And, now admitted in the shining throng, He shows the passport which he brought along: His passport is his innocence and grace, Well known to all the natives of the place. Now sing, ye joyful Angels! and admire Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire: Sing you; while endless tears our eyes bestow; For like Amyntas, none is left below.

#### VI.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Hz who could view the book of Destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming Youth! in the first op'ning page;
So many graces in so green an age;
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind;
A soul, at once, so manly, and so kind;
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And, after some few leaves, should find no

Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space, A step of life that promis'd such a race. We must not, dare not, think that Heav'n began A child, and could not finish him a man; Reflecting what a mighty store was laid Of rich materials, and a model made: The cost, already furnish'd, so bestow'd As more was never, to one soul, allow'd: Yet after this profusion, spent in vain, Nothing but mould'ring ashes to remain! I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf, Yet, durst I guess, Heav'n kept it for himself; And, giving us the use, did soon recall, Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd; For 'tis improper speech to say he dy'd: He was exhal'd, his great Creator drew His spirit, as the sun the morning dew. 'Tis sin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on ev'ry son.
He added not; he was so pure, so good;
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood;
And that so little; that the river ran
More clear, than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remained of the first muddy clay,
The length of course had wash'd it in the way;
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd, Gave all the tribute mortals could afford; Perhaps we gave so much, the Pow'rs above Grew angry at our superstitious love: For when we more than human homage pay, The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone,

And yet we murmur that he went so soon; Tho' miracles are short, and rarely shown.

Hear then, ye mournful Parents! and divide That love in many, which in one was ty'd. That individual blessing is no more, But multiply'd in your remaining store. The flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire; The sparkles blaze, tho' not the globe of fire. Love him by parts in all your num'rous race, And from those parts form one collected grace; Then, when you have refin'd to that degree, Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

#### VII.

# LORD HASTINGS.

 $\mathbf{M}_{\mathtt{UST}}$  noble Hastings immaturely die, The honour of this ancient family; Beauty and learning thus together meet, To bring a winding for a wedding sheet? Must virtue prove Death's harbinger? must she, With him expiring, feel mortality? Is death, sin's wages, grace's, now? shall art Make us more learned, only to depart? If merit be disease; if virtue, death; To be good, not to be; who'd then bequeath Himself to discipline? who'd not esteem Labour a crime? study self-murder deem? Our noble youth now have pretence to be Dunces securely, ign'rant healthfully. Rare linguist! whose worth speaks itself, whose praise.

Tho' not his own, all tongues besides do raise:
Than whom great Alexander may seem less,
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations spake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.

His native soil was the four parts o' th' earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apostle, and (with rev'rence may
I speak it,) inspir'd with gift of tongues, as they.

Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain Oft strive, by art tho' further'd, to obtain. His body was an orb, his sublime soul Did move on virtue's and on learning's pole; Whose reg'lar motions, better to our view Than Archimedes' sphere, the heav'ns did shew. 30 Graces and virtues, languages and arts, Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts. Heav'n's gifts, which do, like falling stars, appear Scatter'd in others; all, as in their sphere, Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul; and thence Shone thro' his body, with sweet influence; Letting their glories so on each limb fall, The whole frame render'd was celestial. Come. learned Ptolemy, and trial make, If thou this hero's altitude canst take: 40 But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all, Could we but prove thus astronomical. Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray which shone More bright i' th' morn, than others beam at noon, He'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere. Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these. Where was room left for such a foul disease? The nation's sin hath drawn that veil, which shroud Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds; Heav'n would no longer trust its pledge; but thus Recall'd it, rapt its Ganymede from us. Was there no milder way but the small-pox, The very filth'ness of Pandora's box?

So many spots, like neves on Venus' soil, One jewel set off with so many a foil: Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's flesh did Like rose-buds, stuck i' th' lily-skin about. Each little pimple had a sear in it. To wail the fault its rising did commit? 60 Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife. Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life. Or were these gems sent to adom his skin, The cab'net of a richer soul within? No comet need foretel his change drew on, Whose corpse might seem a constellation. O! had he dy'd of old, how great a strife Had been, who from his death should draw their life ?

Who shou'd, by one rich draught, become whate'er Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were? 70 Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this An universal metempsychosis.

Must all these aged sizes in one fun'rel
Expire? all die in one so young, so small?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had swoln 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
But hasty winter, with one blast, hath brought
The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, so
nought.

Thus fades the oak i' th' sprig; i' th' blade, the corn;

Thus, without young, this phoenix dies, newborn. 80 Must then old three-legg'd grey-beards, with their gout.

Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out? Time's offals, only fit for th' hospital!
Or to hang antiquaries' rooms withal!
Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning, live With such helps as broths, possets, physic give? None live but such as should die? shall we meet With none but ghostly fathers in the street? Grief makes me rail; sorrow will force its way, And show'rs of tears tempestuous sighs best lay. 90 The tongue may fail, but overflowing eyes Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.

But thou, O virgin-widow! left alone-Now thy belov'd, heav'n-ravish'd spouse, is gone, Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply Med'cines when thy balm was no remedy, With greater than Platonic love, O wed His soul, tho' not his body, to thy bed: Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth; Transcribe th' original in new copies; give Hastings o' th' better part; so shall he live In's nobler half; and the great grandsire be Of an heroic, divine progeny; An issue which t' eternity shall last, Yet but th' irradiations which he cast. Erect no mausoleums; for his best Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

#### VIII.

Upon young Master ROGERS of Gloucestershire.

Or gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure;
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race;
More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better state;
But, knowing heav'n his home, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

#### ıx.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL. Set to Music by Dr. BLOW.

MARK how the lark and linnet sing:
With rival notes
They strain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the spring.
But, in the close of night;
When Philomel begins her heav'nly lay;
They cease their mutual spite,
Drink in her music with delight,
And, list'ning, silently obey.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came; They sung no more, or only sung his fame:

VOL. IV. E

Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too soon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not Hell our Orpheus to restore:
Had he been there,
Their sov'reign's fear
Had sent him back before.
The pow'r of harmony too well they knew:
He, long ere this, had tun'd their jarring sphere,
And left no Hell below.

#### III.

The heav'nly choir, who heard his notes from high, Let down the scale of music from the sky: They handed him along;

And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung:

Ye brethren of the lyre and tuneful voice! Lament his lot, but at your own rejoice: Now live secure, and linger out your days; The gods are pless'd, alone, with Purcell's lays, Nor know to mend their choice.

## x.

## EPITAPH

On the lady whitmore.

FAIR, kind, and true! a treasure each alone, A wife, a mistress, and a friend, in one!

Bather they'd become. Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost, Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.

Come, Virgins! ere in equal bands ye join, Come first and offer at her sacred shrine; Pray but for half the virtues of this wife, Compound for all the rest, with longer life; And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd; So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

### XI. EPITAPH

On sir palmes fairbone's tomb in westminster-abbey.

Sacred to the immortal Memory of Sir PALMES
FAIRBONE, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in
Execution of which Command he was mortally
wounded by a Shot from the Moors, then besieging
the Town, in the forty-sixth Year of his Age,
October 24, 1680.

Y E sacred Relics! which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:
Discharge the trust which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
Alive, and dead, these walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue:

From thence returning with deserv'd applause,
Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he
draws;

The same the courage, and the same the cause. His youth and age, his life and death combine, As in some great and regular design, All of a piece throughout, and all divine. Still, nearer heav'n, his virtues shone more bright,

Like rising flames expanding in their height; The marty's glory crown'd the soldier's fight. More bravely, British general never fell; Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well; Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close, Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes. To his lamented loss for time to come, His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

XII.

On the Monument of a fair maiden Lady, who died at Bath, and is there interred.

Below this marble monument is laid
All that Heav'n wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, O sacred Tomb! thy trust consign'd;
The mould was made on purpose for the mind.
And she would lose, if at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious
grace,—

So faultless was the frame, as if the whole Had been an emanation of the soul: Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd. And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd,-Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light; Too piercing else, to be sustain'd by sight. Each thought was visible that roll'd within: As thro' a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen; And Heav'n did this transparent veil provide. Because she had no guilty thought to hide. All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies; For Marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dies.\* High tho' her wit, yet humble was her mind; As if she could not, or she would not find How much her worth transcended all her kind. Yet she had learn'd so much of heav'n below. That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know: But only to refresh the former hint, And read her Maker in a fairer print. So pious, as she had no time to spare For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r. Yet in such charities she pass'd the day, 'Twas wond'rous how she found an hour to pray. A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows, Which passion could but curl, not discompose. A female softness, with a manly mind; A daughter duteous, and a sister kind; In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

<sup>\*</sup> Dyes, probably, was intended. EDITOR.

### XIII. EPITAPH

On Mrs. MARGARET PASTON, of Burningham, in Norfolk.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age, in one, to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix\* without allay.
Heav'n's image was in her so well exprest,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

#### KIV.

On the Monument of the Marquis of WINCHESTER.

He who, in impious times, undaunted stood, And, 'midst rebellion, durst be just and good; Whose arms asserted,—and whose suff'rings more Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before; Rests here,—rewarded by an heav'nly prince, For what his earthly could not recompense. Pray, reader! that such times no more appear; Or, if they happen, learn true honour, here. Ask of this age's faith and loyalty, Which, to preserve them, Heav'n confin'd in thee.

<sup>\*</sup> The Editor proposes to read last.

Few subjects could a king like thine deserve; And fewer such a king so well could serve. Bless'd king! bless'd subject! whose exalted state By suff'rings rose; and gave the law to Fate. Such souls are rare; but mighty patterns giv'n To earth; and meant for ornaments to heav'n.

## EPITAPH.

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN'S WIFE.

HERE lies my wife: here let her lie! Now she's at rest; and so am J.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIGRAMMATIC LINES

Under MILTON'S Picture before Paradise Lost.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born, Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn. The first in loftiness of thought surpast; The next, in majesty; in both, the last. The force of Nature could no further go; To make a third, she join'd the former two-

## **EPIGRAM**

On the Duchess of PORTSMOUTH'S Picture.

Sure we do live by Cleopatra's age, Since Sunderland does govern now the stage: She of Septimius had nothing made; Pompey, alone, had been by her betray'd. Were she a poet, she would surely boast, That all the world for pearls had well been lost.

Description of old JACOB TONSON\*.

WITH leering look, bull-fac'd and freckled fair, With two left legs, with Judas-colour'd hair, And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.—

End of Dryden's Original Poetry.

<sup>\*</sup> On Tonson's refusing to give Dryden the price he asked for his Virgil, the Poet sent him the above; and added, "Tell him "that he who wrote them, can write more." The Money was paid.

# FABLES IN ENGLISH VERSE,

TRANSLATED FROM BOCCACE.

AND

MODERNIZED FROM CHAUCER.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

## PREFACE

# PREFIXED TO THE FABLES.

It is with a poet as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short of the expence he first intended: he alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me: I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge: yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palege he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's Iliads \*. (which I intended as an essay to the whole work) I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book

DRYDEN. VOL. IV. F

Digitized by Google

As Mr. Pope's celebrated translations of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey are given in the present edition of the English Poets, among Pope's Works; we deemed it proper to omit this fragment by Mr. D. of a projected version of the Iliad which he never was encouraged to complete. With a strong impression of the tantalising effect from imperfect translations, we also omit, Aere, Mr. D.'s version of detached books in Ovid, which may be found in an entire translation of Ovid composed of the joint labors of Dryden, Garth, Sewel, and others, printed of an uniform size to the present work.

of Ovid's Metamorphoses, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war: here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not balk them. When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book (which is the master-piece of the whole Metamorphoses), that I enjoined myself the pleasing task of rendeving it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my of Ovid's Metamorphoses, because it contains, casion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books: there occurred to he the hunting of the boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured story of Baucis and Philemon, with the rest, which I hope I have transland closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet: he who has arrived the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenser and Pairfax both flourished in the reign of queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language; and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers, than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we

have our lineal descents and class, as well as other families: Spenser more than once insinuates, that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body; and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me, that Spenser was his original; and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own. that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloign, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax. But to return: having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old English poet Chaucer in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them: and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honor of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the Canterbury tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made hetwish them, by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him. Or if I seem partial to my countryman, and prodecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few; and, besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declared patrons. Perhaps & have assumed somewhat more to myself than they F 2

allow me: because I have adventured to sum up the evidence: but, the readers are the jury; and their privilege remains entire to decide according to the merits of the cause, or if, they please, to bring it to another hearing, before some other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my discourse (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connexion) so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose and many works in verse; particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at less assume the title of, Heroic Poets: he and Chaueer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch. But the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue; though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provençall, which was then the most polished of all the mo-

dern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own; which whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horseback before some ladies when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my kimbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine I think myself as visual to the facel in the property of the second state. gorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to chuse or to reject; to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practised both that they are grown into

a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old geatleman's excuse; yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness: they who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them; and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges, as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better?

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this discourse: in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing which savours of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency: if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be

staved or forfeited, like contraband goods; at least let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavoured to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain any thing which shocks religion, or good-manners, they are at best, what Horace says of good numbers without good sense, " Versus inopes rerum, nugaque canoræ." Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing my other right of selfdefence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my sense wire-drawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading against the stage; in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thread of my discourse with the first of my translation, which was the first Iliad of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole Ilias; provided still that I

meet with those encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world before-hand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil; (though I say not the translation will be less laborious;) for the Grecian is more according to my genius, than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners, and na-tural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words: Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties, both of numbers and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him: Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined: so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry: for nothing can be more evident, than that the Roman poem is but the second part of the Ilias; a continuation of the same story; and the persons already formed: the man-ners of Æneas are those of Hector superadded to those which Homer gave him. The Adventures of Ulysses in the Odysseis are imitated in the first six Books of Virgil's Æneis: and though the accidents are not the same (which would have argued him of a servile copying, and total barrenness of invention) yet the seas were the same, in which both the heroes

wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty Iliads contracted: a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly said in his just praise: for his Episodes are almost wholly of his own invention; and the form, which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design: and if invention be the first virtue of an Epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald translation of the Ilias, (studying poetry as he did mathematicks, when it was too late, Mr. Hobbes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an Epic poem consists in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers: now, the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of nature is last to be considered. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much it wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the first beauties that arise. and strike the sight; but if the

draught be false or lame, the figures ill-disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their several ways, is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design, as in the execution of it. The very heros shew their authors; Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, " Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, &c." Aneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies: ever submissive to the will of heaven, " quo fata trabut, retrahuntque, sequamur." I could please mysek with enlarging on this subject, but I am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said, I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing so the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. It is the same difference which Longinus makes betwirt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen;) but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I must confess, is more suitable tomy temper; and therefore I have translated his first book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil: but it was not a pleasure without pains: the continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwise the heats; the Iliad of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer; considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue: from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike: both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings, it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same; philosophy, and philology. Both of them were knowing in astronomy, of which Ovid's books





of the Roman feasts, and Chaucer's treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient witnesses. But Chancer was likewise an astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness: neither were great inventors: for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian. contemporaries, or their predecessors. Boccace's Decameron was first published; and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his Canterbury tales; yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by some Italian wit, in a former age; as I shall prove hereafter: the tale of Grizild was the invention of Petrarch; by him sent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Cressida was also written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him : but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, who love to be in debt; are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honest Montaigne, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and

Digitized by Google

Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as The Wife of Bath's Tale, The Cock and the Fox, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners, under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits: for an example, I see Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the Canterbury tales, their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark: yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light; which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be considered in the comparison of the two poets; and I have saved myself one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian; Chaucer, in the dawning of our language: therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid; or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are manners, under which name I comprehend the Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a post not to be defended in our poet,

DRYDEN. VOL. IV. G

because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered: and they are to be measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad, for preferring the Englishman to the Roman : yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire, are not only glittering trifles. and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of "inopem me copia fecit," and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death! This is John Littlewit in Bartholemew Fair, who had a as John Littlewit in Darinoiemew rair, who mad a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavour to raise pity; but, instead of this, Oxid a tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines, when he was moving you to commiscrate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursait of it : yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from possession, by being so near, and a thousand such bovisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They, who think otherwise, would, by the same reason, prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets; they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and followed nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the design nor the disposition of it; because the design was not their own; and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of Eng-

lish poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all subjects: as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept, like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweatmeats, for boys and women; but little of solid meat, for men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discening the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer: and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth: for, as my last lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, 'Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer followed nature every where; but was

never so bold to go beyond her: and there is a great difference of being Poeta and nimis Poeta, if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was 'auribus istius temporis accommodata:" they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it. which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him: for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse, which we call Heroic, was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children

before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace: even, after Chaucer, there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax-before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes; they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad, and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the Commons; and being brother-inlaw to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth, when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity.

Digitized by Google

As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his Canterbury tales: neither has his contemporary Boccace spared them. Yet both those poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders: for the scandal which is given by particular priests, reflects not on the sacred function. Chau-cer's Monk, his Canon, and his Friar, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satyrical poet, is the check of the laymen, on bad priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarsely used: for the corruption of the best—becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured; if he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander; and it is at the poet's peril, if he has transgressed the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing dishonoured, when a peer suffers for his tyeafrom the character of his Good Parson. A saty-

son? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his 'Scandalum Magnatum' to punish the offender. They, who use this kind of argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash; and are less concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in some sort parties: for, since they say the honor of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not: but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance, betwixt a king of England and an archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the Laws of his land, and the other for the honor (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murther of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labor of innious Dr. Drake has saved me the labor of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him.

\* Prior last!, is justification sufficient in the Civil w. If I answer him in his own language, selfence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if

Digitized by Google

I carry it farther, even to a sharp recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure, reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the good parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while. I take up another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his Canterbury tales, the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such

as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing Lady-Prioress, and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's pleaty. We have our fore-fathers and great granddames all before us, as they were in Chancer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Canons, and lady Abbesses, and Nuns: for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though every thing is altered. May I have leave to do myself the justice, (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man;) may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct,

the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchants, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good-manners: I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledg-If any thing of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. 'Totum hoc-' indictum volo.' Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad-speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the Canterbury tales, thus excuses the ribaldry which is very gross in many of his novels.

But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrette it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tele after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye, as ever he can:
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:
He may not spare, although he were his brother,
He may not spare, although he were his brother,
He mate as well say o word as another.

Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ, And well I wote no villany is it, Ele Plato saith, who so can him rede, The words mote been cousin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard; I know not what answer they could have made: for that reason, such tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English: as for example, these two lines, in the description of the carpenter's young wife:

Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt, Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt,

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was

of that opinion; who, having read him over at my lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author: but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator; and being shocked perhaps with his old stile, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must first be polished, ere he shines. I deny not likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece: but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot. like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough But there are more great wits besides Chaucer. whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill-sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed farther, in some places; and added somewhat of my own, where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be permitted to say it of myself) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chancer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press: let this example suffice at present; in the story of Palamon and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is described, you find these verses, in all the editions of our author:

There saw I Danè turned into a tree, I mean not the goddess Diane, But Venus' daughter, which that hight Danè:

Which after a little consideration I knew was to be reformed into this sense, that Daphne the daughter of Peneus was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourn should arise, and say, I varied from my author, because I understood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion; and much of the beauty of his

thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person, whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it some years before his death) and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure:

- Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere; cadentque, Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula; si volet usus,
- · Quem penès arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

When an ancient word, for its sound and signifi-cancy, deserves to be revived, I have that reason-able veneration for antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; customs are changed; and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant that something must

be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with less profit and no pleasure. It is not for the use of some old Saxon friends, that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places, I give to others which had them not originally: but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of In sum, I seriously protest, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer, than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge,

that I could have done nothing without him: " Facile est inventis addere," is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France. has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same god of poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal (for how she should come to understand old English I know not). But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and me-mory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, it is extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies: both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry,

the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that those of Boc-cace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled: so that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word: and therefore I will set two of their discourses on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwirt I translated Chaucer first, and, among the rest, pitched, on the Wife of Bath's tale; not, daring, as I have said, to adventure on her prologue, because it is too licentious; there Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to. marry, and consequently loathed her: the crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his aversion, endeavours to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and by this time had so far forgotten the wife of Bath's tale, that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood, and titles, in the story of Sigismunda; which I had certainly avoided for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the réader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the Epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Æneis: the story is more pleasing than either of them; the manners, as perfect; the diction, as poetical; the learning, as deep and various; and the disposition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honor of our nation, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own; but I was undeceived by Boccace; for casually looking on the end of his

seventh Giornata, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself) and Fiametta (who represents his mistress, the natural daughter of Robert king of Naples) of whom these words are spoken, " Dioneo e la Fiametta granpezza conta-" rono insieme d' Arcita, e di Palamone :" by which it appears that this story was written before the time of Boccace: but the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties, by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provencals, called The Flower and the Leaf; with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself: not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one Milbourn, and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice, that such men there are who have written scurrilously against me, without any provocation. Milbourn, who is in Orders, pretends amongst the rest this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I contemn him

too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If (as they say, he has declared in print) he prefers the version of Ogilby to mine. the world has made him the same compliment: for it is agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby: that, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot Milbourn bring about? I am satisfied however, that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me: but upon my honest word I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. It is true, I should be glad, if I could persuade It is true, I should be glad, if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on any thing of mine: for I find by experience he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry; but nobody will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the church (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts) I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice by writing libels on my parishioners. But his account of my manners and my principles, are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry: and so I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Absalom and Achithophel, which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead: and therefore peace be to the Manes of his Arthurs. I will only say, that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an Epic poem on king Arthur, in my preface to the translation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, wheu they were thrown before him by Entellus. Yet from that preface he plainly sook his hint: for he began immediately upon the story; though he had the baseness, not to acknowledge his benefactor; but instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality; and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove,

that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses; and interpreted my words into blasphemy and baudry, of which they were not guilty; besides that he is too much given to horseplay in his raillery; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say, The zeal of God's house has eaten him; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good-manners and civility. It might also be doubted whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays; a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes; whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices, which without their interpretation had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged, impartially, betwixt the former age and us.

There is more baudry in one play of Fletcher's, called The Custom of the Country, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to pre-

indice the cause of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence : they have some of them answered for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy. that we should shun him. He has lost ground at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the prince of Condé at the battle of Senneph; from immoral plays, to no plays; " ab abusu ad " usum, non valet consequentia." But being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourn are only distinguished from the crowd, by being remembered to their infamy.

<sup>——&</sup>quot; Demetri, Teque Tigelli
" Discipulorum inter jubco plorare cathedras."

## TALES

FROM

CHAUCER.

#### TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND,
WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM OF

### PALAMON AND ARCITE.

MADAM,

THE bard who first adorn'd our native tongue, Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song; Which Homer might, without a blush, rehearse, And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse: He match'd their beauties, where they most excel; Of love sang better: and of arms, as well.

Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold What power the charms of beauty had of old; Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done, Inspir'd by two fair eyes that sparkled like your own.

If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest nymph before his eyes he set;
And, then, the fairest was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made their prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes:
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest order gave the name.

Like her, of equal kindred to the throne, You keep her conquests, and extend your own: 20 As when the stars in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place,
From the same point of heaven their course advance.

And move in measures of their former dance;
Thus, after length of ages, She returns,
Restor'd in You, and the same place adorns;
Or You perform her office in the sphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new platonic year.
O true Plantagenet! O race divine!
(For beauty, still, is fatal \* to the line,)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conquering Theseus from his side had sent
Your generous lord, to guide the Theban government.

Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see

A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.

Already have the Fates your path prepar'd; 40 And sure presage, your future sway declar'd: When westward, like the sun, you took your way, And from benighted Britain bore the day; Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore; The ready Nereids heard, and swam before To smooth the seas; a soft Etesian gale But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the sail;

<sup>\*</sup> The Editor would read fated, i. e. decreed by fate.

Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand Heav'd up his lighten'd keel, and sunk the sand, And steer'd the sacred vessel safe to land. 50 The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way, Projected out a neck, and jutted to the sea. Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador'd In you, the pledge of her expected lord; Due to her isle; a venerable name; (His father and his grandsire known to fame:) Aw'd by that house, accustom'd to command, The sturdy Kerns in due subjection stand; Nor bear the reigns in any foreign hand.

At your approach, they crouded to the port; 60 And, scarcely landed, you create a court: As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run; For Venus is the promise of the sun. The waste of civil wars-their towns destroy'd-Pales unhonour'd-Ceres unemploy'd-Were, all, forgot; and one triumphant day Wip'd all the the tears of three campaigns away. Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought; So mighty recompense your beauty brought. As when the dove returning bore the mark Of earth restor'd to the long labouring ark, The relicks of mankind, secure of rest, Ope'd every window to receive the guest, And the fair bearer of the message blest; So, when you came, with loud repeated cries, The nation took an omen from your eyes; And God advanc'd his rainbow in the skies.

To sign inviolable peace restor'd: The saints, with solemn shouts, proclaim'd the new accord.

80 When, at your second coming, you appear, (For I foretel that millenary year,) The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more, But earth unbidden shall produce her store; The land shall laugh; the circling ocean, smile; And heaven's indulgence, bless the holy isle. Heaven, from all ages, has reserv'd, for you, That happy clime which venom never knew: Or if it had been there, your eyes alone Have power to chase all poison, but their own.

Now in this interval, which fate has cast Betwixt your future glories, and your past, This pause of pow'r, 'tis Ireland's hour to moun: While England celebrates your safe return: By which you seem the seasons to command, And bring our summers back to their forsaken

land.

The vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend, ) Till the fair blessing we vouchase to send; Nor can we spare you long, though often we may lend.

The dove was twice employ'd abroad, before The world was dry'd, and she return'd no more.

Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger, New from her sickness, to that northern air: Rest here a while your lustre to restore, That they may see you, as you shone before; For yet, th' eclipse not wholly past, you wade Through some remains, and dimness of a shade.

A subject, in his prince, may claim a right, Nor suffer him, with strength impair'd, to fight; Till force returns, his ardor we restrain, And curb his warlike wish to cross the main. 110

Now past the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' inquiry—where disease could enter in?
How those malignant atoms forc'd their way?
What in the faultless frame they found to make
their prey?

Where every element was weigh'd so well, That heaven alone, who mix'd the mass, could tell

Which of the four ingredients could rebel; And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage, A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.

And yet the fine materials made it weak; 120 Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
E'en to your breast the sickness durst aspire;
And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely set the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord like young Vespasian mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn'd:
And I prepar'd to pay in verses rude
A most detested act of gratitude:
Ev'n this had been your elegy, which now
129
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.
Your angel sure our Morley's mind inspir'd,
To find the remedy your ill requir'd;

As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee:
Or, Heav'n, which had such over-cost bestow'd,
As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew,
To save the charges of another you.
Or, by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good appear,
Well worth a miracle to keep you here: 141
And for that end, preserv'd the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated, in his better mind,
An heir from you, who may redeem the failing

Blest be the power which has at once restor'd The hopes of lost succession to your lord!

Joy to the first and and last of each degree;

Virtue, to courts; and, (what I long'd to see,)

To you, the Graces; and the Muse, to me. 150

O Daughter of the Rose! whose cheeks unite The differing titles of the red and white; Who heav'n's alternate beauty well display, The blush of morning, and the milky way; Whose face is paradise, but fene'd from sin; For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.

All is your lord's alone; e'en absent, he Employs the care of chaste Penelope. 158 For him you waste in tears your widow'd hours, For him your curious needle paints the flowers;

### TO THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND. 109

Such works, of old, Imperial dames were taught; Such, for Ascanius, fair Elisa wrought.

The soft recesses of your hours improve The three fair pledges of your happy love; All other parts of pious duty done, You owe your Ormond nothing but a son; To fill, in future times, his father's place, And wear the garter of his mother's race,

168

### [ 110 ]

# PALAMON AND ARCITE.

OR.

#### THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

#### BOOK I.

In days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince; and Theseus was his name:
A chief who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising, nor the setting sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove;
Whom, first, by force he conquer'd; then, by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honour, to his home let Theseus ride,
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide;
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the
way:

But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
The female army and th' Athenian host;
20
The spousals of Hippolita the queen;
'hat tilts and tourneys at the feast were seen;

Digitized by Google

The storm at their teturn, the ladies fear:
But these, and other things, I must forbear.
The field is spatious I design to sow,
With onen far unfit to draw the plow:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host:
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper, at our common cost.
And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true.

This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town;
When in his pomp, and utmost of his pride,
Marching, he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a quire of mourning dames, who lay,
By two and two, across the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping, and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
"Tell me," said Theseus, "what and whence

"Tell me," said Theseus, "what and whence you are,

"And why this funeral pageant you prepare?

" Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,

" To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds? 50

" Or envy you my praise, and would destroy " With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy? " Or are you injur'd, and demand relief? "Name your request, and I will ease your grief." The most in years of all the mourning train 55 Began (but swooned first away for pain); Then, scarce recover'd, spoke: " Nor envy we "Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory; "Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress, " And fame has fill'd the world with thy success: "We wretched women sue for that alone "Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none; " Let fall some drops of pity on our grief, " If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief: " For none of us, who now thy grace implore, 65 " But held the rank of sovereign queen before; "Till, thanks to giddy chance, which never bears, "That mortal bliss should last for length of years, "She cast us headlong from our high estate: " And here in hope of thy return we wait; "And long have waited in the temple nigh. " Built to the gracious goddess Clemency. 44 But reverence thou the power whose name it bears. " Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears. " I, wretched I, have other fortune seen, 75 "The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen: " At Thebes he fell; curst be the fatal day!

44. And all the rest thou seest, in this array

"To make their moan, their lords, in battle, lost "Before that town, besieg'd by our confederate host:

" But Creon, old and impious, who commands

"The Theban city, and usurps the lands,

" Denies the rites of funeral fires to those

"Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes."

"Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie;

" Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;

" No friend has leave to bear away the dead,

" But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed :"-At this she shriek'd aloud: the mournful train Echo'd her grief; and, grov'ling on the plain, 90 With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind, Besought his pity to their helpless kind !

The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow; And, as his tender heart would break in two, He sigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore, 95 So wretched now, so fortunate before. Then lightly from his lefty steed he flew, And, raising, one by one, the suppliant crew, To comfort each, full solemnly he swore, That by the faith which knights to knighthood

bore. 100

And what e'er else to chivalry belongs.

4 He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs:

" That Greece should see perform'd what he declar'ds

And cruel Creon find his just reward?

He said no more; but, shunning all delay, 105 Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way:

But left his sister and his queen behind, And wav'd his rough because in the wind: Where, in an argent field, the god of war Was drawn trintophent on his iron car; 110 Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attise, And all the godheed seemed to glow with fire ; E'en the ground glissor'd where the standard flew, And the green gress was dy'd to anguine hue. High on his painted hone, his pennon hone His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur: The soldiers shout around with generates rage, And, in that victory, their own pressee, He prais'd their ardone s inly pleas'd to one His host the flow'r of Greeina chivalry. 120 All day he march's; and all the enturing might a And saw the city with resuming light. The process of the war I seed not tall, How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creen fell: Or after, how by stores the walls were wan. 125 Or how the victor each'd and burn'd the easyn t How so the ladies he sester'd again. The bodies of their lords in tattle slain : And with what assessed sites they were intered to All these to fitter times shall be deferred a I spare the widows' com, their woofel erica, And howling at their husbands obscruies; How Theseus at those funerals did assist. And with what gifts the meanning dames dismined Thus when the victor chief had Caron slain, And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain

His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hundets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to repine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead. 140
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load
oppress'd

Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent, The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument. Both fair, and both of stoyal blood they seem'd, Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd; That day, in equal arms, they fought for fame; Their sworth, their shields, their success, were the same.

Close by each other laid, they preed the ground, Their manly bosoms pieru'd with many a grissly wound;

Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wandering breath was on the wing to part;
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart.
These two were sisters' sons; and Arcine one, 155
Much fam'd in fields, with valuant Palatnen.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent;
Whom, known of Creon's line, and cur'd with
care,

He to his city sent, as prin'ners of the war, 160 Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to liè. In durance, doom'd a lingering death to die.



l, ٠, lew: 1 195 ·, : 199 ing. ide, 205 he neath. , 211 y: wn³d nan**d.** knew

1eight

This done, he march'd away with warlike sound, And to his Athens turn'd, with laurels crown'd; Where happy, long, he liv'd; much low'd, and more renown'd.

But in a tow'r, and never to be loos'd, The woeful, captive kinsmen are inclos'd:

Thus year by year they pass, and day by day;
Till once, ('twas on the morn of cheerful May,)
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen 170
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
(For with the rosy colour strove her hue,)
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly May: 175
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard
sleep;

Each gentle breast, with kindly warmth, she moves; Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves. In this remembrance Emily ere day

Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;

Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair;

Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:

A ribband did the braided tresses bind,

The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind:

Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,

And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light;

When to the garden walk she took her way,

To sport and trip along in cool of day,

And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.

At every turn, she made a little stand, And thrust, among the thorns, her lily hand, To draw the rose; and, every rose she drew, She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew: Then party-colour'd flow'rs of white and red 195 She wove, to make a garland for her head: This done, she sung and carolid out so clear. That men and angels might rejoice to hear: Ev'n wondering Philomel forgot to sing ; And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring. The tow'r of which before was mention made. Within whose keep the captive knights were laid, Built of a large extent, and strong withal, Was one partition of the palace wall: The garden was inclosed within the square, Where young Emilia took the morning-air.

It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight, Rostless from woe, a arose before the light, And with his jaylor's leave desir'd to breathe An air more wholesome than the damps beneath. This granted, to the tow'r he took his way, 211 Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day; Then cast a languishing regard around, And, saw with hateful eyes, the temples crown'd With golden spires, and all the hostile ground. He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew 'Twas but a larger gaol he had in view: Then look'd below, and from the castle's height Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight:

<sup>\*</sup> For woe in the copies.

The garden, which before he had not seen, 220 Iu springs new livery clad of white and green, Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks

between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn, 225
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars that gave a scanty light: 230
But e'en that glimmering serv'd him to descry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.

Scarce had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden

smart,

Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart; Struck blind with over-powering light he stood, 23a Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.

Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste, To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd; And ask'd him, 'why he look'd so deadly wan, 'And whence and how his change of cheer began? 240 Or who had done th' offence.' "But if," aid "Your grief alone is hard captivity; [he,

" For love of heaven, with patience undergo

"A curseless ill, since fate will have it so:
"So stood our horoscope—in chains to lie,— 245
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,

•

## Book I. PALAMON AND ARCITE.

66 Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth, When all the friendly stars were under earth : "Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done; 16 And better bear like men, than vainly seek to " shun." " Nor of my bonds," said Palamon again, Nor of unhappy planets I complain; "But when my mortal anguish caus'd my cry, "That moment I was hurt through either eye; " Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away, 255 " And perish with insensible decay: A glance of some new goddess gave the wound, " Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found. 44 Look how she walks along you shady space, 44 Not Juno moves with more majestic grace; 44 And all the Cyprian queen is in her face, 44 If thou art Venus, (for thy charms confess 14 That face was form'd in heav'n, nor art thou " less : " Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape,) 6 Ohelp us captives from our chains to scape; 265 "But if our doom be past in honds to lie 44 For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die, 15. Then be thy wrath appear'd with our disgrace. 44 And shew compassion to the Theban race,

Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound?

" spoke,

46 Oppress'd by tyrant power!" While yet he

270

So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more: 275
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
"The beauty I behold has struck me dead:

44 Unknowingly she strikes; and kills by chance;

"Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance.

"O, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move 28"
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love."

Thus, Arcite:—and thus Palamon replies;
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes;)
"Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein?"
"Jesting," said Arcite, "suits but ill with pain."
"It suits far worse" (said Palamon again, 286)
And bent his brows) "with men who honour
"weigh,

"Their faith to break, their friendship to berry; But worst, with thee, of noble lineage born,

My kinsman, and, in arms, my brother sworn. 290

" Have we not plighted each our holy oath,

"That one should be the common good of both;
"One soul should both inspire, and neither prove

"His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?

"To this before the Gods we gave our hands, 295

44 And nothing but our death can break the bands.

"This binds thee, then, to further my design:

" As I am bound by vow to further thine:

Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the plan "Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain, 300

"Since thou art of my council, and the friend

" Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend t

- 44 And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
- " Much rather than release would choose to die?
  " But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain 305
- "Thy bad pretence; I told thee first my pain:
- " For first my love began ere thine was born;
- 16 Thou, as my council, and my brother sworn,
- " Art bound t' assist my eldership of right:
- "Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight." 310
  Thus, Palamon:—but Arcite with disdain
  - In haughty language thus reply'd again;
  - " Forsworn thyself! the traitor's odious name
  - " I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
  - " If love be passion, and that passion nurst 315
  - "With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
  - " Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
  - "To worship, and a pow'r celestial nam'd!
  - "Thine was devotion to the blest above,
  - " I saw the woman, and desir'd her love; 320
  - " First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
  - 65 Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.
  - " Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
  - " A moment elder than my rival fire;
- . " Can chance of seeing first thy title prove? 325
  - "And know'st thou not, no law is made for
  - " Law is to things which to free choice relate;
  - "Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
  - 14 Laws are but positive; love's pow'r, we see,
  - 14 Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree. 330

- " Each day we break the bond of human laws
- " For love, and vindicate the common cause.
- \* Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
- "Love throws the sences down, and makes a general
  - " Maide, widews, wives, without distinction fall;
- "The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers
  "ail. 336
- " If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
- " I keep the greater, while I break the less,
- "And both are mad alike, since neither can
- <sup>95</sup> Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more 340
- "To see the sun, but as he passes o'er:"-

Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone, Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone: The fruitless fight continued all the day;

A cur came by, and match'd the prize away: - 345

- " As courtiers therefore justle for a grant,
- " And when they break their frientiship plead their
- " So thou, if fortune will thy suit advance,
- " Love on, not envy me my equal chance:
- " For I must love, and am resolved to try 350
- " My fate, or failing in th' adventure die."

Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd, Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd: Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand; But when they met, they made a surly stand; 355 And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd, And wish'd that every look might be their last,

It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend: Their love in early infancy began, 360 And rose as childhood ripen'd into man. Companions of the war; and lov'd so well. That when one dy'd, as ancient stories tell, His fellow to redeem him went to hell.

But to pursue my tale: to welcome home His warlike brother, is Pirithous come: Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since, And henour'd by this young Thessalian prince. Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,

Who made our Arcite's freedom his request, 370 Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,

But on these hard conditions I recite: That if hereafter Arcite should be found

Within the compass of Athenian ground,

By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,

' His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.'

To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,

And on his promise was the prisoner freed. Unpleas'd and pensive, hence he takes his way,

At his own peril: for his life must pay. 380 Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate. Finds his dear \* purchase, and repents too late? "What have I gain'd," said he, " in prison pont,

"If I but change my bonds for banishment?

a Boad dear his.

- 44 And, banish'd from her sight, I suffer more 385
- " In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
- " Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to " live !
- "Unwelcome freedom! and unthank'd reprieve!
- " Heav'n is not, but where Emily abides;
- 44 And where she is absent, all is hell besides, 390
- " Next to my day of birth, was that accurst.
- "Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first:
- es Had I not known that prince, I still had been
- "In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:
- " For though I never can her grace deserve, 395
- "Tis recompence enough—to see, and serve.
- "O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
- " How much more happy fates thy love attend!
  - "Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory: 399
  - "Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
  - Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes;
  - "In prison?-no; but blissful paradise !
  - "Thou daily seest the sun of beauty shine."
  - "And lov'st at least in love's extremest line."
  - "I mourn, in absence, love's eternal night 405
  - "And who can tell but since thou hast her sight
  - " And art a comely, young, and valuant knight,
  - "Fortune (a various pow'r) may cease to frown,
  - "And, by some ways unknown, thy wishes crown?

  - " But I, the most forlors of human kind.
  - " Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
  - er But, doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
  - " For my reward must end it in despair.

- " Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of Fates " That governs all, and Heav'n that all creates, 415 " Nor art, nor nature's hand can ease my grief; " Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief: "Then farewel youth, and all the joys that dwell "With youth and life; and life, itself, farewel. . " But why, alas! do mortal men in vain 420"
- " Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain? "God gives us what he knows our wants require,
- " And better things than those which we desire; 44 Some pray for riches; riches they obtain; ...
- "But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are 44 albin •
- "Some pray from prison to be freed; and come, "When guilty of their vows, to fall at home-
- " Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
- " A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
- 46 Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
- Because we know not for what things to pray.
- "Like drunken sots about the street we roam: 432
- " Well knows the sot he has a certain home:
- "Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place!
- "And blunders on, and staggers every pace. 435
- "Thus all seek happiness; but few can find;
- "For far the greater part of men are blind.
  "This is my case, who thought our utmost good
- Was in one word of freedom understood:
- "The fatal blessing came: from prison free, 440"
- 44 I starve absord, and lose the sight of Emily." VOL. IV.

Thus, Arcite: but if Arcite thus deplote
His suff rings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous
mosa:
445

He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground; The hollow tow'r, with clamours, rings around: With bring tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet, And, dropp'd all o'er with agony of sweat.

- " Alas!" he cry'd, " I, wretch ! in prison pine,
- " Too happy rival! while the fruit is thine: 451
- "Thou livest at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
- " Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
- "Thou mayet, (since thou hast youth and courage "join'd,
- "A sweet behaviour, and a solid mind,) 45
- " Assemble ours, and all the Thoban race,"
- "To vindicate on Athens thy disgrate;
- " And after, by some treaty made, possess-
- " Fair Emily, the pleage of lasting peace.
- " So thine shall be the beautoons prime; while I
- " Must languish in despair; in prison, die. 461
- "Thus all th' advantage of the strife is thine;
- "Thy portion, double joys; and double seems; "
  " mine."

The rage of Jealousy then fir'd his spul,
And his face kindled, like a burning coals
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glosving red.

His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins, Like water which the freezing wind constrains. Then thus he said: " Eternal Deities !

"Who role the world with absolute decrees.

And write whatever time shall bring to pass.

" With pens of adament, on plates of brass;

46 What is the race of humankind Your care

"Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are? 475

" He, with the rest, is liable to pain,

44 And, like the sheep his brother-beast, is slain.

44 Cold, hanger, prisons, ills without a cure.

"All these he must, and, guiltless oft, endure:

44 Or does your justice, pow'r, or prescience fail,

44 When the good suffer, and the bad prevail? 481

What werse to wretched virtue could befal.

44 If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?

45 Nav. wome, than other beasts, is our estate:

"Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create ; 485 We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will t

MANNE And, vour commands, not our desires, fulfil; 44 Then, when the creature is unjustly slain,

44 Yet after death at least he feels no pain:

84 But man, in life surcharg'd with woe, before, 490

44 Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.

46 A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;

44 An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller :---44 The man lies murder'd; while the thief and

" snake.

es One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake. L 2

"This let divines decide: but well I know. "Just or unjust, I have my share of woe.

"Through Saturn, seated in a luckless place.

" And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;

"Or Mars and Venus, in a quartil, move 500

" My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love."

Let Palamon, oppress'd, in bondage mourn, While to his exil'd rival we return. By this, the sun, declining from his height. The day had shorten'd, to prolong the night: 505 The lengthen'd night gave length of misery. Both to the captive lover, and the free; For Palamon in endless prison mourns, And Arcite forfeits life if he returns: The banish'd never hopes his love to see. 510 Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty: Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains: One sees his love, but cannot break his chains: One free, and all his motions uncontrol'd. Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would behold. 515

Judge as you please; for I will haste to tell What fortune to the banish'd knight befel. When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again, The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain; What could be worse, than never more to see 520 His life, his soul, his charming Emily? He rav'd with all the madness of despair, He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.

Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears, For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears: 525 His eve-balls in their hollow sockets sink. Bereft of sleep, he loaths his meat and drink. He withers at his heart, and looks as wan As the pale spectre of a murder'd man: That pale turns yellow; and his face receives 530 The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves: In solitary groves he makes his moan, Walks early out, and ever is alone: Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares, But sighs when songs and instruments he hears. 535 His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd; He hears as from afar, or in a swound, Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound a Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire, Unlike the trim of love and gay desire: 540 But full of museful mopings, which presage The loss of reason, and conclude in rage. This when he had endur'd a year and more, Now wholly chang'd from what he was before, It happen'd once, that, slumbering as he lay, 545 He dream'd (his dream began at break of day) That Hermes o'er his head, in air, appear'd, And, with soft words, his drooping spirits chear'd: His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the God, And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling 55Ō red:

On Argus' head he laid the maky wand.

"Arise," he said, "to conquering Athens go,
"There fate appoints an end to all thy woe."
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start, 555
Against his bosom hounc'd his heaving heart:
But soon he said; with scarce-recover'd breath;
"And thither will I go, to meet my death,
"Sure to be slain: but death is my desire,
"Since in Emilia's sight I shall expire."
By chance he spy'd a mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wondering, he saw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he
knew.

A sudden thought then starting in his mind—565
"Since I, in Arcite, cannot Arcite find,

"The world may search, in vain, with all their eyes,

"Hut never penetrate through this disguise."
Thanks to the change which grief and sickness
"In low estate, I may securely give, 570 [give!
"And see, unknown, my mistress, day by day."
He said: and cloth'd himself in coarse array,
A lab'ring hind in shew; then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian tow'rs his journey bent:
One squire attended in the same disguise,
Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:
Proff'ring for hire his service at the gate,
Tg drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.

So fair befel him, that for little gain He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain ; And, watchful all advantages to spy, Was still at hand, and in his master's eye; And as his bones were big, and sinews strong, 585 Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong: But from deep wells with engines water drew, And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew. He pass'd a year at least, attending thus On Emily, and call'd Philostratus. But never was there man of his degree So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he. So gentle of condition was he known, That, through the court, his courtesy was blown: All think him worthy of a greater place, 595 And recommend him to the royal grace : That, exercis'd within a higher sphere, His virtues more conspicuous might appear. Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd, And, by great Theseus, to high favor rais'd: 600 Among his menial servants, first, enroll'd, And largely entertain'd with sums of gold: Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent, Of his own income, and his annual rent : This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame, But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came. 606 Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase, In arms, of honor; and, esteem, in peace; To Theseus' person he was ever near; And Theseus for his virtues held him dear. 610. End of the First Book.

Digitized by Google

## PALAMON AND ARCITE;

OZ,

## THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

## BOOK II.

While Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns.
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and scartely seen the light?
Lost liberty and love, at once, he bore:
His prison pain'd him much; his passion, more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.

But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the sun,
Were it by chance, or forceful destiny,
Which forms, in causes first, whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant bev'rage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey mix'd, with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught;
And snor'd secure till morn his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising sun.

Digitized by Google

A thick-spread forest near the city lay, To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way; (For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).25 Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light, Till the brown shadows of the friendly night, To Thebes, might favor his intended flight. When to his country come, his next design Was all the Theban race in arms to join, 30 And war on Theseus-till he lost his life, Or won the beauteous Emily to wife. Thus while his thoughts the ling'ring day beguile, To gentle Arcite let us turn our style; Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care, 35 Till treacherous fortune caught him in the snare. The morning-lack, the messenger of day, Saluted in her song the morning grey: And soon the sun arose with beams so bright, That all th' horizon laugh'd, to see the joyous sight: 40 He with his tepid rays the rose renews, And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews. When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay Observance to the month of merry May:

And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews.

When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay

Observance to the month of merry May;

Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,

That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:

At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,

Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,

The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,

A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair; 50

Then turn'd his face against the rising day, And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May. " For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries " WEST.

" If not the first, the fairest of the year;

" For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours, 55

"And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
"When thy short reign is past, the few rish san

14 The sultry Tropic fears, and moves more slowly

"So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight, fon.

" Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite, 60

" As thou shalt guide my wandering feet to find

"The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."

His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd, ) Till Fate or Fortune, near the place convey'd His steps where, secret, Palamon was laid. Full little thought of him the gentle knight, Who flying death had there conceal'd his flight. In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mortal sight;

And less he knew him for his hated foe, But fear'd him as a man he did not know. But as it has been said of ancient years, That fields are full of eyes, and woods have east; For this the wise are ever on their guard, For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd. Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone, 75 And less than all suspected Palamon, Who list ning heard him, while he search'd the And loudly sung his roundelay of love:

96

But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood, As lovers often muse, and change their mood; 80 Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell; Now up, now down, as buckets in a well: For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer, And seldom shall we see a Friday clear. Thus Arcite, having sung, with alter'd hue 85 Sunk on the ground, and, from his bosom, drew A desperate sigh, accusing Heav'n and Fate, And angry Juno's unsclenting hate:——

- 64 Curs'd be the day when first I did appear;
  65 Let it be blotted from the ealendar,
  69
- " Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the
- 46 Still will the jealous Queen pursue our race?
- " Cadmus is dead; the Theban city was:
- "Yet ceases not her hate: for all who come
- " From Cadmus are involved in Cadmus' doom.
- 44. I suffer for my blood: unjust decree!
- 44 That punishes another's crime on me.
- "In mean estate, I serve my mortal foe,
- "The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
- "This is not all; for Juno, to my shame, 100 ]
- inis is not air; for Juno, to my thame, 100
- " Mas forc'd me to forsake my former name;
- " Argite I was, Philostratus I am.
- "That side of heav'n is all my enemy:
- " Mars ruin'd Thebes: his mother rain'd me.
- 44 Of all the royal race remains but one 105
- & Besides myself, th' unhappy Palamon,

" Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not

44 Without a crime, except his kin to me. [free;

"Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;

"But Love 's a malady without a cure; 110

" Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,

" He fries within, and hisses at my heart.

"Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;

"I suffer for the rest, I die for you.

" Of such a Goddess, no time leaves record, 115

"Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd:

" And let it burn; I never will complain;

"Pleas'd with my sufferings, if you knew my poin."
At this, a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,

His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.

No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart;
Nor longer staid, but, starting from his place, 125

Discover'd, stood, and shew'd his hostile face:—
"False traitor, Arcite! traitor to thy blood,

"Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,

" Now art thou found foresworn, for Emily;

" And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die.

" So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,

"Against thy vow returning, to beguile

"Under a borrow'd name: as false to me,

" So false thou art to him who set thee free:

"But rest assur'd, that, either, thou shalt die, 135

" Or else, renounce thy claim in Emily:

" For, though unarm'd I am, and (free'd by chance) " Am here without my sword, or pointed lance: " Hope not, base man! unquestion'd hence to go, " For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe." Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man, His sword unsheath'd; and, fiercely, thus began: " Now, by the Gods, who govern heav'n above, " Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love, "That word had been thy last; or, in this grove "This hand should force thee to renounce thy " love. 146 "The surety which I gave thee, I defy: " Fool! not to know that love endures no tie, " And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury. "Know I will serve the fair in thy despite; 150 "But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight, 46 Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove " Our arms shall plead the titles of our love: "And Heaven so help my right; as I, alone, "Will come; and keep the cause and quarrel, " both unknown: 155 "With arms of proof both for myself and thee; 46 Chuse thou the best, and leave the worst to me. " And, that a better ease thou may'st abide, " Bedding and cloaths I will this night provide, . " And needful sustenance, that thou may'st be 160 44 A conquest better won, and worthy me. 12 His promise Palamon accopted but pray'd,

'To keep it better than the first he made.'

VOL. IV.

Thus, her they pured till the morrow's dawn, For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn. 165

Oh Love! thou stessaly dost thy power main. And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign; [tain,]
Tyunts and thea-all fellowskip discain.
This was in Arcite prov'd; and, Palamen;
Both in despair, yet each would love alone, 170

Arcite return'd, and, as in honor ty'd. His foe with bedding and with food supply'd: Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought, Which, borne before him, on his steed he brought; Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure, 175 As might the strokes of two such arms endure. Now, at the time, and in th' appointed place, The challenger and challeng'd, face to face, Approach; each other, from after, they knew, And, from afar, their hatred changed their hue. 180 So stands the Thracian herdstman with his spear. Full in the gap; and hopes the hunted bear: And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees His course at distance by the bending trees: And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy, And either he must fall in fight, or I: This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dure; A gentrous chilness seizes eviry part: The veins pour back the blood, and foreify the heart.

Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury bun; None green; for more the greeting will return; 191

But, in dumb surhiness, each arm'd with care
His for profest, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance: 195
They lesh, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And, wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in
blood:

And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the spee.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,
Their adverse breass with tusks oblique they
wound;

With grunts and ground the forest rings around. So fought the knights, and fighting must abide, Till fate an unspire sends, their diff'rence to decide. The pow'r that ministers so God's decrees, 210 And executes, on earth, what heaven foresees, Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal-sway, Comes with resistless force, and finds, or makes her way.

Nor kings, nor nations, nor united pow'r, One moment can retard th' appointed hour. 215 And some one day, some wondrous chance appears, Which happen'd not in centuries of years: For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love, Or hope, or fear-depends on pow'rs above; They move our appetites to good or ill, And by foresight necessitate the will. In Theseus this appears; whose youthful joy Was beasts of chace in forests to destroy. This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May, Forsook his easy couch at early day.; And to the wood and wilds pursued his way. Beside him, rode Hippolita the queen, And Emily, attir'd in lively green,-With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful erv. To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh: 230 And as he follow'd Mars, before: so, now, He serves the goddess of the silver bow. The way that Theseus took, was to the wood Where the two nights in cruel battle stood: The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place 235

In which th' uncoupled hounds began the chace. Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey, That, shaded by the fern, in harbour lay; And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the wood, For open fields, and cross the crystal flood. 240 Approach'd, and, looking underneath the sun, He saw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon, In mortal battle, doubling blow on blow, Like lightning flam'd their faulchions to and fro, And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they strook, There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak: 246

He gaz'd, with wonder, on their equal might, Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight: Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed With goring rowels to provoke his speed. 250 The minute ended that began the race, So soon he was betwint them on the place; And, with his sword unsheath'd, 'on pain of life' Commands, 'both combatants to cease their strife:' Then, with imperious tone, pursues his threat;

What are you? why in arms together met?

"How dares your pride presume against my laws,

44 As in a listed field to fight your cause?

... Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,

"As knightly rites require; nor judge to try?"
Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath, 261
Thus hasty spoke: "We both deserve the death,
"And both would die; for look the world around,

44 A pair so wretched is not to be found;

" Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,

We long to set th' imprison'd soul at large. 266

64' Now as thou art a sov reign judge, decree

The rightful doom of death to him and me;
Let neither find thy grace; for grace is cruelty.

66 Me first, O kill me first; and cure my woe; 270

Then sheath the sward of justice on my foe:---

66 Or, kill him first; for when his name is heard,

40 Ho foremost will receive his due reward.

" Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:

66 On whom thy grace did liberty bestow, 275

66	But	first	contracted.	that if	ever	found

" By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,

"His head should pay the forfeit: see return'd

"The perjur'd knight, his oath and honor scorn'd.

" For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name 280

" And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,

"Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee,

"A traitor trusted, and in high degree,

" Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.

" My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own,

"And call myself th' unhappy Palamon. 21

66 Think me not like that man; since no disgrace

"Can force me to renounce the honor of my race.

"Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,

"Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain: 296

"The love of liberty with life is given,

" And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.

"Thus without crime I fl.d: but farther know,-

" I, with this Arcite, am thy mortal foe:

"Then give me death, since I thy life pursue;

" For safeguard of thyself, death is my due. 296

" More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily,

" And for her sake, and in her sight, will die:

44 But kill my rival too; for he no less

"Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will hless, 300

"Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall

To this reply'd the stern Athenian prince; And sourly smil'd; —" In owning your offence,

- "You judge yourself; and I but keep record
- "In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
- "Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
- " I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
- By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die."

He said: dumb sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.

The queen above the rest, by nature good,

(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood,)

For tender pity wept; when she began,

Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran,

All dropt their tears, e'en the contended maid: And thus among themselves they softly said: 315.

. What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight!

- Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
- The mastership of heav'n in face and mind,
- And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
- See their wide-streaming wounds; they neither 320 f came
- For pride of empire, nor desire of fame;
- Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause;
- But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's Cause.

This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind, Such pity wrought in every lady's mind, They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place, From the fierce king, implor'd th' offenders' grace.

He paus'd a while; stood silent in his mood; (For yet his rage was boiling in his blood;) But soon his tender mind th' impression felt; 330 (As softest metals are not slow to melt,

And pity soonest runs in softest minds;)
Then reasons with himself: and, first, he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnify'd th' offence. 335
Offence! of what? to whom? who judged the
'cause?'
The prisoner freed himself by nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he fweed
Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed:
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes, 346
And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries;
Which mov'd compassion more: he shook his
And softly sighing to himself he said:

Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears
can draw
To no remorse; who rules by lions' law; 345

And, deaf to prayers, by no submission bowed, Rends all alike; the penitent, and proud: At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head;

Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled:

Then thus aloud he spoke: "The pow'r of love, "In earth, and seas, and air, and heav'n above,

"Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod; 352

" By daily miracles declar'd a God;

" He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind;

4. And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.

64 Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon; 356

66 Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,

What hinder'd either, in their native soil

4. At case, to reap the harvest of their toil;

- " But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain, 360
- " And brought them in their own despite again,
- "To suffer death deserv'd; for well they know,
- "Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe;
- 44 The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
- 46 Is hardly granted to the Gods above.
- " See how the madmen bleed: behold the gains
- 44 With which their master, Love, rewards their " pains :
- " For seven long years, on duty every day,
- 46 Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
- \*\* Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on; 370

  \*\* And—ask the fools—they think it wisely done;
- "Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
- 46 For 'tis their maxim, Love is love's reward.
- "This is not all; the fair for whom they strove
- " Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
- " Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
- 46 Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.
- But sure a general doom on man is past,
- And all are fools and lovers, first or last:
- 44 This, both by others and myself, I know, 380
- " For I have serv'd their sov'reign long ago;
- " Oft have been eaught within the winding train .
- of Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
- 44 And learn'd how far the God can human " hearts constrain.
- .. To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
- .. Who for th' offending warriors interpose,

- " I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
- "To do me homage as their sovereign lord;
- 44 And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
- 44 Assist my person, and assert my right. 390

  This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd.

  Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd.

" If wealth, or honor, or a royal race,

- 4 Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace, 394
- 44 Then either of you knights may well deserve
- 44 A princess born; and such is she you serves:

44 For Emily is sister to the crown,

- 44 And, but too well, to both her beauty known:
- 44 But should you combat till you, both, were
- 44 Two lovers cannot share a single bed: 400
- " As therefore both are equal in degree,

"The lot of both be left to destiny.

- " Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
- "To her, and him who best deserves her love! 404
- "Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
- "Search the wide world, and where you please
- "But on the day when this returning sun
- "To the same point through every sign has run,
- "Then each of you his hundred knights shall
- "In royal lists, to fight before the king; 410
- "And then the knight, whom fate or happy chance
- 44 Shall with his friends to victory advance,

And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recream on the plain,

" Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
" The prize of valor and of love shall gain;

"The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,

16 The vanquish'd party shall their claim release.
46 And the long jure conclude in lasting seace.

"The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen ground,

\*\* The charge be mine to adorn the chosen ground,

\*\* The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd;

44 And take the patron's place of oither knight,

"With eyes importial, to behold the fight;

And Heav'n of me so judge, as I shall judge

48 If both are satisfied with this accord, 424.
45 Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword,"

Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Arrite seems to touch the sky:
The whole assembled troop was plear'd as well,
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell 489
To bless the gracious king. The knights, with leave,
Departing from the place, his last commands reOn Emily, with equal ardour, look, [ceive;
And from her eyes their inspiration took.
From thence to Thebest eld walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.

It might be deem'd, on our historian's part, Or too much negligence, or want of art, If he forgot the vast magnificence Of royal Theseus, and his large expense. He first inclor'd for lists a level ground, The whole chrumference a mile around;

449

The form was circular; and all without A trench was sunk, to most the place about. Within, an amphitheatre appear'd, Rais'd in degrees; to sixty paces rear'd: That when a man was plac'd in one degree. Height was allow'd for him above to see. Eastward was built a gate of marble white; ... The like adorn'd the western opposite. A nobler object than this fabric was, Rome never saw; nor of so vast a space: For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land, All arts and artists Theseus could command: Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame; The master-painters, and the carvers came. So rose, within the compass of the year, An age's work, a glorious theatre. Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd, above, A temple, sacred to the Queen of love: An altar stood below: on either hand 468 A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrth

The dorae of Mass was, on the gate, oppos'd;
And on the north a turret was inclos'd,
Within the wall—of alabaster white,
And crimson coral for the Queen of night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.
Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
Where every figure, to the life, express'd.

The godhead's power to whom it was address'd.

wand.

n Venus' temple on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men;
Prayers that even spoke, and pity seem'd to call;
And issuing sighs that smok'd along the wall;
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell; 175
And scalding tears that wore a channel where they
fell.

And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties, Of love's assurance; and a train of lies. That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries; Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury, And sprightly hope, and short-enduring joy; And sorceries to raise th' infernal powers, And sigils fram'd in planetary hours; Expence, and after-thought, and idle care, And doubts of motley hue, and dark despair; 485 Suspicions, and fantastical surmise: And jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes, Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd, Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fist. Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance The costly feast, the carol, and the dance. Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play, And balls by night, and tournaments by day. All these were painted on the wall, and more; With acts and monuments of times before: And others added by prophetic doom, And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come: For there th' Idalian mount, and Cytheron, The court of Venus, was in colours drawn.

DRYDEN, VOL. IV. N

Before the palace-gate, in careless dress, 500 And loose array, sat portress Idleness: There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone; There Samson was : with wiser Solomon. And all the mighty names by Love undone. Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts, With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to beasts. Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit, And prowess-to the power of love submit. The spreading snare for all mankind is laid: And lovers, all, betray, and are betray'd. 510 The Goddess' self some noble hand had wrough; Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought: From ocean as she first began to rise, And smooth'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the skies; She trod the brine, all bare below the breast, 515 And the green waves but ill-conceal'd the rest; A lute she held: and on her head was seen A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green; Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above; And, by his mother, stood an infant Love, With wings unfledg'd; his eyes were banded o'er:

His hands, a bow; his back a quiver bore, Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.

But in the dome of mighty Mars the Red, 524 With diff'rent figures all the sides were spread;

\* i. e. Bandaged.

This temple, less in form, with equal grace;
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And sovereigh mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare;
530
Where neither beast, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found; 535
Or woods with knots and knares, deform'd and
old:

Meadless the most, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That, stripp'd them bare, and one sole way they
bent.

539

Heav'n froze, above, severe; the clouds congeal, And, through the chrystal vault, appear'd the standing hall;

Such was the face without; a mountain stood
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the louring brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent: 545
The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A strait long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls; and horror over head:
Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar, 550
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;

In, through that door, a northern light there shone;
"Twas all it had, for windows there were none,
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian quaries
came, 555
The labour of a God; and, all along,

The labour of a God; and, all along,
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it strong.
A tun about was every pillar there;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought; 560
And Treason labouring in the traitor's thought;

And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.

There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer;
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' assassinating wife; the houshold fiend;
And, far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t' other side there stood Destruction bare;
Unpunish'd Rapine, and a waste of war.

Tolocontest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
And, all with blood besmear'd, the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the
place.

575

The slayer of himself yet saw I there, The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair: With eyes half chos'd, sind gaping mouth he lay, And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen soul away.

In midst of all the dome, Missistane sate, 580
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd Complaint on thest; and cries of blood.
There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid;
And violent death, in theusand shapes display'd:
The city to the soldier's rage resign'd: 586
Successiess wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky sheres,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid; 590
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.

All ills of Mars's nature; flame and steel; The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel Of his own car: the ruin'd house that falls And intercepts her lord betwist the walls: 595 The whole division that to Mars pertains, All trades of death that deal in steel, for gains, Were there: the butcher; armourer; and smith, Who forges sharpen'd faulthions, or the scythe. The scarlet Conquest on a tower was plac'd, 600 With shouts, and soldiers' acclamations grac'd; A pointed sword hung, threat'ning, o'er his head, Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread. There saw I Mars's ides, the capitol, The seer in vain foretelling Gasar's fall; 605 м 3

The last triumvirs, and the wars they move, And Anthony, who lost the world for love. These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn: Their fates were painted ere the men were born. All copied from the heavens, and ruling force Of the red star, in his revolving course. The form of Mars high on a chariot stood, All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the God: Two geomantic figures were display'd Above his head, a \* warrior and a maid; 615 One, when direct, and, one, when retrogade. Tir'd with deformities of death. I haste To the third temple of Diana chaste. A sylvan scene, with various greens, was drawn, Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn: The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around, 621 Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns Calisto there stood, manifest of shame, [resound: And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became: Her son was next, and by peculiar grace 625 In the cold circle held the second place: The stag, Acteon; in the stream had spy'd The naked huntress, and, for seeing, dv'd: His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue The chace, and their mistaken master slew. 630 Peneian Daphne, too, was there to see: Apollo's love before, and now his tree: Th' adjoining fane th' assembled Greeks express'd, And hunting of the Caledonian beast.

Pubeus and Puella.

635 Oenides' valour, and his envy'd prize; The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes; Diana's vengeance on the victor shown; The murdress mother; and consuming son; The Volscian queen extended on the plain; The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain. The rest were various huntings, well design'd, And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind. The graceful goddess was array'd in green; About her feet were little beagles seen, That watch'd, with upward eyes, the motions of their queen. 645 Her legs were buskin'd; and, the left, before; In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore; And, at her back, a painted quiver wore. She trod a wexing moon, that soon would wane, And, drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again : 650 With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey The dark dominions, her alternate sway. Before her stood a woman in her throes. And call'd Lucina's aid her burden to disclose. All these the painter drew with such command, That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand, Asham'd and angry that his art could feign And mend the tortures of another's pain, Thescus beheld the fanes of every God, And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd, So princes, now, their poets should regard; But few can write, and fewer can reward,

The theatre thus rais'd, the lists enclos'd, And all with vast magnificence dispos'd, 664 We leave the monarch pleas'd; and haste to bring The knight to combat; and their arms to sing.

The End of the Second Book.

## PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR,

## THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

## BOOK III.

 ${f T}_{ ext{ t H\,E}}$  day approach'd when Fortune should decide Th' important enterprize, and give the bride; For now, the rivals round the world had sought, And each his number, well appointed, brought. The nations, far and near, contend in choice, And send the flow'r of war by public voice; That, after, or, before, were never known Such chiefs: as each an army seem'd alone. Beside the champions, all of high degree, Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry, 10 Throng'd to the lists, and envy'd to behold The names of others, not their own enroll'd. Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight Who loves the fair, and is endued with might, In such a quarrel would be proud to fight. 15 There breathes not, scarce, a man on British ground (An isle for love and arms, of old, renown'd) But would have sold his life, to purchase fame; To Palamon or Arcite sent his name: And had the land selected of the best, 20 Half had come hence, and let the world provide the rest.

A hundred knights with Palamon there came, Approv'd in fight, and tren of mighty name! Their arms were sev'ral, as their nations were. But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear. 25 Some wore coat armour, imitating scale; And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail. Some wore a breast-plate and a light juppon. Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison: Some for defence would leathern bucklers use, 30 Of folded hides; and others, shields of pruce. One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow, And one a heavy mace to stun the foe; One for his legs and knees provided well, With fambeux arm'd, and double plates of steel: This on his helmet wore a lady's glove, And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love. With Palamon, above the rest in place, Lyourgus came, the surly king of Thrace; Black was his beard, and manly was his face; The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head, 41 And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red: He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare, And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair: Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong, Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long. Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old) Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold. Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield. Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.

His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back; 51 His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven-black. His ample forehead bore a coronet With sparkling diamonds, and with rubics set: Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair, And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his chair: 566 A match forpards, inflight; ingrappling, forthebear: ) With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound. And collars of the same their necks surround. Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way: His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud 61 array. To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came Emetrius king of Inde, (a mighty name,) On a bay courser, goodly to behold, The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barb'rous 65 gold. Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace; His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace. Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great; His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set. His shoulders large a mantle did attire, 70 With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire: His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run, With graceful negligence, and shone against the His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue, [sun. Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue: Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen, Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin:

His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway, 80
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound.

85
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd

Upon his fist he bore, for his delight, An eagle well-reclaim'd, and lily white.

An eagle well-reclaim'd, and lily white.

His hundred knights attend him to the war, 90 All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare.

Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.

For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though diff'rent in degree,
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry.

Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.

So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts, in gambols, frisk'd before the honest
god.

In this array, the war of either side
Through Athens pass'd with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
Rich tap'stry spread the streets, and flow'rs the poradorn.

The town was, all, a jubilee of feasts; 105 So Theseus will'd in honor of his guests: Himself with open arms the king embrac'd, Then all the rest, in their degrees, were grac'd. No harbinger was needful for the night, For every house was proud to lodge a knight. 110

I pass the royal treat, nor must relate The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions sate: Who first, or last, or how the knights address'd Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast; Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most surprize:

Soft am'rous sighs, and silent love of eyes. The rivals call my Muse another way. To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day. Twas ebbing darkness, pass the noon of night: And Phospher, on the confines of the light, Promis'd the sun, ere day began to spring; The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing, And, flick'ring on her nest, made short essays to sing.

When wakeful Palamon, preventing day, Took, to the royal lists, his early way; To Venus at her fane, in her own house, to pray. There, falling on his knees before her shrine, He thus implor'd with prayers her pow'r divine :-

" Creator Venus! genial pow'r of love,

"The bliss of men below, and Gods above! 130

" Beneath the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,

"Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place

- " For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
- "Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the 
  year.
- "Thee, Goddess! thee the storms of winter fly,
- "Earth smiles with flow'rs renewing, laughs the sky, 136

And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes

" For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,

- 44 And, roaring, hunts his female through the wood:
- 4 For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves, 140
- 4 And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.
- "'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair:)
- "All nature is thy province; life thy care:
- "Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world "repair.
- "Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron, 145
- "Increase of Jove, companion of the sun;
- " If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
- "Have pity, Goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
- " Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
- "To vent my sorrow, would be some relief; 150
- "Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
- "We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
- " O Goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
- "Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
- 4 So grant my suit, as I enforce my might 155
- " In love, to be thy champion, and thy knight;

A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee, " A foe profest to barren chastity. " Nor ask I fame, or honor of the field, " Nor choose I more to vanquish, than to yield: " In my divine Emilia make me blest, 44 Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest: 46 Find thou the manner, and the means prepare; er Possession, more than conquest, is my care. " Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies, or On whom he favors to confer the prize. With smiling aspect you serenely move " In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of leve. "The fates but only spin the coarser clue, The finest of the wool is left for you. 170 " Spare me but one small portion of the twine. . And let the sisters cut below your line: 44 The rest among the rubbish may they sweep, " Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap. " But, if you this ambitious prayer deny, 175 44 (A wish, I grant, beyond mortality,) "Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms, 46 And, I once dead, let him possess her charms." Thus ended he; then, with observance due, The sacred incense on her altar threw: 180 The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires; At length it catches flame, and, in a blaze, expires; At once the gracious Goddess gave the sign, Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine: Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took: 185

164

He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To distance driv'n; and joy adjourn'd, with long
delay.

Now morn, with rosy light, had streak'd the sky,
Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and od'rous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns, with pleasant mead, they
crown,
195
Nor wanted aught besides, in honor of the moon.
Now while the temple smook'd with hallow'd steam.

Now while the temple smoak'd with hallow'd steam, They wash the virgin in a living stream: The secret ceremonies I conceal, Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal: 200 But such they were as pagan use requir'd, Perform'd by women when the men retir'd; Whose eyes prophane their chaste mysterious rates Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights. Well-meaners think no harm: but for the rest. 205 Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best-Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread. A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head: When, to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid Had kindling fires on either altar laid; 210 (The rites were such as were observ'd of old, By Statius in his Thehan story told.) Then, kneeling, with her hands across her breast, Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request.

"O Goddess! haunter of the woodland green. 44 To whom both heav'n and earth, and seas are seen; 216

"Queen of the nether skies, where half the year "Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy

sphere:

"Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts; 44 So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts, 220

"Which Niobe's devoted issue felt.

66 When hissing through the skies the feather'd " deaths were dealt :

66 As I desire to live a virgin life.

44 Nor know the name of mother or of wife.

"Thy votress from my tender years I am,

"And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.

46 Like death, theu know'st, I loath the nuptial )

And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate, I state,

" A lowly servant, but a lofty mate;

Where love is duty on the female side; 230

"On theirs, mere sensual gust, and sought with " surly pride.

" Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen

"In heaven, earth, hell, and every where a queen,

" Grant this my first desire; let discord cease,

4 And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace: 235

"Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove "The flame, and turn it on some other love:

" Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,

"That one must be rejected, one succeed,

- " Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast " Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best. 241
- "But, oh ! ev'n that avert! I chuse it not.
- " But take it as the least unhappy lot.
- " A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
- "Oh, let me still that spotless name retain! 245
- "Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
- " And only make the beasts of chace my prey!" The flames ascend on either altar clear.

While thus the blameless maid address'd her prayer. When lo! the burning fire that shone so bright, Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light, 251

And left one alter dark, a little space;

Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze: The other victor-flame a moment stood.

Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd wood; For ever lost, th' irrevocable light

Forsook the black'ning coals, and sunk to night:

At either end it whistled as it flew,

And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the dew: Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.

The maid, from that ill omen, turn'd her eyes, And, with loud shricks and clamours, rent the skies, Nor knew what signify'd the boding sign,

But found the powers displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright. 266

::

·

٠:

. . !

The pow'r behold! the pow'r in glory shone, By her bent bow and her keen arrows known: The rest, a huntress; issuing from the wood, Reclining on her cornel spear, she stood. Then gracious thus began: " Dismiss thy fear, 46 And Heav'n's unchang'd decrees attentive hear: " More pow'rful Gods have torn thee from my side, "Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride ! 46 The two contending knights are weigh'd above; "One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love: "But which the man is in the Thundeter's breast ;--"This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best. "The fire that once extinct reviv'd again, 44 Foreshews the love allotted to remain: " Farewel!" she said, and vanish'd from the place; The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case. Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood; Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood! But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd; 46 Propitious still, be present to my aid, " Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid." Then, sighing, she return'd; but smil'd betwixt, With hopes and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt. The next returning planetary hour 290 Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of pow'r, His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent, T' adore with pagan rites the power armipotent : Then, prostrate, low before his altar lay,

And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray;

- " Strong God of Arms, whose iron sceptne swaps
- "The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,
- " And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coust,
- "Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honord most:
- "There most: but every-where thy power is known. 300
- " The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
- "Terror is thine; and wild amazement, flung
- " From out thy chariot, withers e'en the strong:
- " And disarray, and shameful rout ensue.
- " And force " is added to the fainting crew. 305
- " Acknowledged as thou art, accept my prayer,
- " If aught I have atchiev'd deserve thy care;
- " If to my utmost pow'r with sword and shield )
- "I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
- " And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:
- "Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
- "That Emily, by conquest, may be gain'd.
- " Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
- "To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
- " Venus, the public care of all above, 315
- "Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love:
- "" Now by her blandishments and pow'rful charms,
- "When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
- "E'en by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
- "When Vulcan had thee in his net inthrall'd;

Probably Right was intended.

- "O envy'd ignominy, sweet disgrace,
- "When ev'ry God that saw thee wish'd thy place!
- "By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
- 44 And make me conquer in my patron's right:
- 64 For I am young, a novice in the trade, 32
- 44 The fool of love unpractis'd to persuade:
- 46 And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
- 44 But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
- "And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
- "Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with disdain.
  - de For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
- \* To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
- Mor can my strength avail, unless by thee
- 44 Endued by force, I gain the victory;
- "Then for the fire which warm'd thy generous heart, 335
- " Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.
- 44 So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
- "The palm and honour of the conquest thine:
  - Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
  - "Immortal, be the business of my life; 340
  - \*\* And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
  - 44 High on the burnish'd roof, my hanner shall be hung,
  - " Rank'd with my champion's buckless; and below,
  - 44 With arms revers'd, th' atchievements of my foe:
  - 44 And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds, 345
  - " While day to night, and night to day succeeds,

"Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food

" Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;

"Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine:

" And fires eternal in thy temple shine.

"The bush of vellow beard, this length of hair."

" Which from my birth inviolate I bear.

"Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free.

"Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.

" So may my arms with victory be blest, 355

" I ask no more; let fate dispose the rest."

The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the close A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose; The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung, Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung: The bolted gates flew open at the blast, The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast: The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright, Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.

Then from the ground a scent began to rise. 365 Sweet-smelling, as accepted sacrifice: This omen pleas'd, and, as the flames aspire. With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire: Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms: At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms, 370 And with a sullen sound and feeble cry, Half sunk, and half pronounced, the word of 'victory."

For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the God, And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.

These vows thus granted, rais'd a strife above.

Betwixt the God of War, and Queen of Love. She granting first, had right of time to plead; But he had granted too, nor would recede. Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife, And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife; Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose, And found a way the difference to compose. Tho' sparing of his grace: to mischief bent, He seldom does a good with good intent. 384 Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught, To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought: For this advantage age from youth has won, As not to be outridden, tho' outrun. By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd, And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd: 390 Of him disposing in his own abode, He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the Gods " Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife; "Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife: " And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight "With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight. "Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place, "Till length of time, and move with tardy pace. " Man feels me, when I press th' etherial plains,

" Mine is the shipwreck, in a wat'ry sign; " And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.

" My hand is heavy, and the wound remains. 400

- Book III.
- "Cold shiv'ring agues, melancholy care,
- " And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
- " Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
- "The throtling quinsey 'tis my star appoints, 406
- 4 And rheumatisms I send to rack the joints:
- "When churls rebel against their native prince,
- "I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;
- " And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,
- " Bought senates and deserting troops are mine.
- " Mine is the privy pois'ning; I command
- " Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
- " By me king's palaces are push'd to ground,
- "And miners, crush'd, beneath their mines are found. 415
- "Twas I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall
- " Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
- " My looking is the sire of pestilence,
- "That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
- "Now weep no more; but trust thy grandsire's 420 art:
- " Mars shall be pleas'd; and thou perform thy part.
- "Tis ill, tho' diff'rent your complexions are,
- "The family of heav'n, for men, should war." Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right;

Mars had the day, and Venus had the night. The management they left to Chronos' care;

Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play, All proper to the spring, and sprightly May: Which every soul inspir'd with such delight, 430 "Twas jesting all the day, and love at night. Heav'n smil'd, and gladded was the heart of man; And Venus had the world as when it first began. At length in sleep their bodies they compose, And dreamt the future fight and early rose. Now scarce the dawning day began to spring, As at a signal given, the streets with clamours ring: At once the crow'd arose; confus'd and high E'en from the heav'n was heard a shouting cry; For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky. 440 The Gods came downward to behold the wars, Sharp'ning their sights, and leaning from their stars. The neighing of the gen'rous horse was heard, For battle by the busy groom prepar'd; Rustling of harness; rattling of the shield; Clatt'ring of armour, furbish'd for the field, Crowds, to the castle, mounted up the street, Batt'ring the pavement with their coursers' feet: The greedy sight might, there, devour the gold Of glitt'ring arms, too dazzling to behold: And polish'd seel that cast the view aside, And crested morions, with their plumy pride. Knights, with a long retinue of their squires, In gaudy liv'ries march, and quaint attires. One lac'd the helm, another held the lance: 455 A third the shining buckler did advance.

VOL. IV.

The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And, snorting, foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for
shields provide.

461

The yeomen guard the streets in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on with cudgels in
their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order, plac'd, Attend the sign to sound the martial blast; The palace-vard is fill'd with floating tides. And the last comers bear the former, to the sides. The throng is in the midst: the common crew Shut out, the hall admits the better few ; In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk, 470 Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk: Factious, and fav'ring this, or t' other side. As their strong fancy, or weak reason guide: Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold With the fair-freckled king, and beard of gold: 478 So vig'rous are his eyes, such rays they east, So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd. But most their looks on the black monarch bend. His rising muscles, and his brawn commend: His double-biting axe and beamy spear. 480 Each asking a gigantic force to rear. All spoke as partial favor mov'd the mind: And, safe themselves, at others' cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, th'Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose; 485
And passing through th' obsequious guards, he sate
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There, for the two contending knights he sent;
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with rev'rence low they bent;
He smil'd on both, and with superior look 490
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people press on every side, to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to the heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand. 495
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus, aloud,
The king at arms bespeaks the knights, and listening crowd:—

"Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind "The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;

"And of his grace, and inborn elemency, 50

" He modifies his first severe degree!

f The keener edge of battle to rebate.

1º The troops for honor fighting, not for hate.

44 He wills, not death should terminate their strife;

" And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life:

"But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,

"That slings afar, and poniards hand to hand,

"Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare

"With shortned sword to stab in closer war;

66 But in fair combat fight with manly strength, 510

" Nor push with biting point, but strike at length,

- " The tournay is allow'd but one career,
- " Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear;
- "But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
- " And fight on foot, their honor to regain:
- " Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
- " Be slain, but pris'ners to the pillar bound,
- "At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made)
- " Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
- "The chief of either side, bereft of life, 520
- " Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
- "Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights, and young
- " Fight each his fill, with swords and maces long." The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
- With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent: 525
- 4 Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
- ' So just, and yet so provident of blood !'
- This was the general cry. The trumpets sound; And warlike symphony is heard around.

The marching troops through Athens take their way, The great earl-marshal orders their array.

The fair, from high, the passing pomp behold; A rain of flow'rs is from the windows roll'd.

The casements are with golden tissue spread,

And horses hoofs, for earth, on silken tap'stry tread; The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride In equal rank, and close his either side.

Next after these, there rode the royal wife, With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife. The following cavalcade, by three and three, 540 Proceed by titles marshal'd in degree. Thus through the southern gate they take their way, And at the list arriv'd ere prime of day. There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide, And, wheeling East and West, before their many

Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high, And, after him, the queen, and Emily: Next these, the kindred of the crown are grac'd With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd. Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd: 551 The guards and then \* each other overbear, And in a moment throng the spacious theatre. Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low, As winds forsaking seas more softly blow; When at the western gate, on which the car Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of War, Proud Arcite entering arm'd, before his train, Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain. Red was his banner, and display'd abroad 560 The bloody colours of his parron God.

At that self moment, enters Palamon The gate of Venus and the rising sun; Wav'd by the wanton winds; his banner flies, All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes. 565 From East to West, look all the world around, Two troops so match'd were never to be found;

<sup>.</sup> The Editor would read they.

Such bodies built for strength, of equal age, In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage: The nicest eye could no distinction make,

570
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.

Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun with care, 574
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of war.
The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
'The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.'

At this, the challenger, with fierce dely, 580 His trumpet sounds, the challeng'd makes reply: With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted

Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race, 585
And, spurring, see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelopes either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling, they join adverse, and shock, unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men: 590
As labouring in celipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grisly sight.
Two troops in fair array, one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd: 596

Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie grov'ling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds, without their riders, scour the field. 600
The knights, unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glitt'ring faulchions east a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound:
Out-spins the streaming blood, and dies the ground.
The mighty maces with such haste descend, 605
They break the bones, and make the solid armour

This thrusts, amid the throng, with furious force; Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse: That courser stumbles on the fallen steed, And, flound'ring, throws the rider o'er his head. 610 One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes; One, with a broken truncheon, deals his blows. This, halting; this, disabled with his wound, In triumph led, is to the pillar bound; Where by the king's award he must abide: 615 There goes a captive led on t' other side. By fits they cease; and, leaning on the lance, Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.

Full oft the rivals met; and neither spar'd His utmost force; and each forgot to ward. 620 The head of this was to the saddle bent, That other, backward, to the crupper sent: Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close. So deep their faulchions bite, that every stroke 625

Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.

Borne far asunder by the tides of men, Like adamant and steel they meet agen.

So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion issuing from the wood 630
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.

At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things tend By course of time to their appointed end; So when the sun to West was far declin'd, And both, afresh, in mortal battle join'd; The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid, 640 And Palemon with odds was overlaid: For, turning short, he struck with all his might Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight. Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blow. And turn'd him to his unexpected foe; 645 Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him down.

And cleft the circle of his golden crown.

But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the
ground,
650

Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;

And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.

Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd No more to try the fortune of the field! 655 And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!

The royal judge, on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bad 'Cease the war;' pronouncing, from on high,
'Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.'
The sound of trumpets to the voice reply'd, 662
And round the royal lists the heralds cry'd,
''Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.''

The people rend the skies with vast applause;
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd e'en by the Gods above,
And conqu'ring Mars insults the Queen of Love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in heav'n prevail'd. 670
Laugh'd all the pow'rs who favor tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And, weeping, on the lists distill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love is

Till Saturn said: "Fair daughter, now be still,
"The blust'ring fool has satisfy'd his will;

" His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,

" But lost the prize, th' arrears are yet to pay. 680

"Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be "To please thy knight, and set thy promise free."

Now while the heralds run the lists around. And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth resound; A miracle (nor less it could be call'd) 685 Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd. The victor knight had laid his helm aside, Part for his ease, the greater part for pride: Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd, And paid the salutations of the crowd. 690 Then, spurring, at full speed, ran endlong " on Where Theseus sate on his imperial throne; flurious he drove, and upward cast his eye. Where, next the queen, was plac'd his Emily; Then, passing, to the saddle-bow he bent: A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent (For women, to the brave an easy prey, Still follow Fortune where she leads the way): Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire, By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire: The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright, And, bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight: Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head, He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead. Black was his count'nance in a little space. For all the blood was gather'd in his face. Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the ground, And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;

<sup>\*</sup> Probably headlong.

Then lane'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath; It came but clogg'd with symptoms of his death. The saddle-bow the noble parts had prest; 711 All bruis'd and mortify'd his manly breast. Him, still entranc'd, and in a litter laid. They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd. At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry, 715 The word he first pronounc'd was 'Emily.'

Mean time the king, though, inwardly, he mourn'd.

In pomp triumphant, to the town return'd;
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field;
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd);
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer, 721
And bade them, 'Not for Arcite's life to fear.'
But that which gladded all the warrior-train,
Tho' most were sorely wounded, none were slain.
The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms, 723
And some with salves they cure, and some with charms:

Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sov'reign draughts
The king in person visits all around, [of sage.
Comforts the siek, congratulates the sound; 730
Honors the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd; for falling is no shame;
And cowardice, alone, is loss of fame.
The vent'rous knight is from the saddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own. 736

If crowds and palms the conqu'ring side adorn, The victor under better stars was born: The brave man seeks not popular applause, Nor overpower'd with arms deserts his cause; 740 Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can; Force is of brutes, but honor is of man.

Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace; And each was set according to his place. With ease were reconcil'd the diff'ring parts, 745 For envy never dwells in noble hearts. At length they took their leave, the time expired; Well pleas'd, and to their several homes retir'd. Mean while the health of Arcite still impairs: From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the leeches' cares: 750 Swoln is his breast; his inward pains increase; All means are us'd, and, all, without success. The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart, Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art; Nor breathing-veins, nor cupping, will prevail; All outward remedies and inward fail: 756 The mold of nature's fabric is destroy'd. Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void: The bellows of his lungs begin to swell: All out of frame is ev'ry secret cell; Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel. Those breathing organs thus within opprest, With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast. Nought profits him, to save abandon'd life: Nor vomits upward aid; nor, dewnward laxatife.

The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd, When nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void. For physic can but mend our crazy state, Patch an old building not a new create. Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride. Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride.

Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd. When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past, Conscience (that of all physic works the last) Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste. With her, at his desire, came Palamon; Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun: " No language can express the smallest part

- " Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
- " For you; who best I love, and value most; 780
- " But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
- "Which from this mortal body when unty'd,
- "Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
- " Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
- "But wait officious, and your steps attend: 785
  "How I have lov'd!—Excuse my falt'ring tongue;
  "My spirits, feeble; and my pains are strong:
- " This I may say, I only grieve to die
- "Because I lose my charming Emily:
- "To die, when Heav'n had put you in my pow'r:
- " Fate could not chuse a more malicious hour!
- What greater curse could envious Fortune give.
- "Than just to die, when I began to live! DRYDEN. VOL. IV.

- "Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave, 794
- " Now warm in love, now with ring in the grave!
- " Never, O never more to see the sun!
- " Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
- " This fate is common; but I lose my, breath
- " Near bliss; and, yet, not bless'd before my death.
- " Farewel; but take me dying in your arms, 800
- "Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
- "This hand I cannot but in death resign;
- " Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
- " I feel my end approach; and, thus embrac'd,
- "Am pleas'd to die: but hear me speak my last,
- "Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
- " I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
- "But love the sense of right and wrong consounds,
- " Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
- "And much I doubt, should heav'n my life "prolong, 810
- " I should return to justify my wrong:
- " For while my former flames remain within,
- "Repentance is but want of power to sin.
- "With mortal hatred I pursued his life,
- " Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife: 815
- " Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd-
- "Your beauty and my impotence of inind;
- And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
- " For still our kindred souls had one desire.
- " He had a moment's right in point of time; 820
- " Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.

- " Fate made it mine, and justify'd his right;
- " Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight,
- " For virtue, valor, and for noble blood,
- "Truth, honor, all that is comprized in good;
- " So help me Heav'n, in all the world is none
- " So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
- " He loves you too, with such an holy fire,
- " As will not, eannot, but with life expire:
- " Our vow'd affections both have often try'd, 830
- " Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
- "Then, by my love's inviolable band,

away.

- " By my long suff'ring, and my short command,
- 4 If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
- "Have pity on the faithful Palamon." 835
  This was his last; for death came on amain,
  And exercis'd, below, his iron reign;
  Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
  Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:
  Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw, 840
  Though less and less of Emily he saw;
  So, speechless, for a little space he lay;
  Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state; 845
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.

To live uprightly then, is sure the best. 850 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest. The soul of Arcite went where heathens go. Who better live than we, though less they know. In Palamon, a manly grief appears; Silent, he wept, asham'd to show his tears; Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast: Till Theseus in his arms convey'd, with care, Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair. 'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate; Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate. When just approaching to the nuptial state. But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast, That all at once it falls, and cannot last. The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now. That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe: Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state. With tears, lament the knight's untimely fate. Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen For Hector's death; but Hector was not then. 870 Old men, with dust, deform'd their hoary hair, The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tcar.

Why would'st thou go,' with one consent they cry.

When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily.'
Theseus himself who should have cheer'd the
grief. 875

Of others, wanted now the same relief.

Old Egeus only could revive his son. Who various changes of the world had known: And strange vicissitudes of human fate, Still alt'ring, never in a steady state: 880 Good after ill, and after pain delight; Alternate, like the scenes of day and night. Since every man who lives is born to die: ' And none can boast sincere felicity; With equal mind, what happens, let us bear; ! Nor joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond 886 OUT CATE. Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend; The world's an inn, and death the journey's end. E'en kings but play; and when their part is done, Some other, worse or better, mount the throne. With words like these the crowd was satisfy'd. And so they would have been, had Theseus dy'd. But he, their king, was lab'ring in his mind, A fitting place for funeral pomps to find, Which were in honor of the dead design'd. 895 And, after long debate, at last he found (As love itself had mark'd the spot of ground) That grove for ever green, that conscious land, Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand: That, where he fed his amorous desires 900 With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires, There other flames might waste his earthly part, And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart. This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd

Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find. 905

With sounding axes to the grove they go, Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row, Vulcanian food. A bier is next prepar'd. On which the lifeless body should be rear'd. Cover'd with cloth of gold; on which was laid 910 The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd. White gloves were on his hands, and on his head A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle spread. A sword keen-edged within his right he held. The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field: 915 Bard was his manly visage on the bier: Menac'd his countenance: e'en in death severe. Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight, To lie in solemn state, a public sight. Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the crowded place, And unaffected sorrow sat on every face. 921 Sad Palamon above the rest appears. In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears: His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd. Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd: 925 But Emily, as chief, was next his side, A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride. And, that the princely obsequies might be Perform'd according to his high degree, The steed that bore him living to the fight, Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright, And cover'd with th' atchievements of the knight. The riders rode abreast; and one, his shield; His lance of cornel-wood another held:

The third, his bow, and, glorious to behold, 935 The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold. The noblest of the Grecians next appear, And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier; With sober pace they march'd, and often staid, And through the master-street the corpse convey'd. The houses to their tops with black were spread, And e'en the pavements were with mourning hid. The right side of the pall old Egeus kept, And, on the left, the royal Theseus wept; Each bore a golden bowl of work divine, With honey fill'd, and milk, and \* mix'd with ruddy Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain, [wine. And, after him, appear'd th' illustrious train. To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright, With cover'd fire, the fun'ral pile to light. With high devotion was the service made, And all the rites of pagan-honor paid: So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow, With vigor drawn, must send the shaft below. The bottom was full twenty fathom broad, With crackling straw, beneath, in due proportion, The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green, [strow'd. With sulphur and bitumen cast between, To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir, And mountain ash, the mother of the spear; 960 The mourner-yew and builder-oak were there:

<sup>\*</sup> The change of and into both would remove some degree of incorrectness.

The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane, Hard box, and linden of a softer grain, And laurels, which the Gods for conquering chiefs ordain.

How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me, 965. With nameless nymphs that liv'd in every tree; Nor how the dryads, or the woodland train, Disherited, ran, howling, o'er the plain:

Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest burd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright

Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.

The straw, as first I said, was laid below: Of chips and sere-wood was the second row; The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd; 975 The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held, And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array; In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay. The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes The stubble fir'd: the smouldering flames arise: This office done, she sunk upon the ground; But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoond, I want the wit in moving words to dress; But by themselves the tender sex may guess. While the devouring fire was burning fast, Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast: And some, their shields; and some their lances threw:

And gave the warrior's ghost a warrior's due.

Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and, hungry, lick
the food.

991

Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire; and Arcite's name they thrice resound;
"Hail, and farewel!" they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd
again:
995

Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring shields;

The women mix their cries; and clamour fills the The warlike wakes continued all the night, [fields. And fun'ral games were play'd, at new returning light. 999

Who, naked, wrestled best, besmear'd with oil, Or who with gauntless gave or took the foil, I will not tell you, nor would you attend; But briefly haste to my long story's end.

I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd: 1005
When, by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament;
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be
freed:

Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne, 1010 To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon. Unknowing of the cause he took his way, Mournful in mind, and still in black array.

The monarch mounts the throne, and plac'd on 1014 high,

Commands into the court the beauteous Emily: So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid Becoming rev'rence to the royal maid.

· And first soft whispers through the assembly went: With silent wonder, then, they watch'd th' event: All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace, 1020 Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face.

At length he sigh'd; and, having first prepar'd Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd:-

- 44 The Cause and spring of motion from above, 44 Hung down, on earth, the golden chain of love:
- 64 Great was th' effect, and high was his intent.
- "When peace among the jarring seeds he sent.
- " Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
- 44 And Love, the common link, the new creation
- " crown'd.
- "The chain still holds; for, though the forms " decay, 1030
- Eternal matter never wears away:
- . The same first mover certain bounds has plac'd,
- " How long those perishable forms shall last:
- Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
- " By that all-seeing and all-making mind:
- " Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
- " But never pass th' appointed destiny.
- " So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
- "Throw off their burden, and suborn their death.

- "Then, since those forms begin, and have their " end. 1040
- "On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:
- " Parts of the whole are we; but God, the whole;
- 44 Who gives us life, and animating soul :
- " For nature cannot from a part derive
- " That being, which the whole can only give:
- "He perfect, stable; but imperfect, we- 1046
- " Subject to change, and diff'rent in degree;
- " Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,
- " We, more, or less, of his perfection share.
- "But by a long descent, th' etherial fire
- " Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
- "As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
  And the same matter makes another mass:
- "This law th' Omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give.
- That every kind should by succession live: 1055
- "That individuals die, his will ordains;
- "The propagated species still remains.
- "The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
- 66 Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
- "Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
- 44 Supreme in state, and in three more decays;
- "So wears the paving pebble in the street,
- "And towns and towers their fatal periods meet:
- " So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
- " Forsaken of their springs; and leave their channėk day. 1065

```
" So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
"Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
" Secret he feeds, unknowing, in the cell:
```

" At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell, " And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;

"Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.

" He creeps, he walks, and issuing into man,

" Grudges their life, from whence his own began:

" Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone, " Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne :-

" First vegetive: then feels: and reasons last:

" Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.

" Some thus; but thousands more in flow'r of age: " For few arrive to run the latter stage.

" Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain: 1080 " And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.

"What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,

" At whose command we perish, and we spring

"Then, 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die.

" To make a virtue of necessity. "Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;

"The bad grows better, which we well sustain; " And could we chuse the time, and chuse aright,

" 'Tis best to die, our honor at the height. 1089

"When we have done our ancestors no shame,

" But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame;

"Then should we wish our happy life to close,"

44 And leave no more for fortune to dispose:

" So should we make our death a glad relief

" From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:

- Enjoying, while we live, the present hour, 1096
- " And dying in our excellence and flow'r.
- .44 Then round our death-bed every friend should
- " And joyous of our conquest early won: [run
- "While the malicious world with envious tears
- 4 Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs. 1101
- Since then our Arcite is with honor dead,
- Why should we mourn that he so soon is freed,
- " Or call untimely, what the Gods decreed?
- With grief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,
- 44 From a foul prison to free air restor'd. 1106
  - " Ought he to thank his kinsmen, or his wife,
- " Could tears recal him into wretched life?
- "Their sorrow hurts themselves.: on him is lost:
- 44 And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.
- What then remains, but, after past annoy, 1111
  - " To take the good vicissitude of joy?
  - "To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
  - Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live?
  - of Ordain we then two sorrows to combine, 1115
  - " And in one point, th' extremes of grief to join;
  - "That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
  - 44 As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
  - 44 Then I propose that Palamon shall be 44 In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily; 1120
    - " For which already I have gain'd th' assent
  - of my free people in full parliament.

- " Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
- " And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him right;
- "Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily, 1125
- " By Arcite's death, from former vows is free;
- " If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,
- " And take him for your husband and your lord.
- "Tis no dishonor to confer your grace
- "On one descended from a royal race: 1130
- 44 And were he less, yet years of service past
- " From grateful souls exact reward at last:
- " Pity is Heaven's and yours; nor can she find
- "A throne so soft as in a woman's mind." 1134 He said: she blush'd; and, as o'eraw'd by might, Scem'd to give Theseus, what she gave the knight. Then, turning to the Theban, thus he said;
  - " Small arguments are needful to persuade
- "Your temper to comply with my command;—And, speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand. 114
  Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
  Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight;
  And bless'd, with nuptial bliss, the sweet laborious night.

Eros, and Anteros, on either side,

One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the bride;

And long-attending Hymen from above, 1146 Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove. All of a tenor was their after-life,

No day discolour'd with domestic strife;

No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd, 1150 Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd. Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought, Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.

So may the Queen of Love long duty bless, And all true lovers find the same success. 1155

THE END.

## CONTENTS.

SONGS.

	Page
THE Fair Stranger	• 5
On the Young Statesman	6
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day	7
The Tears of Amynta for the Death of	
Damon	10
A Song, 'Sylvia the Fair'	11
The Ladies Song	12
A Song, 'Fair, Sweet, and Young'	13
'High State and Honours'	14
Rondelay	15
A Song, 'Go tell Amynta'	16
A Song to a fair Young Lady, going out of	
the Town in Spring	17
Song of a Scholar and his Mistress	18
from 'Marriage a-la-Mode'	19
from 'Tyrannic Love'	20
ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.	
· ·	
To the Memory of Mrs Oldham	22
DRYDRN, VOI IV.	

	Paş
Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew	23
Eleonora—a panegyrical Poem—to the Me-	
mory of the late Countess of Abingdon	30
Upon the Death of the Earl of Dundee	4
On the Death of Amyntas—a Pastoral Elegy	4
On the Death of a very Young Gentleman -	4
Upon the Death of Lord Hastings	4
Upon Young Master Rogers of Gloucestershire	5
On the Death of Mr. Purcell	ib
Epitaph on Lady Whitmore	54
Sir Palme Fairbone's Tomb	5.
On the Monument of a fair Maiden Lady,	
, who died at Bath, and is there interred	56
Epitaph on Mrs. Margaret Paston, of Burn-	
ingham, in Norfolk	58
On the Monument of the Marquis of Win-	
chester	ib
Epitaph intended for Dryden's Wife	5
EPIGRAMS.	
Epigrammatic Lines under Milton's Picture	
before 'Paradise Lost'	64
Epigram on the Duchess of Portsmouth's	•
Pieture	ib
Description of old Jacob Tonson	ib
Description of Sacon Total	1.00
Preface prefixed to the Fables	6

## 











